

Libes
of the
Queens of England

VOLUME IX

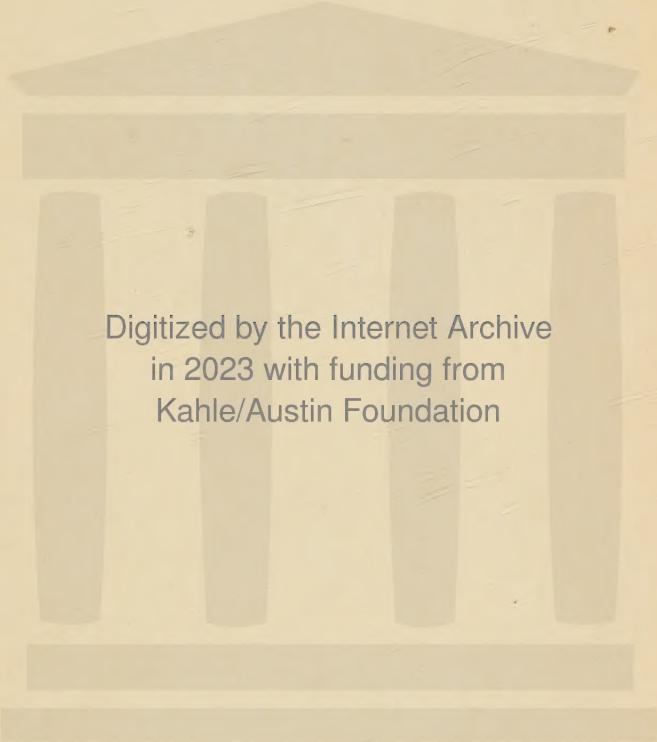
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Charles I

*Replica by Sir Peter Lely,
after the lost Painting by Sir Anthony Vandyke,
now at Dresden*

Oliver Cromwell

*After the Painting by Robert Walker
in the collection of the Earl of Sandwich, at
Hinchbrook, England*

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Vol. 9

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND

FROM THE NORMAN CONQUEST

*FROM THE OFFICIAL RECORDS
AND OTHER PRIVATE AND PUBLIC
AUTHENTIC DOCUMENTS*

BY

AGNES STRICKLAND

PRECEDED BY A BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION BY

JOHN FOSTER KIRK

IN SIXTEEN VOLUMES, WITH PLATES

VOLUME IX

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LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

ANNE OF DENMARK, QUEEN-CONSORT OF JAMES THE FIRST, KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER I.

Anna, or Anne, of Denmark, first queen-consort of Great Britain—Her parentage and Protestant education—Disputes relative to the Orkneys—Youth of James VI. of Scotland—Anna's hand demanded by James—Marriage traversed by Queen Elizabeth—Frederic II. king of Denmark—His death—King James and princess Anna married by proxy at Cronenburg—Anna sails for Scotland with a Danish fleet—Twice driven by storms from the Scottish coast—Suspicion of witchcraft—Disasters of the queen's ship—Takes refuge on the coast of Norway—Queen's miserable state—King James sails to Norway—Their marriage on the Norway coast—King James's 'morrowing gift'—Dangerous journey over the Norway mountains—Joyous arrival in Denmark—Remarriage of James and Anna by Lutheran rites—Their voyage to Scotland—Landing and sojourn at Leith—Scruples of the Scotch presbytery—Queen's entry into Edinburgh—Her robes—Crowned queen of Scotland at Holyrood—Settlement of her household—Queen's dialogue with sir J. Melville—Witch Simpson confesses a conspiracy against the queen—Accuses lord Bothwell as instigator—King's jealousy of the earl of Murray—Historical ballads—Royal palace attacked by Bothwell—He invades Holyrood—Value of the Danish alliance.

ANNE of Denmark was undeniably inferior, both in education and intellect, to most of the royal ladies whose biographies have occupied our preceding volumes. Her political position was, nevertheless, more important than any queen-consort of England, since she was the wife of the first monarch whose sovereignty extended over the whole of the

British islands. Her dower, moreover, completed the geographical wholeness of her husband's fortunate inheritance; for the Orkney and Shetland islands, which had in the preceding century been pawned by Denmark to Scotland, were yielded ultimately to the Scottish king on condition of his marrying this princess. The sovereignty of these barren islands may appear, at the present day, a trifling addition to the majesty of the British crown; yet they are links of the great insular empire of the sea, and their retention by any rival maritime power must have caused, at some time or other, a considerable waste of blood and treasure. Anne of Denmark was the first queen-consort of Great Britain,¹ a title which has been borne by the wives of our sovereigns from the commencement of the seventeenth century to the present era. Before, however, she attained this dignity, she had presided fourteen years over the court of Scotland, as queen-consort of James VI.

The line of sovereigns from whom Anne of Denmark descended, had been elected to the Danish throne on the deposition of Christiern II., notorious for his cruelties in Sweden. Perhaps the outrages this tyrant perpetrated against humanity were less offensive to his countrymen than the accident of his family consisting of two daughters, for by the ancient custom of Denmark, continued to this hour, the crown could only be inherited by male heirs. The crowns of Denmark and Norway² were by the people,

¹ Queen Elizabeth first used the name Great Britain as a collective appellation for the kingdoms in this island (as we have shown in her biography). James I. had sufficient wisdom to adopt it. He took an important step towards the union of the whole island (afterwards perfected by his great-grand-daughter, queen Anne) when he called himself king of Great Britain. Previously, his titles of king of England and Scotland had set his fierce subjects of the south and north quarrelling with each other for precedence. As early in his English reign as October 23, 1604, lord Cranbourne wrote thus to Mr. Winwood, from the court at Whitehall:—"I do send you here a proclamation, published this day, of his majesty changing his title, and taking upon him the name and style of king of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, by which he henceforth desires to be acknowledged both at home and abroad, and that his former titles shall be extinct. The proclamation was at Cheapside with the lord mayor and heralds."—Lodge's *Illustrations*, vol. iii., and Winwood's *Mems*.

² The crown of Norway, which came to Denmark by a female, and of course was expected to descend in the female line, was in vain claimed by the celebrated

during the lifetime of Christiern II., bestowed on his uncle Frederic I., whose reign and the change of religion from the Catholic to the Lutheran creed commenced simultaneously in 1524. The son of this elected king was Christiern III., who completed the establishment of the Protestant religion in Denmark. His eldest son, Frederic II., succeeded him; he married Sophia, the daughter of his neighbor, the duke of Mecklenburg, and had by her two sons and three daughters, born in the following order: Elizabeth, the eldest, born at Coldinga, August 25, 1573; Anna, or Anne, the second child and subject of this biography, was born at Scanderburg,¹ December 12, 1575; Christiern, the crown-prince, afterwards Christiern IV. (who more than once visited the English court), was born at Fredericsburg, April 12, 1577; Ulric, duke of Holstein and bishop of Sleswig, was born at Coldinga; and Sophia, who married a prince of Hesse.

In the opinion of the diplomatists of his day, Frederic II. was one of the richest princes in Europe, for he possessed the endowments of seven bishoprics in Denmark and Norway, which his father Christiern III. had appropriated to his own use.² As Frederic was a prudent prince, and laid up large dowries for his daughters, their hands were sought by many of the northern princes. They were all educated as zealous Protestants of the Lutheran creed. Sophia of Mecklenburg, queen of Denmark, bore a high character among the Protestants for her many domestic virtues. "She is" (wrote a spy, whom Burleigh had employed to report the characters of the Danish royal family) "a right virtuous and godly princess, who, with a motherly care and great wisdom, ruleth her children."³ Whatever were

Christina of Lorraine, who was daughter to the deposed Christiern II. and Isabella of Austria, sister to the emperor Charles V. Her character has been drawn in the life of queen Mary I., vol. vi. chap. vi.

¹ Milles's Catalogue of Honor.

² It is well known that king Christiern, having possessed himself of the whole wealth of the church at the Danish reformation, sent a very gracious message to Luther, expecting to receive great praise for the exploit; but the reformer almost execrated him for his selfishness, and considered him an utter disgrace to his creed.—See Luther's Table Talk.

³ Letter of Daniel Rogers to Burleigh.—Ellis, second series, vol. iii. p. 143.

the moral excellences of queen Sophia, her judgment in rearing children must have been somewhat deficient, since the princess Anna could not walk alone till after she was nine years old, being carried about in the arms of her attendants; such, however, might have been in compliance with some species of semi-barbarian etiquette, for the princess was extremely well made, and was afterwards very famous for her agile dancing.

In the preceding century, James III. of Scotland had married a princess of Denmark; her brother, Christiern I., had, on some internal commotion in his dominions, pawned to him the Orkney and Shetland isles. The acquisition of these isles had proved a wonderful advantage to the commerce of Scotland, for they had been terrible thorns in the side of that country and even of England in former times, when they were the rendezvous of the Norwegian sea-kings, who made such frequent piratical descents on the British coasts. The Orkneys had for a century quietly pertained to the Scottish crown, having, as sir James Melville declared, "laid in wadset, or unredeemed mortgage." But the reigning king of Denmark, Frederic II., finding himself rich and prosperous, thought proper, in the year 1585, to offer repayment of the mortgage and arrears, and to reclaim this appanage of the Danish crown. A war with Denmark, which possessed an overpowering navy, was a dismal prospect for Scotland, just breathing from the recent miseries with which the power or policy of England had oppressed her; on the other hand, the restoration of the Orkneys was an intolerable measure, as a formidable naval power would be immediately re-established within sight of the Scottish coast. The question was earnestly debated for two or three years; at last, it appeared likely to be accommodated by a marriage between the young king of Scotland, James VI., and one of the daughters of the king of Denmark.¹ The princess Anna, at the time the negotiation began for the restoration of the Orkney isles, had passed her tenth year, and being considered too old to be carried in the arms of her nurses, or chamberlains, had been just set on her feet.

¹ Melville's Memoirs.

While she is taught to walk, to sew her sampler, to dance, and other accomplishments, we will take a glance at the history of the monarch destined to become her partner for life.

The calamities of the royal house of Stuart have been the theme of many a page. Hard have been their fates, and harder still it is that the common sympathies of humanity have been denied to them, though the very nature of their misfortunes prove they were more sinned against than sinning. Such has been the venom infused on the page of history by national, polemic, and political prejudices, that no one has taken the trouble to compare line by line of their private lives, in order justly to decide whether this royal Stuart who received a dagger in his bosom, that who was shot in the back, or another who was hoisted by the treacherous mine from his peaceful bed, or those who, "done to death by slanderous tongues," laid down their heads on the block as on a pillow of rest, were, in reality, as wicked as the agents who produced these results. Yet, if facts are sifted, and effects traced carefully back to their true causes, the mystery of an evil destiny, which is so often laid to the charge as if it were a personal crime attached to this line of hapless princes, will vanish before the broad light of truth.

Most of the calamities of the royal line of Scotland originated in the antagonism which, for long ages, was sustained between England and their country. Either by open violence or insidious intrigue, five Scottish monarchs had suffered long captivities in England;¹ and owing to the wars with England, or the commotions nurtured in Scotland by the English, six long minorities² had successively taken place before James VI. was born. The regents who governed in the names of these minor sovereigns were placed or replaced by factions of the fierce nobility, who, at last, refused to submit to any control, either of king or law. In fact, the possessor of the Scottish crown was either destroyed or harassed to death as soon as an heir

¹ David I., William the Lion, David II., James I., kings; and Mary, queen of Scots.

² James I., James II., James III., James IV., James V., and Mary.

to the throne was born. "Woe to the land that is governed by a child!" says the wise proverb. This was a woe that Scotland had hitherto known sufficiently, but it was possible for it to be aggravated by the sceptre falling to a *female* minor, which it did at the early death of James V., who left it to his daughter Mary, a babe just born. This unfortunate queen assumed the reins of government in Scotland in the midst of a religious civil war. When she returned to Scotland she was the widow of Francis II., king of France; she married, in 1565, her cousin Henry Stuart,¹ lord Darnley.

Edinburgh castle was the birthplace of their son, James VI. He was born June 19, 1566. During the short period in which his mother retained her regal authority after his birth, he was baptized, according to the Catholic rites, in Stirling cathedral, by the name of Charles James, December, 17, 1566. His sponsors were Charles IX. of France and queen Elizabeth of England; and the latter sent, as her gift to her godson, a golden font. Soon after the birth of an heir, the husband of the queen of Scots was murdered, and she was driven into captivity in England. A faction of the most turbulent of the Scottish nobility took possession of her infant and proclaimed him king, when a long minority commenced, the whole of which time was spent in civil strife of factions struggling who should reign in the child's name. Such had been the proceedings in Scotland, with some accidental variations, for six previous minorities, only the troubles and disasters of the minorities of queen Mary and of her son James VI. were aggravated by the furious struggles of three religions,—the Roman Catholics, the Reformers, and the Calvinists. James III. had, in the preceding century, built and strongly fortified the beautiful castle of Stirling for the residence of his eldest son, or of any future heir of Scotland. In this castle queen Mary's infant was left, under the care of the earl of Marr, hereditary guardian of the heir of Scotland.

¹ Eldest son to lady Margaret Douglas and Matthew Stuart, earl of Lenox. See biography of Mary I., queen of England, vol. vi., where lord Darnley and his mother are mentioned.

His state-governess was Annabella countess of Marr. His cradle and chair, of carved oak, are still in the possession of the Erskine family, and are in perfect preservation.

The infant James VI. was but fourteen months old when the revolution was completed which dethroned his mother. He was at Stirling castle when it occurred, and his coronation was performed in Stirling cathedral. His hereditary guardian, the earl of Marr, took him in his arms from the nursery, carried him in the procession, and placed him on the throne. The calamitous crown of Scotland was held over the head of the innocent creature, the globe and sceptre placed in his baby grasp, and all the necessary oaths and obligations undertaken in his name. After all was done, and the infant king was proclaimed as James VI., lord Marr took him down from the throne, and carried him back to his cradle.

James Stuart, earl of Murray, eldest illegitimate son of the infant king's grandfather, James V., assumed the government, as regent for James VI. The little king was so badly nursed that he did not walk till he was five years old, but was carried about in the arms of his chamberlain. His nurse was a drunkard, and nourished him with vitiated milk. This circumstance, perhaps, gave him a predisposition to inebriety. The health of the royal infant was greatly injured before the vice of his nurse was discovered. James was, in after-life, weak on his feet; but it must be owned that the manner of dressing infants three centuries ago was enough to cripple them, without any other malpractices in their nurseries. The unfortunate little creatures, as soon as they were born, were swathed, or swaddled, in a number of rollers; their arms were bound down to their sides, and their legs straight and close together, after the exact pattern of an Egyptian mummy. This operation was called swaddling, and when completed, the miserable babe looked precisely like a chrysalis, with a little round face at the top, clad in a cap or hood, without a border. The ancient monastic carvings and illuminations frequently represented the infant Saviour thus enveloped in the arms of the Virgin; indeed, the practice probably

prevailed all over the world from the remotest antiquity.¹ Royal babes were more elaborately swaddled than their subjects, and when their poor little cramped limbs were released on being weaned, it was a marvel they ever gained the use of them.

Although the infant James VI. could not walk, he could talk fast enough, and very early displayed a prodigious memory, an insatiable curiosity, and a queer talent for observation, saying unaccountable things, and showing a droll kind of wit as soon as he could speak. His conduct, at opening his parliament in 1571, when he had arrived at the discreet age of four years, stamps him at once as a juvenile oddity. In those days, good subjects were not contented without they identified the person of an infant king, by seeing him perform his regal duty of opening parliament. Accordingly, the lords and burgesses of Scotland convened at Stirling in the great hall of the castle,² a noble gothic room, 120 feet in length. Thither the infant king was carried in the arms of his trusty guardian, the earl of Marr, and placed on the throne at the upper end, having been previously taught a short speech to repeat to his parliament. From the throne the little creature silently and curiously made his observations on the scene before him, and, among other things, espied a hole in the roof of the hall, where a slate had slipped off and admitted the light. Others say that the hole was in the canopy of the throne. However, when he was required to make his speech, he recited it with astonishing gravity and precision, but added to it, in the same tone, the result of his previous observa-

¹ This frightful custom prevailed in England at the beginning of the last century; it was continued among some hordes of gypsies within the memory of man. The writer's grandmother once saw a gypsy-child thus swaddled, in the lanes near Hampton Court. The increase in population in latter years is partly owing to the cessation from this barbarous practice. In ancient genealogies, it may be observed, half the children born died in infancy. In the *château d'Eu* there is a portrait of *la grande mademoiselle*, the heiress of Montpensier, a lively, laughing child of ten months old; her lower extremities are swaddled in this miserable way, and she is placed in a grand chair of green velvet, leaning like a bale of cloth against one of the arms. In this state the babe probably gave audience to her vassals.

² Which is still entire.

tion, in these words:—"There is *ane* hole in this parliament."¹ Such an addition to a royal speech, from such an orator, would have caused great mirth in a happier age and country; but the distractions, the miseries, and the fanaticism with which Scotland was then convulsed caused these words of the infant monarch to be heard with horror and consternation. The parliament deemed that a spirit of prophecy had descended on babes and sucklings, and that the little king foresaw some great chasm to be made by death in their number. The regent Murray had been recently assassinated, and the earl of Lenox, the father of lord Darnley, and grandfather to the royal child, had been elected regent in his place. The violent death of this unfortunate earl of Lenox in the course of the same year justified the omen in the eyes of the superstitious people.²

The earl of Marr, the young king's tutor and guardian, was elected to the dangerous post of regent of Scotland, which he filled but a few months. The perplexities of his new position certainly cut short his existence. Marr appears to have done all in his power to establish the Episcopal church of Scotland, which is, in some instances, much nearer the ancient faith than the church of England. Therefore the prevailing tone of James's domestic education must have tended to a religion which was considered as the reformed Catholic church. Nevertheless, a professor of every one of the creeds then contending for supremacy in Scotland was to be found among the infant monarch's preceptors,—George Buchanan, his principal pedagogue, being a Calvinist; master Peter Young, his preceptor, was of the reformed Episcopal church; while two deprived

¹ Lindsay. Likewise archbishop Spotiswood.

² One day, when the regent Lenox was on his way to visit the infant king, he was beset by conspirators, and he received, not far from the town of Stirling, a mortal wound in the back from one captain Calder. The earl of Marr roused the men of Stirling; they beat off the assassins, and carried the wounded regent to the castle, where his grandson king James was. The first care of the dying man was to ask, "If the babe was safe?" and being told the attack had not reached the infant king, "Then," said the regent, "all is well!" He died that night, with apparent resignation and piety. Calder was broke on the wheel, the first instance recorded by history of that atrocious punishment in our island.—Archbishop Spotiswood's History of the Church of Scotland, p. 257.

abbots balanced the scale in favor of the Catholics. "Now, the young king was brought up at Stirling castle," says Melville,¹ "by Alexander Erskine (his governor) and my lady Marr, and had, for principal preceptors, master George Buchanan and master Peter Young, the abbots of Cambuskenneth and Dryburgh [branches of the house of Erskine], and the laird of Dromwhassel, his majesty's master of the household." The description of these coadjutors, whose united labors formed the mind of the royal oddity king James, are thus admirably sketched:—"Alexander Erskine was a nobleman of true gentle nature, well loved and liked by every man for his good qualities and great discretion; in nowise factious or envious, a friend of all honest men, he desired rather to have such as were of good conversation to be about the young king than his own nearer kin, if he thought them not so fit. The laird of Dromwhassel, on the contrary, was ambitious and greedy; his greatest care was to advance himself and his friends. The two abbots were wise and modest; my lady Marr was wise and sharp, and held the young king in great awe, and so did master George Buchanan. Master Peter Young was gentler, and seemed to conduct himself warily, as a man unwilling to lose the sovereign's favor." But it was the celebrated George Buchanan who took the practical part of the king's education, and is said to have treated him with great severity, and to have defied lady Marr when she wept at the stripes he chose to inflict; yet we find that Melville considered lady Marr as a sharp governess herself, more likely to recommend a larger portion of castigation than to mourn over the share administered by the pedagogue. Melville gives a sarcastic sketch of Buchanan, hit off with the bold pencil of one who draws from the life. "Master George was a stoic philosopher, but looked not far before him; a man of notable qualities for his learning, pleasant in company, rehearsing at all times moralities short and *feckful*. He was of guid religion—for a poet, but he was easily abused, and so facile that he was led by any company that he haunted. He was revengeful and variable, changing his opinions with every private

¹ Melville's Memoirs, pp. 261, 262.

affront." It was a most repulsive circumstance that the infant James should have been educated by his mother's most bitter maligner.¹ Nor was this man fit to govern a young prince. Most of James's faults must have sprung from his tuition by a vain, violent, and capricious pedagogue. If he had not been domesticated with persons of kinder dispositions, this prince must have proved a demon instead of what he was,—an odd-tempered, good-natured humorist.

The earl of Morton, of the house of Douglas, now obtained the regency; he was the great enemy of the young king's mother, and was afterwards convicted as one of the murderers of his father, lord Darnley. Meantime the faithful Erskines kept sedulous guard on their young monarch at Stirling castle. War, religious and civil, was raging round this palace-fortress, but owing to the providential law which consigned its hereditary government to the head of the family of Marr, together with the personal guardianship of any heir or minor king of Scotland, it remained safe for several years from the attacks of the numerous enemies to royalty. The favorite companion of the young king was Thomas Erskine, who, born on the same day as himself, had shared his majesty's cradle and his sports, but not his pacific nature; for, in after-life, Thomas was the valiant captain of his guard, in very dangerous times. James loved, with an enduring attachment through life, every person with whom he was domesticated in Stirling castle excepting Buchanan.² Meantime, the humorous oddities of the young king became more confirmed as his mind unfolded; he was fond of little animals, and very good-natured to his young companions, but had a nickname for every one, and a pet name for all his intimates. One day he was playing at quoits with the young earl of Marr, who was but a few years older than himself, when he cried out, "Jonnie Marr

¹ Buchanan had been professed as a friar in France, where the story goes that Mary queen of Scots had, when queen-dauphiness, with earnest prayers and tears, saved him from being burnt for heresy; if this was the case, he made her an ill return.—*M. le Pesant, Life of Mary, 1646.*

² James mentions Buchanan's scandalous chronicle on his mother with detestation in his *Basilicon*.—*Works of King James, p. 167.*

has *slaited* me!" The word 'slaiting,' it seems, in the north means taking a sharp advantage in games of the kind. From this incident the young king always called Marr "Jonnie Slaites." Many were the affectionate letters addressed by the royal hand to Marr, beginning with this nickname.¹

The royal child was not permitted long to be occupied exclusively with these healthful sports, or with the studies fitting for his age. Faction and civil war broke in upon such pursuits, no doubt greatly to the injury of his character; and in the year 1577 the guileful Morton, driven to desperation by the wrath of the oppressed people, affected to surrender his regency into the hands of the young monarch,—hands only fit for the cricket-ball, the slate, or copy-book. Certainly there is a near analogy between semi-barbarians and children, which may prove an excuse for contemporary historians, who discuss with gravity the progress that Morton made in the favor of his majesty of eleven years, and very seriously vituperate the heinous tendency of James to favorites when he was at that sage age; and how, by this influence, Morton prevailed on the king to dissolve a council of regency of twelve nobles, and continue him in his office! Meantime, one of the princes of the blood-royal, Esmé Stuart, earl of Lenox and lord d'Aubigny, came from France, and assumed authority about the young king's person. Morton was soon after convicted of Darnley's death, and of an intention of surrendering James into the hands of Elizabeth. He was beheaded, and acknowledged at least complicity in the conspiracy which destroyed Darnley. The government of the kingdom fell into the hands of the nearest relatives of the blood-royal, of whom the earl of Lenox aforesaid was the principal person. Jealousies existed regarding the tendency of the latter to Catholicism, and great anarchy prevailed. At last, in 1582, on the 13th of October, a general insurrection of the Presbyterian party

¹ Erskine MS. Memoirs, quoted in the Bannatyne Club publications. Marr was born in 1562. He survived his royal friend and ward just long enough to see the shadows of the approaching troubles of Charles I. He died, aged seventy-two, in 1634

took place; and in an expedition, called 'the raid of Ruthven,' led by the fanatic earl of Gowry, they got possession of the king's person, who was forthwith consigned to a species of captivity, attended with personal violence and restraint. When James offered some resistance, Andrew Melville, a preacher, shook the youthful monarch by the arm, and called him "God's *seely* vassal;" which, however, only meant to say that he was God's *harmless* or *helpless* vassal, an epithet which the youth and powerless state of the young king rendered truly appropriate.

The fearful examples of the long series of crowned victims, his unhappy ancestors, who had preceded him on the throne of Scotland, not one of whom had for centuries attained the age of forty, and the strange situation in which he was placed, planted dissimulation in the heart of the boy from mere self-defence. He pretended a certain degree of imbecility and fatuity,—after the example of Brutus at the court of the Tarquins, and affected great timidity; when his conduct, in many a fearful crisis it was his lot to encounter, proves that he possessed not only great sagacity, but no little courage. Those who persist in believing James a fool and a coward must find it difficult to account how he could have made the daring escapade, when he was but sixteen, from the restraint in which he was held by Gowry and his colleagues, at a time when his mother, queen Mary, wrote in despair from her prison "that her son was utterly lost and ruined, and that the regal dignity had passed utterly from her family." From an old inn near St. Andrew's castle, he escaped, by the assistance of his relative the *crownel* or colonel Stuart, to the protection of his great-uncle, the earl of March, who held garrison at that castle, and a revolution followed. The earl of Gowry was soon after beheaded, and the harassed country enjoyed some breathing time, while the furious contentions of the two religious factions of Episcopacy and Presbytery confined themselves merely to the warfare of the pen and the tongue, in which it must be owned they were truly indefatigable.

"Our king this year" (1585), saith a queer old chronicle¹

¹ Historie of King James the Sext.

of delectable quaintness, "was become a brave prince in bodie and stature, so weel exerciset in reading that he could perfitlie record all things he had either heard or read. Therefore that noble king, Frederic II. of Denmark, who had then twa doghters, was willing (gif it suld please our king) either to give him the choice of thaim, or that he would accept the ane of thaim as it suld pleas the father to bestow, *quhilk* suld be the maist comely, and the best for his princelie contentment."

King James received the Danish ambassadors who brought this civil offer at Dunfermline, but advised them instantly to depart for St. Andrew's, as the plague was raging in the palace: he said he would send his own horses to carry them thither. An unfortunate misunderstanding occurred, for the Danish ambassadors, having sent on their own horses and baggage, and finding the promised escort did not arrive, actually left Dunfermline on foot. James was in consternation when he found the neglect that his perverse and disobedient people had put upon the envoys of his courteous ally. This was the more to be regretted, since king Frederic had ordered the Danish embassy, in case king James was not eager for the marriage, to demand restitution of the Orkney and Shetland isles, which were the rightful property, not of Scotland, but of Denmark. James's marriage was, in fact, at this juncture an object of interest and contention between his mother, the captive Mary queen of Scots, and his godmother queen Elizabeth. The views of these queens were, of course in direct contradiction to each other. Mary wished her son to offer his hand to one of the daughters of Philip II., king of Spain, and of her early friend Elizabeth of France. The queen of England insisted on his marriage with the princess of Sweden, grand-daughter of Gustavus Vasa, and, at the same time, a Protestant; if he accepted this offer, Elizabeth declared she would be at the whole expense of the wedding.¹ The Scottish government were more inclined to the Danish alliance than any other; but Mary queen of Scots, who hoped to see her son marry a Roman Catholic of her recommendation, opposed his

¹ Letters of Mary Queen of Scots.

marriage with either of the northern princesses, under the plea that their fathers, being but elected to their dignities, were not of equal rank with hereditary monarchs.¹ The Scotch government, however, did not relish the idea of a naval war with the powerful king of Denmark for the possession of the Orkneys: they had, as well, a shrewd idea that his daughter would have a "rich tocher," and therefore sent Peter Young, the king's old school-master, to inquire all needful particulars in Denmark.

Both king James and his mother owed a deep account of gratitude to the king of Denmark, on account of the manly manner in which that monarch had exerted himself to clear queen Mary's fame from the aspersion thrown upon it relative to her husband's murder. Bothwell, who had effected a forced marriage with the queen, died in the king of Denmark's custody, in which he had been detained because he bore the title of duke of the disputed Orkney isles. Bothwell, when stricken with mortal sickness in 1576, had made a declaration of the entire innocence of queen Mary regarding this foul deed, which he said was committed by himself, Murray, and Morton, without her knowledge. This important declaration Frederic II. sent to queen Elizabeth and to Scotland,² attested by the primate of Denmark and the municipal authorities of the district where Bothwell was imprisoned. Queen Elizabeth carefully suppressed it; but that it made a strong impression on the mind of young James, his unswerving affection to the royal family of Denmark throughout his life gave reason to suppose. It is evident queen Elizabeth could have had no other cause for opposing so equal and advantageous a match as that of the young king of Scotland with a Protestant princess of Denmark than the offence given by the active part which Frederic II. had taken in clearing the aspersed character of her prisoner. However this might be, queen Elizabeth commenced an opposition so vehement to the Danish alliance that the marriage-treaty was delayed for three years. Meantime,

¹ Mary's conversation with Mr. Sommer: Sadler Papers, vol. ii.

² See copies of abstracts of this important paper, in the Letters of Mary Queen of Scots, vol. i., edited by Agnes Strickland.

she brought the unfortunate mother of James VI. to the block, to the grief and regret of the Scottish people in general,—feelings which are prevalent in the nation, with very few individual exceptions, to this day. A base faction,¹ the members of which had the majority in the Scottish government, connived at Mary's murder: they were, at the same time, the bribed slaves of England, the opponents of their king's alliance with Denmark, and the custodians of his person. King James has been severely blamed for not revenging his mother's murder; but the letters of remonstrance he wrote, both to queen Elizabeth and his false ambassadors, are still extant, though little known. His own pathetic words, in his Basilicon, declaring "that he was, in reality, as complete a prisoner in Scotland as his mother was in England," are the simple truth, and may be substantiated incontrovertibly by the documents of that era. Thus situated, he was forced to accept queen Elizabeth's excuses that his mother was executed by mistake. His predecessors, James IV. and James V., would have defied her unto the death; but those high-spirited princes perished in their prime, while James VI. lived through every danger and disaster, to unite the great island-empire.

Before the close of the eventful year of 1587 the king of Denmark again sent an angry demand for the restitution of his Orkney islands, and threatened war as the alternative. The young king of Scotland considered that this was a delicate intimation that he had been "o'er slack in his wooing," and accordingly appointed master Peter Young once more as his matrimonial negotiator, and joined in the commission his own kinsman, the *crownel* or colonel Stuart. These functionaries returned in the summer of 1588, "weel rewardit and weel contentit with all they had seen, especially with the fair young princesses." Upon which king James despatched forthwith the bishop of St. Andrew's

¹ The letters of Patrick Gray, Archibald Douglas, and the laird of Restalrig, who were the tools of this faction, may be read in Lodge's Illustrations. The base treachery of the latter of these men to his most unfortunate country, as a receiver of Elizabeth's bribes, is proved by his *own* precious epistles; as he is one of the heroes of the Gowry conspiracy, his bribe-worthiness deserves notice.

and the 'crownel' Stuart, to conclude the match with the eldest princess of Denmark.

While they were gone, queen Elizabeth, who took infinite satisfaction in marring all private matches which were within the reach of her influence, once more took active measures for traversing the royal marriage of her heir and godson, James VI. If the prosperity of the Protestant interest had been indeed the leading principle of her life, she ought to have rejoiced in the prospect of the Danish alliance, which would give the heir-presumptive of England a Protestant mother for his children. Yet, in the perverse spirit of her diplomacy, she artfully appealed to the love of change inherent in the human mind, and sought to divert the fancy of king James from the bride so suitable to him in every respect. At her instigation, Henry king of Navarre (afterwards Henry IV. of France) sent in embassy to Scotland the poetical noble Du Bartas, with an offer of the hand of his sister, the princess Katharine of Navarre, to king James. This illustrious lady was a firm Protestant, but was certainly old enough to be James's mother. "Du Bartas," says Melville, "brought with him the picture of the princess Katharine, with a guid report of her rare qualities."¹ King James infinitely enjoyed the society of the noble poet Du Bartas, who was, if possible, a pedant quainter than himself, and he did not wholly discourage the idea of his own union with the sister of Henry the Great.

Meantime, that inveterate match-marrer, queen Elizabeth, took care that the king of Denmark should be informed of Du Bartas's errand at the Scottish court, which information, as anticipated, gave him infinite displeasure. Accordingly, he declared to the Scotch ambassadors, "That he thought their mission was but feckless dealing, or deluding him with fair language." The royal Dane acted on this idea: he betrothed his daughter Elizabeth to the duke of Brunswick, and loudly demanded the restitution of his islands, being ready and willing to pay the mortgage money. *Crownel*

¹ Melville's *Memoirs*, which, collated with the Bannatyne and Abbotsford printed documents, form the staple of this narrative.

Stuart entreated that the king of Denmark would bestow his younger daughter Anna on his sovereign. "If your king sends to espouse Anna before the 1st of May, 1589," was the reply, "she shall be given to him; if not, the treaty will be at an end, and Scotland must restore the isles." With these words he gave a beautiful miniature of his youngest daughter to the 'crownel,' and despatched him on his homeward voyage.¹ Frederic died directly after, and Anna lost the rank of daughter to a reigning king. Her eldest brother, a boy of eleven years old, was elected king by the title of Christiern IV.; and her mother, Sophia of Mecklenburg,² was appointed queen-regent, with twelve councillors of regency, in the list of whom the Shakspearian names of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern figure conspicuously. The young Anna was left entirely to the disposal of her mother and the council-regents.³

The Scotch ambassadors from Denmark returned, bringing with them the portrait of young Anna, which James received before Du Bartas went back to France. How lovely the little miniature was may be seen to this day among the Scottish regalia at Edinburgh: it is appended to the beautiful order of the Thistle, a legacy from cardinal York to his kinsman George IV., who, with good taste and feeling towards his Scottish subjects, deposited this Stuart relic with the crown-jewels of Scotland. The miniature of Anna of Denmark is enclosed in one of the green-enamelled heads of the order of the Thistle, and thus had been worn through life by her spouse. There is likewise a whole-length portrait of her, in a corner of the royal bedroom at Hampton Court, as a dark-eyed girl, with a very delicate ivory complexion. The dress is entirely white; the youth of the portrait, the queer costume of the high head, shoulder-ruff, and immense farthingale (the same worn at the court of France in 1589), authenticate the tradition that it was another of Anna's portraits sent at this time to king James.

¹ Melville's Memoirs.

² There is a fine portrait of Anna's mother, in her widow's dress, at Hampton Court.

³ Letter of Daniel Rogers to Burleigh.

Both the miniature of the order of the Thistle and this young portrait at Hampton Court give the idea that Anna of Denmark, at sixteen, was a very pretty girl.¹

King James compared the portrait of the youthful Danish princess with that of the mature Katharine of Navarre, and then entered into a long course of prayers for guidance on the subject of his marriage. At the conclusion of his devotional exercises he called together his council, and told them "how he had been praying and avisen with God for a fortnight, and that, in consequence, he was resolvit to marry the Danish princess." He need not have attributed his decision to his prayers; such was the natural choice of a person of his age, between a bride of sixteen and one of six-and-thirty; but the faction then prevalent in his council exacted the grimace of inspiration regarding every action of life, and insisted on inquisition into private prayer, the open discussion of which always assumes the appearance of hypocrisy. Notwithstanding the happy determination to which the aspirations of the young king had conducted him, there were many contradictions to be accommodated before the final appointment of the embassy of procuration to wed the fair Dane. Great alarm was expressed by king James lest the queen-regent, her mother, and the council of guardianship should "deem themselves scoffit," if the bride was not "wooded and married and a'" before the fated 1st of May, 1589, appointed by her deceased father. The

¹ There is another picture of Anna of Denmark, at Dieppe, painted when she was queen of Scotland. It is an oil-painting, and represents her much younger than she is usually depicted in her numerous portraits in England. The style of hair is the same as the marriage miniature, and a strong resemblance to the portraits of the queen's eldest son, Henry, may be observed. The dress is slashed in the Spanish style, and ornamented with knots of yellow ribbon; the portrait is in great want of judicious cleaning, which it is not likely to receive, since its owner, a substantial burgess of Le Pollet, will not hear of selling it. As a patriotic Dieppois, he values it because it was once the property of Henry IV., and came out of the neighboring castle of Arques. We made a pilgrimage across the bridge of boats from Dieppe to Le Pollet, and saw this and some ornamental fragments, which convinced us that the tradition was true, and that we beheld relics of the grandeur of the once-mighty Arques. The portrait was most likely presented to Henry IV. on the birth of prince Henry. It is believed in Dieppe, and its sister town of the Pollet, to be the portrait of queen Elizabeth.

real cause of the delay was queen Elizabeth, who positively insisted on king James's marrying Katharine of Navarre. Now, had he chosen this princess, Elizabeth had already prepared a plan of circumvention, for she wrote to king Henry of Navarre to hold back his sister's wedlock for three years; thus poor James had no chance of a bride, whichever way his choice fell, had he determined to be guided in marriage by his undutiful godmother. Elizabeth likewise exerted her influence so actively among her paid creatures in the Scotch privy council, that a majority of its members were adverse to the Danish match. James at length became desperate, and devised forthwith a notable specimen of the skill in kingcraft, on which he plumed himself. "King James," says Melville, "took sic a despite at the wilful delays of his council that he caused some of his maist familiar servants to deal secretly with the deacons of the Edinburgh artisans to make a manner of meeting, threatening to slay the chancellor and maltreat the council in case the marriage with the princess of Denmark was longer delayed." The Edinburgh mob likewise reviled queen Elizabeth, and loudly protested "that her opposition to their king's wedlock with a princess of suitable age and religion could only arise from apprehension lest heirs should spring from this marriage, which would one day revenge the cruel murder of poor queen Mary." This seasonable and loyal insurrection wonderfully expedited the movements of the refractory councillors. They appointed, with the utmost celerity, the earl-marischal of Scotland, the constable of Dundee, and lord Keith as proxies to conclude the king's marriage. After another sharp contest about "the siller for the outfit of the said proxies," they sailed, within the given time, to unite James of Scotland with Anna of Denmark.¹

The earl-marischal and his companions, after all, did not arrive in Denmark till the middle of June; they were, however, received with great joy by queen Sophia and the young princess Anna. The ceremonial of the marriage by

¹ Melville's *Memoirs*, pp. 362-369. Camden's *Elizabeth* (White Kennet), vol. ii. p. 557.

proxy was delayed till the 20th of August that year (1589), because a noble fleet, the pride of the maritime and flourishing state of Denmark, had to be prepared to carry the young queen of Scotland to her future home. The earl-marischal of Scotland received her hand as proxy for his king at Cronenburg, a strong fortress-palace in the isle of Zealand, built on piles overhanging the sea, very richly furnished with silver statues and other articles of luxury. This fortress is situated at the very entrance of the Sound, where the Danes levy their tolls on ships passing to the Baltic.

The month of September had arrived before the bride, in company with the earl-marischal and his train, embarked on board the ship of Peter Munch, the Danish admiral, who sailed, with eleven other fine ships, for Scotland. Twice the Danish squadron, with the bride-queen, made the coast of Scotland so near as to be within sight of land, and twice they were beat back by baffling winds, which blew them to the coast of Norway. At last the Danish admiral, Peter Munch, began to consider that there must be more in the matter than the common perversity of winds and weather; and he felt convinced that some very potent sorcerer bore him an ill-will, and was now tampering with the winds to prevent him from bringing the fair young queen of Scotland safely into harbor. By his own account, admiral Munch must have been a very ill-behaved person, for he mentioned "that he had lately, in the course of his official capacity, presented one of the bailies, or burgesses, of Copenhagen with a cuff on the ear, who had a spouse a notable witch-wife." This witch-wife had, in the sapient opinion of the admiral, raised those contrary winds, to be revenged for the insult offered to her husband. Admiral Munch's mode of accounting for storms on the wild German Ocean in the fall of the year will appear droll enough in these days, but the worst of ignorant superstition is, that its comic absurdities are sure to be followed by some fearful tragedy. The unfortunate wife of the Danish bailie, and other supposed witches, were afterwards burnt alive, for the impossible offence of having

brewed storms to be revenged for the blow given to her husband.¹

When the admiral and his fleet had come to the conclusion that they were bewitched, of course nothing went well. A third storm came on, some say after they arrived within sight of Scotland. The whole fleet was dreadfully tossed: the admiral's ship, in which the young queen sailed, fared the worst. Nor were its disasters confined to the effects of the wind and waves. A cannon suddenly broke from its fastenings, and, rolling over the deck, killed eight Danish sailors before the eyes of the young queen, and very nearly destroyed her; and, withal, before this cannon could be pitched overboard, the admiral's ship was so strained and damaged that she could scarcely be kept above water, but was forced to take refuge in a sound in Norway, twenty miles embayed inland. The other ten ships returned to Denmark in a deplorable state. It would seem that admiral Peter Munch dared not send back the young queen of Scotland, since he had been commissioned by the queen-regent her mother, and the privy council of Denmark, to carry her to her husband, and he (who does not appear to be one of the wise of the earth) considered that it was contrary to etiquette that she should return. It was utterly impossible to take her to Scotland, for the frost immediately set in severely in Norway; so there she had the prospect of staying the whole of a long winter at Upslo, a miserable place, which produced nothing eatable. The young queen immediately wrote letters to the king of Scotland, describing these sad accidents and mishaps. She despatched these letters by Steven Beale, a young Dane, who braved the worst the weather and the witches could effect to carry the news of the bride's disasters to her spouse.² Some scandal-mongers of the seventeenth century thought fit to unite the

¹ Melville's *Memoirs*, p. 369. "Quhilk storm of wind was alleged to have been raisit by the witches of Denmark, by the confession of sundrie of them when they were brunt for that cause. What moved them was a cuff, or blow, quhilk the admiral of Denmark gave to one of the bailies of Copenhagen, whose wife, being a notable witch, consulted her cummers, and raised the said storm to be revengit upon the said admiral."

² Murdin Papers.

name of Steven Beale scandalously with that of Anne of Denmark, but we can find no grounds for their calumnies, excepting the gallant exertions of this gentleman to carry the letters of his princess to her betrothed spouse. King James had previously heard that his wife was upon the sea, and had, from that time, exerted himself to his utmost for her honorable reception in Scotland. He busied himself greatly in the appointment of the ladies and gentlemen who were to compose the household of his bride, and it may be observed that he preferred those who had been faithful to his unfortunate mother in her long adversity. It is to his credit that he reserved the most honorable places for Jane Kennedy and her husband, sir Andrew Melville. This pair, who are historically illustrious for their personal fidelity to Mary queen of Scots, had attended her on the scaffold, and bore her last words and recommendations to her son. They had married, and were treated with great favor and gratitude by king James.¹

Lady Melville was appointed first lady of the bedchamber to the king's expected consort, but a sad accident prevented her from ever seeing her new mistress. In order to show her diligent loyalty, when she heard of her appointment she crossed Leith ferry in a violent storm on Michaelmas-day, when her boat was run down by a ship, and she was drowned, with two servants of her relative, sir James Melville the historian, who most pathetically relates the disaster, gravely attributing it to the malice-pretense of the Scottish witches, "who, in conjunction with their sisterhood in Norway, had brewed the storm to drown the harmless young queen, but their malice fell thus upon her lady in waiting;" and he adds, "that the witches afterwards pleaded guilty to this feat." Just after the woful catrastrophe of poor lady Melville, arrived Steven Beale with the tidings of the distresses of the royal bride, who remained storm-bound on the desolate coast

¹ Sir Andrew Melville (a relative of sir James Melville, the statesman-historian of Scotland) was the steward of the household to Mary queen of Scots, a place of great danger and confinement; he was with her at her death, and afterwards married her best-beloved maid, Jane Kennedy, whose tragic death is related above.—See Melville's Memoirs.

of Norway. He delivered her letters to king James, at Craigmillar castle. The king read them with great emotion. Thomas Fowler, an officer of his household (and at the same time a vile spy in the pay of England), wrote the whole of these proceedings to lord Burleigh.¹ "The letters of the young queen," he says, "were tragical discourses, and pitiful, for she had been in extreme danger of drowning; king James has read them with tears, and with heavy, deep-drawn sighs." The very next day the king declared, in council, that it was his intention "to send the earl of Bothwell [Francis Stuart] with six royal ships, to claim the Danish princess as his bride, and bring her home." In the afternoon Bothwell made his appearance with a handful of monstrous long bills, containing the calculations of the expense of such a voyage, which cast the king into great perplexity. The Scottish chancellor, seeing the trouble of his monarch, declared, "If his majesty would be contented with such ships as he and some other loyal subjects could furnish, he would go and seek the queen himself,"—a remarkable undertaking for a lord chancellor, it must be owned.

From this moment James took the resolution of going himself on this errand. It was an enterprise of some danger, for the best ship the chancellor could furnish was one of but 120 tons,—a mere bauble for enduring the wintry seas which rage between Scotland and Norway, and which had so seriously discomfited the powerful Danish fleet. Profound secrecy was needful to be observed concerning the king's intentions, for the populace were by no means willing to part with him. Nevertheless, in the words of the old ballad, he was resolved to embark—

"For Norraway, for Norraway,
For Norraway over the foam,
The king's daughter of Norraway,²
The bride to bring her home."

"The chancellor's ship," writes Fowler, "was well furnished with good and delicate victual, particularly with live stock

¹ Murdin Papers, where his letters are printed.

² The king of Denmark was, till 1814, likewise king of Norway.

and *pullen*, and much banqueting stuff, with wines of divers sorts." All the officers and attendants that had been appointed to serve the young queen were doomed to share the no slight risks of the royal knight errant, and, much to their discontent, were required to take their places in the chancellor's cockle-shell of a ship. "All the minions of the king's stable and bedchamber were sent on board," continues Fowler. "He was desirous that I should go,¹ but I answered, 'I was but weak, and durst not tempt the sea at this cold time of the year.' He told me, however, nothing that he himself intended the voyage, nor mentioned it to any other creature; but if God had not hindered him by wind and weather, he would have stolen on board yesterday night, being Sunday, when a great storm arose, and drove the ship from her moorings at Leith. For all that, he means to go, but has let none of the nobility into the secret; and when Bothwell and the duke of Lenox laid it sorely to his charge that he meant to undertake this dangerous voyage, he mocked and gibed at them." Some of the dissatisfied among the common people, on hearing rumors of the king's intentions, said, "See whether he enters the country again!" Nothing, however, could change James's purpose, not even the intelligence that Elizabeth had eight great ships cruising on the northern seas; and the domestic spy, Fowler, does not fail treacherously to acquaint Burleigh of the pigmy force of the Scottish monarch, being only five small ships and barks, the largest 150 tons only: one was armed, and this carried ten little falcons and falconets of brass, taken out of Edinburgh castle for the purpose. Considering the character that James VI. bears in history for constitutional timidity, the expedition was daring enough. Indeed, it would have furnished any other king but one of the name of Stuart with a reputation for courage during life.

Just before these events occurred, the king had sent a piteous supplication to England for the salary queen Elizabeth allowed him as her godson. His secretary, Colville,

¹ The son of this spy was afterwards secretary to Anne of Denmark, when queen of England. He himself had been in the household of Margaret countess of Lenox, the king's grandmother.

in his letter, assured lord Burleigh "that the manifold hard occurrences which had fallen out regarding the marriage had so annoyed his majesty that he could not write so timeously as he ought and suld."¹ James, indeed, seems to have been at his wit's end for money in order to furnish forth his wedding cheer, before he was troubled with these additional expenses of a voyage. It appears that Elizabeth had lately found out that the alliance was a very suitable one, and had promised to be very generous to the bride.² From the hour that king James resolved on this adventurous expedition, he proceeded to set his affairs in order for his departure, doing, at the same time, queerer things and making quainter speeches than ever were done or said by a monarch since kings reigned on the earth. It would be difficult to define whether he meant his council to obey or laugh at the directions he left for their guidance.³ Take, for instance, the following original explanation of his motives for concealing from his chancellor, Maitland, his intentions of seeking his royal bride in person:—"Sa, I say upon my honor, I keepit it fra my chancellor, as I was never wont to do ony secrets of my weightiest affairs, twa reasons moving me: I knew that gif I had made him of my counsel, therefore he had been blamit for putting it in my head, *quhilk* [which] had not been his duty, for it becomes na subjects to give princes advice on sic subjects; and then remembering *quhat* [what] envious and unjust burden he daily bears for leading me by the nose, as gif I were an unreasonable creature, or a bairn that could do naething for myself." In this dry manner the royal oddity gave his chancellor a sharp quip or two, while pretending to exonerate him from advising him to undertake this dangerous expedition. Nevertheless, the poor chancellor was obliged to be of the party, wherefore it would be difficult to define, as he was not to meet with a bride at the end of the voyage. Perhaps James thought that, in his absence, fewer intrigues would be concocted between his

¹ This letter is dated October 24, 1589. These documents are in Murdin's *State-Papers*, pp. 640-642.

² Camden. Murdin.

³ Spotiswood, 377, and Bannatyne Papers.

cabinet and that of queen Elizabeth; and, in truth, the result proved that he judged well in regard to those of his nobles he took with him, and those he left behind.

In a second paper he favored his privy council with the following most original reasons for his elopement, founded on the propriety and expediency of his entering into the holy pale of matrimony as speedily as possible:—"He was alone in the world," he said; "had neither father, mother, brother, nor sister,—yet a king, not only of this realm, but heir-apparent to another;" and he added, adopting the same curious expression that his godmother queen Elizabeth had used at his own birth, "I thought, if I hasted not to marry at my years, folk might consider me *a barren stock*, since a king was powerless if without a successor." He added, "The treaty being perfected, and my queen on her journey, I was advertised of her detention by contrary winds, and that it was not likely she could complete her voyage. Therefore resolvit I to make that possible on my part, which was *unpossible* on hers; as it had been offered to the choice of my young queen, whether she would return to Denmark, or remain in Upslo till the spring." Very affectionately, as James considered, she resolved to brave all the hardships and privations of a sojourn in Norway, to returning to Denmark without seeing him. "Albeit," continued the royal lover,¹ "hitherto we have not behaved ourself dissolutely, but patiently waited for the good occasions God should offer [*i.e.*, till it should please heaven to provide him with a good wife]; yet now taking to heart *her* pains and dangers, and all the difficulties which have attended her voyage, we could find no contentment till we enterprised ourself that voyage towards her to bring her home, which we are in good hope to do." He then proceeds to put his combative subjects on honor, in his absence, in these words:—"We shall be home in twenty days, wind and weather serving; yet fearing the time of my stay may be longer, at God's good pleasure, and seeing that in former times the kingdom hath wanted a governor longer than we

¹ Spotiswood, 377, 378. The original papers printed in the Bannatyne collection.

trust in God it shall want us,—namely, from the death of our grandmother the queen-regent, until the arrival of our dearest mother from France, the space of fourteen months; during which time, for the reverence and love carried to her,—albeit a woman in person and a minor in years, no violence was committed by any person, and greater peace observed than at any time before or since. Therefore, our expectation is nothing less of the good behavior of our subjects in this our absence.” He then appointed the duke of Lenox president of the council, and his cousin Francis Stuart, earl of Bothwell, to assist him; he affectionately exhorted all the preachers “to preach peace and quietness, and to pray indefatigably for his safe voyage;” and finished this most original of kingly compositions with the assurance that, “we sal remember the peaceful and obedient most thankfully, when occasion presents.” According to Spotiswood, the tiny fleet which bore the adventurous king to Norway sailed October 22d; but from the spy Fowler’s letters, we should judge it sailed a day or two later.¹

Fortune favored the brave, for a prosperous breeze succeeded the frightful storms which had nearly shipwrecked his bride, and in four days he neared the Norwegian coast; but he was not to land without a sharp taste of the dangers he had voluntarily encountered, for, on the fifth day, a furious tempest sprang up: during four-and-twenty hours the king’s little bark was in great danger of wreck.² At last she ran safely into one of those sounds which open their hospitable arms for tempest-tossed mariners on the northern Atlantic. The most circumstantial account of this voyage is contained in the manuscript journal of sir Peter Young:—³ “On the 20th of October, his majesty

¹ In the books of sederunt (session) of the lords of the Scottish council is this entry:—“The king shippit at Leith to pass to Norroway, on Wadinsday, between twelve and ane houris after midnight, *quhilk* was the xxii day of October, 1589.”—Introduction of Letters of James VI. p. xvii.; Maitland Club, Edinburgh.

² Majoribanks, a burghess of Edinburgh, and contemporary and annalist.

³ We have been favored with the extract by a lady who is sir Peter Young’s lineal descendant. He seems to have commanded one of the little vessels of James’s fleet.

James VI. embarked secretly at Leith, about eleven o'clock at night, on a voyage to Norway and Denmark; the next day, which was Friday, being driven back by contrary winds, he came to anchor near St. Monane. Sailing thence on the night of the 23d of October, he made Fleison, a port of Norway, piloted by Bambarrow and me; when, waiting a few days more for a favorable wind, on Friday the 7th of November, after he had dined on board our ship, he ordered us to set sail. The following day, about noon, we reached Lungesward, where, leaving our ship and travelling by Tonsberg and Asloa, partly on horseback, partly in sledges, and partly in boats, we arrived on the . . . of November."¹

Thus James was many days travelling to find the village of Upslo, the doleful abiding-place where Anne of Denmark had, in great tribulation, established her head-quarters since October 19th, and where "she little looked for his majesty's coming at sic a tempestuous time of the year." James certainly did not discover his queen's place of retreat till the 19th of the following month, according to his own date of their time of meeting. When he at length reached her abode among the Norway snows, he, with the *bonhomie* which marked his character as much at two-and-twenty as in his more mature career, waited for none of the ceremonies of his rank and station, but leaving his train to seek their lodgings as they might, he marched directly into the presence of his bride, and, booted and spurred as he was, he frankly tendered her a salute. Our annalist's words are:—"Immediately at his coming the king passed in quietly, with *buites* and all, to her highness. His majesty minded to give the queen a kiss after the Scottish fashion, quhilk the queen refusit, as not being the form of her country; but after a few words privily spoken betwixt his majesty and her, familiaritie ensued."²

The conduct of the Scottish king towards the young girl who, without any choice of her own, had been consigned to him, as a partner for life, was infinitely to his credit as a

¹ The date is a blank in sir Peter's journal, and the place illegible.

² Majoribanks.

human being. He had risked his life to come to her aid when he heard she was in distress and peril; and after all he had undergone for her, he very naturally laid aside the formalities of royal rank, and at his first interview assumed the affectionate demeanor of private life. In so doing, he acted in due conformity with existing circumstances; for the rigor with which nature was reigning around, the height of the awful mountains, the raving of the wintry tempests, and the stern shroud of ice and snow enveloping the coast where they were wayfarers and sojourners, all combined to give royalty a lesson on the nothingness of human pomps and ceremonies. Besides, whatever were the faults of James, every one must own that he had a very proper idea of the claims of a wife on his affections, and remembered that he was a husband as well as a king. His own words, addressed afterwards in a letter to the queen on this subject, speak for him better than aught which can be said by another:—"I thank God I carry that love and respect to you which by the law of nature I ought to do to my wife and mother of my children; but not for that ye are a king's daughter, for *quhither* [whether] ye were a king's or a cook's daughter, ye must be alike to me, being ance my wife. For the respect of your honorable birth and descent I married you, but the love and regard I now bear you is because that ye are my married wife, and so partaker of my honor as of my other fortunes. I beseech you pardon my rude plainness in this."

James VI. married Anna of Denmark on that wild and stormy coast the Sunday after he met her,¹ Mr. Davie Lindsay, his favorite chaplain, performing the ceremony in French, a language mutually understood by the bride and bridegroom. The banquet was spread in the best manner the time and place permitted, and the harmony of the royal wedlock would have been complete, excepting for a fierce wrangle for precedence between the earl-marischal and the chancellor of Scotland, which called forth the utmost eloquence of the royal bridegroom to pacify. The next morning, king James made his bride a present of the palaces and

¹ Spotiswood.

domains of Dunfermline and Falkland.¹ Dunfermline was the usual dowry of the Scottish queen-consorts, but the king evidently persuaded queen Anna that the deed of gift which secured them to her was a peculiar grace and favor, proceeding exclusively from his royal munificence to herself, in compliance with the laudable custom of his country, by which all amiably-disposed bridegrooms bestow a present on their wives the morning after marriage, called, in the parlance of Scotland, "*the morrowing gift*." The deed which secured these possessions to the bride of James is thus entitled:—"Grant by the king to the queen's grace of the lordship of Dunfermline, in *morrowing gift*."²

The wild winds sung the epithalamium of this singular royal wedlock in so loud a tone, and the winter storms, which had intermitted for king James's arrival at Upslo, renewed their fury in a manner which rendered all hopes of return to Scotland that season abortive. However, king James sent an adventurous messenger over the mountains to Denmark, to inform the queen-regent of his safe arrival and his marriage with his betrothed princess. Meantime, their honeymoon was spent at Upslo as merrily as the rugged season and country would permit, and towards the end of it ambassadors arrived from Copenhagen, who, in the name of the queen-regent, Sophia, entreated the newly-married pair to come, if possible, over the mountains, and spend the winter in the Danish capital. It is well known that no communication by land can exist between Denmark and Norway, excepting by traversing a large portion of the intervening kingdom of Sweden. The royal pair had not any alternative, except undertaking this enterprise or remaining at Upslo till May. A journey through Norway in mid-winter is, if travellers of the present day tell truth, enough to try the nerves of the most intrepid persons, *malgré* all the improvements of modern times. It is well known that Charles XII., a century later, in vain attempted to force

¹ Memoirs by Mr. David Moysie, quoted in the Bannatyne Papers.

² This deed dates the royal marriage November 23d. It is printed, in the valuable collection of documents respecting the marriage of king James, by the Bannatyne Club.

the ice-defended barriers of the Norwegian mountains, and that whole regiments of his hardy northern warriors perished in the very passes through which king James's track lay; but the fatal fortress of Fredericshall existed not then. The difficulties of a land-journey over the passes between Norway and Sweden had been so represented to king James that he would not risk the safety of his bride till he had made the experiment in his own person. It seems likely that some doubts were entertained of the placability of the king of Sweden, through whose dominions part of the route lay. James, therefore, sent captain William Murray forward to Stockholm, to ask a safe-conduct. James himself took a tender farewell of his bride on the 22d of December,¹ and travelled through the tremendous passes of the Norway frontier till he reached Bahouse, a castle close to the Swedish border, when he found William Murray had not arrived from Stockholm. King James then retraced his steps, and again set forward in the company of his queen, —and very appalling dangers they all encountered in this Christmas journey over the Norway Alps. They, however, arrived without loss of life or limb at Bahouse; and soon after, William Murray made his appearance on the frozen river, accompanied by four hundred troopers, sent by the king of Sweden as an honorable escort to the king and queen of Scots through his dominions.

The bridal party entered Sweden on the 7th of January, and travelled without any particular difficulty through that country till, on the 18th, they reached the Swedish side of the sound in the midst of a raging storm. They were forced to tarry at Elsingburg three days, weather-bound, before they could cross the ferry to the island of Zealand, where stood jutting forth, at the nearest point opposite to the Swedish territory, the royal castle of Cronenburg. At this palace the royal family of Denmark had assembled, and were anxiously awaiting the arrival of king James and queen Anna. At last, on the 21st of January, the royal travellers safely crossed the Sound to Cronenburg, where they were affectionately welcomed by Anna's mother, the

¹ Archbishop Spotiswood.

queen-regent Sophia, the boy-king, Christiern IV., little Ulric, the duke of Holstein, and the princess-royal, Elizabeth, whose affianced lover, the duke of Brunswick, had just arrived at the Danish court to solemnize his nuptials. The scene was now pleasantly changed, from the rude and famine-stricken huts of Upslo¹ to all the splendors of a rich court, enlivened by two royal bridals,—for the Danish ecclesiastics insisted on marrying king James and their princess over again, according to the Lutheran rites. Thus were they married three times,—once by procuration, once on the Norway coast, and again at Cronenburg. As to the king, he was, as his letters evince, in an uproarious state of hilarity and perfectly willing to be married as many times as his new relatives thought proper. The worst was, that in the deep carouses with which the magnates of Denmark celebrated the royal marriage, the student-king increased that tendency for too powerful potations, to which most of his follies and errors may really be traced. He dates his letters “From the castle of Cronenburg, quhaire we are drinking and driving *our* in the auld manner.” At the last celebration of the marriage of James and Anna, the government of Denmark made a formal surrender of the disputed isles of Orkney and Shetland, as part of the marriage dowry of their princess.² She had, besides, forty thousand crowns, but this sum was not paid down at her wedlock.

Nothing impaired the pleasure of the royal visit to Denmark, excepting the turbulent propensities of those Scottish nobles who had accompanied the king, or had stayed with the queen since her betrothal and embarkation the previous summer. Melville expressly bewails their misbehavior, and says the king’s time was almost entirely occupied in keeping peace between these pugnacious courtiers of his, “such

¹ Upslo was the site of Christiana, the modern capital of Norway, afterwards built by Christiern IV., the brother of James I.’s queen, and named after him. See *Atlas Géographique*. Subsequently, it possessed a cathedral and a castle, but is unanimously described as a wild and miserable place when the Danish princess took refuge there, both in her letters and in the Scottish contemporary documents.

² Spotiswood.

were their strifes, prides, and partialities; for the earl-marischal every day disputed precedency with chancellor Maitland, the constable of Dundee quarrelled with lord Dingwall, and sir George Hum [Hume] ousted William Keith out of his place in the wardrobe; at last all divided into two factions, the chancellor against the earl-marischal. Altogether, king James had no small *fasherie* in keeping them in decent behavior."

The wedding of the duke of Brunswick and Elizabeth of Denmark was not completed till the spring, and king James and queen Anne delayed their voyage homewards, in order to be present at its celebration, so long that their loving lieges in Scotland began to think themselves wholly forgotten, and therefore despatched, as a gentle reminder, six of their largest ships and Mr. Patrick Galloway, one of the king's favorite preachers,¹ to urge the return of the royal absentee. This deputation arrived in the midst of the Brunswick wedding. King James, who was longing to hear news from home, found with great satisfaction that all went well, for there had only occurred in Scotland two insurrections, a few riots in Edinburgh, and some skirmishes in the Highlands. This was a praiseworthy state of affairs, considering the usual proceedings in Scotland. King James was not wholly devoted to jovial carouses during his residence in Denmark; he found time to converse with the illustrious astronomer Tycho Brahe, and even took a journey with his young queen to visit the sage at his observatory. The learned king and the scientific noble held their discourse in Latin.²

The young queen of Scotland was now required to bid a life-long farewell to her tender mother queen Sophia. This

¹ Spotiswood.

² Cole MS., Brit. Museum. An angry controversy took place in the Monthly Magazine regarding the truth of this simple incident, at the time when the Cole MSS. were first opened to the public, but there is nothing improbable in the fact. The likelihood that James should, during a considerable stay in Denmark, pay some attention to the noble family of Brahe is enhanced by the circumstance that the names of two gentlemen of that line appear among the numerous witnesses of the confession of Bothwell regarding the real murderers of Darnley.

great lady had encouraged among her children an ardent friendship and affection, and seems herself to have united, with no contemptible talents for government, the domestic virtues for which the princesses of the house of Mecklenburg have to this day been celebrated. The young king of Denmark retained a loving remembrance of his sister Anna (whom he infinitely resembled in person), and, in after-times, he paid long visits at her court. King James and his young consort sailed from Cronenburg about the 21st of April, escorted by a stately Danish fleet commanded by admiral Peter Munch, with whom the reader has been previously acquainted, and accompanied by the Danish ambassadors who were to be resident, or, in the language of the times, *leiger* in Scotland. The royal fleet safely arrived at Leith, on May-day,¹ 1590, and all Edinburgh came forth to meet their king and see their new queen: both were received with the most extravagant demonstrations of joy. To the king's credit, the first thing he did on landing was to return thanks to God for the safety of himself and his wife. The queen did not enter Edinburgh directly, but sojourned at Leith, at what our authority calls "the king's new work." At this place the Danish bride remained till the 6th of May.¹

While the queen was reposing after her fatigues, her king was bestirring himself to raise funds for the expenses which his marriage rendered unavoidable. He was afflicted by all the tribulations common to those who wish to make a splendid appearance with very slender means, or rather, without any means whatsoever. Very piteous were the missives he sent forth to his nobles, requiring benevolences to meet the expenses of his queen's coronation, and the celebration of his marriage festivities. Nothing came amiss; from those who had no ready cash, goods were thankfully accepted or borrowed. One family possesses an autograph letter from the king, dated Linlithgow palace,

¹ Bannatyne Papers.

² Spotiswood, who says, moreover, that the king arrived on the 20th of May; but the documents printed by the Bannatyne Club prove throughout, by a series of dates, that this is a mistake.

in which he begs "the loan of some silver spoons, to grace his marriage feast." In another letter he craved the loan of a pair of silk stockings from his dear Jonnie Slaites (the earl of Marr) for his own royal wearing at a reception he gave the Spanish ambassador: adding, with a pathos peculiar to himself, "Ye wad na that your king suld appear a scrub on sic an occasion."—"I have a curious letter," says Pennant, "addressed by king James to John Boswell of Balmuto, of whom he begged the loan of a thousand marks, with this pithy remark:—'Ye will rather hurt yourself vera far than see the dishonor of your prince and native country, with the poverty of baith set down before the face of strangers.'" Nor was the important subject of the "ready siller" the only torment which plagued the poor king. The manner of the queen's coronation threatened to produce a religious warfare among the divines of the three differing faiths which were still struggling in Scotland. The formula of all the royal rites and ceremonies had been, from time immemorial, arranged according to the Roman Catholic ritual. No coronation, marriage, baptism, or any other solemnization, had hitherto been performed in the royal family of Scotland excepting in consonance with the ritual of the ancient religion, and the very idea of anything of the kind at this juncture nearly drove all the Presbyterians frenetic.¹

The day after the queen's arrival the council assembled to debate on her coronation. As none of the bishops of the Episcopal church of Scotland were at Edinburgh (nor could they be summoned in the hurry the king was in), Mr. Robert Bruce, a clergyman, was appointed to perform the ceremony, with all the ancient rites. The ministers of the kirk were much grieved in spirit at the unction in the coronation, which they objected to as Jewish, and threatened Mr. Robert Bruce with censures of the synod if he dared to consecrate the queen. James was very angry at these scruples; he called the refractory ministers before him, and told them that, "If they prevented Bruce from crowning his bride, he would put off the ceremony till one of the

¹ Spotiswood.

bishops came, who would perform all required without heeding their censures." This was worse than anything; the unction was more welcome than the presence of an Episcopal bishop, and the refractory Calvinists at last agreed that Bruce should crown the queen, who was to be consecrated in the abbey-church of Holyrood the next Sunday.¹ The queen made her state-entry into Edinburgh, from Leith, on the Tuesday before her coronation, riding in a car richly gilt, lined with crimson velvet; on each side of her² sat her two favorite Danish maids of honor, Katrine Skinkell and Anna Kroas. The king rode on horseback immediately before the queen's carriage, and thus, with a vast train of the nobles and gentry then resident at Edinburgh, the royal bride was escorted to old Holyrood.

Whatever trouble king James might have had in raising the funds for the occasion, it is certain that everything was, at last, procured consistent with the grand ceremony of a coronation; and his Danish bride was provided with rich robes, and all appurtenances accordant with the "royal making of a queen," as the following memorandums, extracted from the book of expenses on this occasion, will fully prove:—"By his highness's precept and special command for furnishing ane robe to his dearest bedfellow the queen, the 17th of May, being the day of her majesty's coronation. *Imprimis*, for thirty ells of purple velvet, to be the said robe, price the *elne*, 16*l*. Sixteen ells of white Spanish taffeta, to be lining of the said robe. Thirty-four ells broad passaments of gold, wrought twice about the same, weighing 44 oz., and ane drap weight, price of the oz. 5*l*. Three ounces of broad passaments of gold of ane narrower sort, to work the *craig* [neck] of said robe; 6 oz. of silk to sew the same, 24*s*.; one ell of Spanish taffeta, to furnish the lining and *stammack* [stomacher]. *Item*, to the said stammack half an ell of purple velvet. Purple velvet

¹ Bannatyne Papers: Marriage of James VI. and Anna of Denmark, from whence these particulars are collated, by the author, with the contemporary chroniclers Melville, Majoribanks, and Moysie.

² Probably on seats where the doors opened on each side of the carriage, which were the places, in these ancient vehicles, for the nearest attendants of the sovereign.

and red crimson satin to line the *bonnet* [cap] of her majestie's crown: price of the ell of velvet, 16*l.*, and of the ell of satin, 7*l.* Four ells of white Florence riband to be strings to the said *stammack*, and ane hank of gold to a greit button to the foresaid robe. *Item*, 3 ells of white taffeta to his majesty's board,—viz., to a white silk table-cloth, 7*l.* 10*s.*"¹ The extravagant price of the materials need not startle the reader. The pounds were but "punds Scots," which reduces all things to a reasonable rate. The pages and footmen who waited on her majesty of Scotland, were duly graced with jackets and *jupes* of crimson velvet. The Danish lords were liberally supplied with scarlet broad-cloth for their table-cloths and stool-covers at the kirk and palace of Holyrood.²

All robes and other "stately gear" being thus duly prepared, the queen's coronation took place on Sunday, May 17th, within the abbey church of Holyrood. The ceremonial we give in the words of a curious contemporary document:—"Twa high places were appointed there, one for the king, the other for the queen. The king's procession having entered the abbey, that of the queen followed, preceded by several Danish nobles magnificently dressed, with diamond chains about their necks; then came the Scottish nobles and heralds. Lord Lyon, king-at-arms, ushered lord Thirlstone, bearing, 'betwixt his twa hands,' the queen's crown. Then followed the queen herself in her royal robes, supported on the right hand by Robert Bowes, ambassador from England; on the left by Peter Munch, the Danish admiral, and Stene Brahé and Bredon Ranzou, ambassadors of Denmark. Mrs. Bowes and dame Annable, countess of Marr, '*quha* [who] had brought up the king's majesty from his birth and minority,' followed directly after the queen. After them, the countesses of Bothwell

¹ Marriage of James VI.: Bannatyne Club, pp. 13-15.

² Fifteen feather beds, hired for the strangers (Danes and others), from the 4th day of May, 1590, to the 18th of June, when the queen went to Dunfermline, "taking for ilka bed in the night, 2*s.*;" likewise, for furnishing eight chambers with two feather beds in every chamber, and coal and candle thereto, to the Danes who slept out of the palace."

and Orkney, lady Seaton and lady Thirlstone, the chancellor's wife, and other Scottish ladies. Next to them followed certain noble Danish virgins, as Katrine Skinkell and Anna Kroas;¹ and after them, other noble ladies and virgins, which accompanied the queen to the place where she was to sit in the church: *quhilk* [which] all being set down, maister Patrik Galloway, the king's minister, goes up into the pulpit, and after prayers made, chooses his text out of the 45th Psalm.

"The preaching being ended, the duke of Lenox and the lord Hamilton, maister Robert Bruce and maister David Lindsay, go, all four together, to the king's majesty, that he might publicly order them to proceed to the act of coronation. Maister Robert Bruce then declared to the assembled people, 'that he was directed by his majesty to crown the queen.' The countess of Marr immediately came to her majesty, and took her right arm, and opened the *craig* [neck] of her gown, and laid bare part of the arm and neck: maister Robert Bruce then poured on her breast and arm a bonny quantity of oil, and then covered them with white silk. The duke of Lenox, lord Hamilton, and the virgins of Denmark then convoyed the queen to her retiring-room, where she put on another princely robe, and came and sat in her former high place. Silence being demanded, the king commanded the queen's crown to be brought to him; which being done, he gave it to the duke of Lenox, lord Hamilton, and the chancellor, who placed it on the queen's head. The crown being *firmly knit* on her head, the king sent immediately the sceptre, which maister Robert Bruce delivered to her." Thus the coronation of a queen-consort of Scotland was ostensibly and publicly shown to be entirely an act of grace of her royal lord, who, by the hands of his chamberlain and chancellor, actually crowned her himself. The officiating religious minister addressed the following words to her:—

"We, by the authority of the king's majesty, with the consent of his states, representing the whole body of his country, place this crown on your majesty's

¹ This lady is often mentioned in English letters as Danish Anna.

head ; and we deliver this sceptre to your highness, acknowledging you to be our sovereign queen and lady, to whom we promise all points of office and obedience, dutiful in those things that concern the glory of God, the comfort of the kirk, and the preservation of his majesty ; and we crave from your majesty the confession of the faith and religion we profess."

This request Mr. David Lindsay, who had resided in Denmark for the preceding seven months, expounded in her majesty's language, who agreed, and by touching the Bible with her right hand, made oath to the following tenor :—

"I, Anna queen of Scotland, profess, and before God and his angels wholly promise, that during the whole course of my life, so far as I can, I shall sincerely worship that same eternal God according to his will revealed in the Holy Scriptures. That I withstand and despise all papistical superstitions, and ceremonies, and rites contrary to the word of God, and procure peace to the kirk of God within this kingdom. So God, the Father of all mercies, have mercy upon me."

When the whole prayers were ended, the heralds (the lord Lyon and his brethren) cried, with loud voices, "God save the queen !" and the whole people echoed the acclamation, and the trumpets sounded. "Then her majesty was raised off the seat where she was sitting, and brought to a higher place ; and, silence being made, Mr. Andrew Melvin, principal of the college of Theologians, made an oration in twa hunder Latin verses,"¹ which, it will be owned, was an unreasonable number. Maister Robert Bruce then addressed the people "on the subject of the great benefit that would accrue to Scotland, by God having given their king a help-mate of the same religion ;" after which, the nobility knelt before the queen, and holding up their hands, offered her the oath of homage "as queen and spouse of their most clement sovereign." Maister Paitrik Galloway then pronounced a blessing on the coronation from the pulpit, and the royal processions retired from the abbey of Holyrood, the queen still wearing the crown on her head, and the chancellor going directly before her majesty. The remainder of the day was spent in princely revelry at Holyrood palace.²

From the time that the consort of king James became a

¹ Bannatyne Papers : Marriage of James VI., pp. 37-56.

² Ibid.

crowned queen in this island, it will be proper to designate her by the national name of Anne, as she is only known in history by this name, although she never acknowledged it herself. In all her numerous autographs, whether extant in private letters or appended to Latin documents, she signed her name Anna.

The Tuesday after her coronation the queen made a grand tour in her "gold coach" through the streets of Edinburgh, attended by all the great ladies and officers who had assisted at her coronation, and accompanied by the king. Her kindly citizens of Dun Edin had prepared many goodly presents and quaint pageants for her gratification. At Edinburgh cross "fountains ran with claret, for the loyalty of the day:" above the Nether Bow was represented, to the delight of the good lieges of Edinburgh, the pageant of a royal marriage. At the end of this species of pantomime, which her majesty and all her train paused to witness, there was let down from the very summit of the port of the Nether Bow, by silken strings, a box covered with purple velvet, on which was embossed a great A in diamonds. This casket contained jewels worth twenty thousand crowns, a noble present from the town of Edinburgh to their queen, and, in truth, far surpassing in value any civic gift to a queen we have yet recorded in the island.

The remainder of May and the beginning of June were occupied with festivities and rejoicings on account of the queen's arrival and coronation. The king and queen then removed to the queen's summer palace of Falkland, where they entertained the Danish visitors for some days, who departed at last, complimented with presents as rich as the state of the royal finances would permit. The queen then went to the palace of Dunfermline, which she was to consider as peculiarly her own private residence. From her first settlement in Scotland, Anne of Denmark took the greatest delight in her palace of Dunfermline,—not in the gothic castle perched, like an eagle's nest, on the summit of the hill where Malcolm Canmore and his English consort St. Margaret reigned, and to which Edward the First

brought his queen, Marguerite of France, after he imagined he had subdued Scotland; the domestic palace of the Stuart queens was a more comfortable abode near the town. As it had been neglected for the last century, and fallen to decay, Anne of Denmark rebuilt the apartments where the queens of Scotland used to lodge. The whole domain is situated in a soft air and rich country, considering its northern locality. The dower-palace has an ecclesiastical origin, having been originally erected by the abbots of Dunfermline. It is probable that the works performed by the orders of queen Anne chiefly related to the restoration and fitting up of the interior of the palace, for the magnificent ruins which remain bear few marks of the architecture of the sixteenth century.¹ During the first visit of the royal bride to this favorite palace, her revenue and dower were finally settled, and her household was permanently arranged. In the course of this business, she began to show some sparks of that petulance and perverseness of disposition which was occasionally perceptible in her conduct through life.

King James, in the certainty of the fidelity of sir James Melville to the unfortunate queen his mother, gave him a high situation in his young wife's household, and earnestly advised her to consult him in every difficulty which her inexperience of the customs of her new country might involve her. The queen, very perversely, took exceptions to this tried friend of the Scottish crown. Some days after his presentation as her counsellor and first gentleman, she asked him, rather abruptly, "Whether he was ordained to be her keeper?" evidently meaning her jailer. "'I answerit,' pursues sir James Melville, 'that her majesty was knowen to be descendit of sa noble and princelie parents, and sa weel brought up, that she needit na keeper, albeit her dignity required to be servit by honorable men and women, both auld and young, in sindre occupations.' Then her majesty replied, 'Then ye are evilly dealt withal.' Now it seemeth that, at first, when she was as yet ignorant of every man's

¹ Pennant's Scotland. According to a Latin inscription, quoted by Pennant, she did not finish the renovation of this her favorite palace till the year 1600.

qualities, some indiscreet enviers would have put me out of her favor. I replied, 'I was put in her service to instruct sic indiscreet persons, and also to give them guid ensample how to behave themselves dutifully and reverently unto her majesty, and to hold them back, and to keep her from their rashness and importunity.' At length her majesty appearit to be weel content with my service, where I spendit many years, attending sometimes at her council-days, sometimes assisting on her exchequer when their majesties were together; but when they happenit to be apart, I waited only on the queen."

A quarter of a century had elapsed since a queen had presided over the Scottish court, and this had been a period of unexampled savageness and brutality among the men who composed it, insomuch that no female could pass through any part of the king's palace without being grossly affronted by the officers of the household. The queen herself, only passing between her own private apartment and that of the king at Linlithgow palace, being unknown, was insulted by one of her husband's *gentlemen*. Great reformation in consequence—and greatly needed they were—took place at the ill-behaved court; but the introduction of the decorum which the etiquette of a queen's household required, offended the ladies who had previously frequented it; they thought fit to depart by mutual consent, and left the fair Dane to exercise the new regulations alone with her household ladies. "I have seen the king's grace, but not the queen," wrote one of James's officials,¹ June 11, 1590. "Things are beginning to be strangely altered; the court wondrous solitary, for the pattern of the court of Denmark is greatly before the eyes of the king and of our reformadoes, by whom the royal household is diminished of the best of his servants. Our queen carries a marvellous gravity, which, with the reserve of her national manners, contrary to the humor of our people, hath banished all our ladies clean from her." The superabundance of gravity thus imputed to the young queen of Scotland is by no

¹ Letter of William Dundas: Lodge's Illustrations of British History, vol. ii. p. 405.

means in accordance with the general tenor of her conduct during the first years of her marriage, which, in truth, rather indicated the levity natural to a girl of sixteen than the dignity becoming her exalted rank. She manifested more gayety than was consistent with prudence, and, at last, raised no little jealousy in the mind of her husband by her commendations of the beauty of the earl of Murray. This earl was a Stuart, who had married the heiress of the regent Murray, and was consequently a family connection of king James. He was an ally, both by blood and friendship, with Francis, earl of Bothwell, who soon after raised a desultory civil war in Scotland.

The realm and royalty of Scotland had been scarcely ridded from the pest of Hepburn earl of Bothwell, when, as if an evil spirit had been communicated with the title, another Bothwell rose up to occupy the public attention. His turbulence and restless spirit would have rendered him as great a nuisance as his uncle and predecessor, Hepburn earl of Bothwell, if he had possessed the consummate abilities for perfecting mischief of that arch agitator, whose name is so painfully connected with the misfortunes of Mary queen of Scots. King James had granted the title of Bothwell,¹ by his mother's particular request, to Francis Stuart, the son of one of her illegitimate brothers by the sister and heiress of Hepburn earl of Bothwell. Like all the illegitimate descendants of James V., this youth, encouraged by the kindness of his royal relatives, cherished presumptuous hopes regarding the succession to the crown. The marriage of James, and the natural expectation of heirs-apparent, crushed the incipient hopes of Bothwell, and rendered him malcontent; yet he manifested no inclination to insurrection, till he was excited by an accusation as ridiculous as it was provoking. This was no other than having induced witches to raise the storms that had nearly shipwrecked the queen, and actually drowned lady Melville at Leith ferry. Such accusations, if noticed by historians,

¹ See a draft of a will of Mary queen of Scots, never executed, in the Cottonian collection, and partly printed in Robertson's Appendix, which clearly indicates the relationship of the two earls of Bothwell.

are generally attributed to some clumsy state intrigue,—for the great effects which spring from trifling causes, such as the workings of imagination on the minds of the lower orders, are seldom taken into consideration; yet Scotland was thrown into a state of civil war solely from the insane imaginations of a few old women, who voluntarily came forward and declared themselves allies with the Danish and Norway witches, who had nearly drowned the queen the preceding winter, and, withal, “that they had been instigated to the mischief by the earl of Bothwell.”

The earl acted with some dignity when he first heard, by common report, this accusation. He made his appearance before the king, and haughtily demanded a trial for this imputed offence, which he averred, with great good sense, ought not to be believed. “For,” said he, “neither the devil, who was a liar from the beginning, nor his sworn friends the witches, are entitled to the least credit on this occasion.”¹ But, as the laws regarding witchcraft stood in Scotland, this appeal, both to good sense and moral justice, was utterly useless. The regent Murray, among other enormities unnoticed by general history, had induced the Scottish legislature to pass an act rendering sorcery liable to a fiery death, and in consequence he had burnt alive his personal enemy, the lord Lyon, king-at-arms, as a wizard, besides two old women, over whose martyrdom he presided in person.² Among the most hideous features of the era appear the facts that though, under the plea of necessary reformatations, the fine arts had been utterly banished from all places of worship, the most horrid superstitions were not abolished, but rather frightfully aggravated. The supposed witch, according to the ancient law, who only incanted or invoked evil spirits, was but punished by doing penance, if poisoning or other murders were not proved; but regent Murray, following the example of his great-uncle Henry VIII., had made the imaginary crime of witchcraft capital. Scotland had demolished organs, banished

¹ Melville's *Memoirs*, p. 395.

² See Chalmers's *Life of the Regent Murray*. The documentary evidence quoted by him proves at once the facts stated, and the date of these laws.

music, shattered painted glass, broken the lofty arch, and levelled the glorious column, ruined Dryburgh and desecrated Roslin, for these things she termed superstitious; and, aided by the same spirit of religious destructiveness, completed her code of reformatations by burning hecatombs of wizards and witches.

King James found these new laws in force when he assumed the regal authority. For a time he not only believed in the necessity of them, but made this folly conspicuous by writing a dissertation on witchcraft; by which proceeding most persons, at the present hour, believe that he was the originator of the atrocious laws just mentioned. These laws, however, did not originate with him, but he found more than one monomaniac challenging the operation of them, by accusing themselves¹ of a necromantic conspiracy against his queen. His want of wisdom in the matter was supposing that the witches themselves knew best what they had done. Thus, when he wrote his book, he supposed that the reality of witchcraft was founded on the positive evidence of voluntary confession. There was, in truth, quite sufficient for legal conviction, but not enough for moral justice; for self-accusation was in those times, as in the present, often prompted by monomania. Very little, even in this era of physiological inquiry, is satisfactorily known of that strange aberration of the human mind.

Of the melancholy class of patients who are sane on all points excepting one wild vagary which holds strong possession of the brain, was the unfortunate woman who confessed herself guilty of raising the storms to drown the queen in the preceding autumn. This *soi-disant* witch accused many men and women as her abettors: she was, by name, Annis Simpson, and was called by her neighbors "the wise wife of Keith." When she was brought forward for examination, her demeanor astonished all her judges; "for she was," say the Scotch chroniclers, "no common or sordid hag, but a grave and douce matron, whose serious and discreet answers made a wonderful impression on king James."² She declared "she had a familiar spirit, who,

¹ Melville's Memoirs.

² Spotiswood.

upon her call, did appear in a visible form, and answered her on the subjects of persons lying sick or exposed to mortal danger, whether they should live or die. The king asked her, 'What words she used when calling her spirit?' She replied, 'As he had taught her, she merely called "Holla, master!" when he came without fail.' She added that the earl of Bothwell had consulted her as to what should become of the king and the new-married queen; how long the king should reign? and what should happen after his death? Her spirit promised to make away with the queen, but as to the king, the said spirit used words she could not understand. Being pressed to declare the sound of them, she said, distinctly, the words were, *Il est un homme de Dieu*. The by-standers eagerly translated the sentence, 'He is a man of God:' this they considered splendid circumstantial evidence as to the truth of the depositions of the witch, and without giving any reasonable explanation why a Scotch fiend should speak French, they deduced, as she knew not what the words meant, she must have heard them as she declared. The vanity of the king was marvellously tickled by the respect in which he was held by the powers of darkness, and his conceit in his own wisdom and godliness, of course, was greatly augmented. Annis Simpson then proceeded to describe one of the diabolic orgies, at which she affirmed she was present. This, she made oath, 'took place by night in the church of North Berwick, where the devil, clad in a black gown, with a black hat on his head, preached out of the pulpit, with many light candles about him, to a great number of them' [the witches.]. His sermon 'was regarding the skaith they had done since last meeting, and what success the melting a wax-figure of king James had had;' and 'because one seely puir ploughman, callit Grey Meill, chancit to say, "Nathing ailit the king yet, God be thankit!" the devil gave him a sound box on the ear.' And as divers among them began to reason together why they had, as yet, done the king no harm, though they had injured others, the devil again pronounced the oracular sentence, *Il est un homme de Dieu*. Now, after the devil had endit his admonitions, he came down from the pulpit, and invited all

the company to come and kiss him. But he was as cold as ice, and his body hard as iron, as those said that handled him; his face was terrible, his nose like the beak of an eagle, great burning eyn, his hands and legs hairy, with claws on his nails like the griffon, and spak with a hollow voice, saying 'that the witches of Norway and Scotland entered into combination against the queen's coming.'"¹

Among the articles of *dittay* against Annis Simpson, she was accused of foreknowing, by the aid of the devil, the last Michaelmas storm, and that she knew "that great would be the skaith by land and sea," she being at the same time informed by a spirit, "that the queen would never come to Scotland, without the king's majesty went to fetch her." Another of these wise articles accuses Annis Simpson, on her own confession, "that she, with ten other witches and wizards, endited a diabolical despatch to Marion Leuchop, a noted sorceress at Leith, which billet ran thus:—

"Marion Leuchop,—Ye sal warn the rest of the sisters to raise the wind this day at eleven hours, to stop the queen's coming to Scotland.""²

This feat, they supposed, was accomplished by the following ceremony:—"They baptized a cat, and passed her thrice through the links of the chimney-cruik (on which the boilers hang); then, at Bessie Todd's house, they tied four joints of a dead man to the cat's feet, and at midnight all the witches and their allies at Leith sallied out, and carried the cat to the pier-head; from thence they cast her as far as possible into the sea, and cried out, 'See, there be no deceit among us.' " Poor puss, notwithstanding her impediments, swam safely on shore, from which the whole sisterhood inferred "that the queen would arrive safely in Scotland." However, they repeated the ceremony, and they considered that the drowning of lady Melville at Leith ferry was the result. In consequence, sir James Melville, in his memoirs, bears Annis Simpson and her cummers an

¹ Sir James Melville's Memoirs, p. 395.

² Records of the high court of Justiciary. Annis Simpson was first strangled and then burnt to ashes, on this evidence.—Papers on the marriage of James VI. with Anne of Denmark (xvi.).

especial ill-will. She proceeded to confess, before the council, "that she and a large sisterhood of witches, to the number of two hundred, all put to sea, each embarking in a separate riddle or sieve, each carrying a flagon of wine, with which they made merry, and floated jovially to North Berwick kirk, where they landed and sang this stave:—

‘Cummer, go ye before!
Cummer, go ye!
Gif ye will not go before,
Cummer, let me!’

This being sung in chorus to the tune of a popular reel, Gillies Duncan led the procession, playing on a Jews’ trumpet.” The narrative proved a little too strong for the credulity of the king, upon which the witch, Annis Simpson, who seemed thoroughly actuated by an *esprit de corps* for the honor and possibility of her art, requested Gillies Duncan might be sent for, who performed the witch-tune, and danced the witches’ dance to the accompaniment of that melodious instrument the Jews’-harp. The king was the only person who remained incredulous, upon which, Annis, being determined to produce conviction in the royal mind, took the monarch on one side, and told him all that passed between him and the queen at their first interview on the desolate coast of Norway. James was aghast, and vowed, by all that was sacred, “that he did not believe the utmost cunning of the Evil one could have revealed the same.”¹

The result of all these follies was a melancholy one. The poor monomaniac, *soi-disant* witch, Annis Simpson, was, in the legal phraseology of Scotland, sentenced to be “first *verriet*, and then *brunt*.” Accordingly she was first strangled, and then her body was consumed to ashes. It is to be feared that her mischievous hallucinations brought the same doom on two or three other persons, some of whom, it is said, were tortured to induce confession. Such is the inference to be drawn from the proclamation for the appre-

¹ News from Scotland, a contemporary Tract, vol. xlix. of the Gentleman’s Magazine. Many passages in the witch-dialogues in *Macbeth* have evidently originated from this trial.

hension of Bothwell, who, when he found himself irretrievably implicated, in the confessions of witch Annis, broke prison and ran away. As to the queen herself, she remained perfectly passive in the business, content that the wisdom and godliness of her royal spouse had, according to the witch's evidence, saved her from a watery grave. From the hour of Bothwell's escape a desultory civil war commenced in Scotland, which was peculiarly directed against the royal family, wherever their residence might be. The queen had very little quiet, in whatsoever palace she might be sojourning, for alarms were constantly occurring that the "black Bothwell" was thundering at the gates, or making some mischievous inbreak. Every noble in Scotland who felt friendship or bore enmity to Bothwell was on the alert, either to aid him or annoy him. Among others, the earl of Murray, who had been admired by the young queen, was a very warm partisan of the fugitive earl: he came, notwithstanding, to the royal festival at Christmas, 1591-92, when king James again became jealous of him, owing to the queen's imprudent commendations of his beauty.

The earl of Murray was slain soon after (February, 1592), in a feud with the earl of Huntley, and court scandal did not scruple to affirm that the homicide was instigated by king James; but the Gordons had suffered such bitter wrong from their fellow-nobles in the reign of the late queen Mary, that their vengeance, when their hour came, was only too consistent with the manners of the times; therefore the king may safely be acquitted of any concern in it. That James was offended at the girlish indiscretion of his young queen is certified by a crusty Scotch chronicler,¹ in which occurs the following notice of Murray,— "*quhm* [whom] the queen, more rashly than wisely, some few days before had commendit in the king's hearing with too many epithets, as the properest and most gallant man at court. To which the king replied, 'Ye might have expected me.'" James was too fond of peace and quiet to

¹ MS. Annals of Scotland, by sir James Balfour, Lyon king-at-arms. The manuscript is in the Advocates' library, Edinburgh.

take bloody vengeance for a few heedless words spoken by a girl of the queen's age; and as to the fact that Huntley pleaded the royal commission for the slaughter of Murray, it was only true thus far,—that the king had employed him to suppress the earl of Bothwell, and all his allies and abettors, because, after his late audacious attempts on the liberty of the royal family, he had fled, and, with his adherents, was in revolt. The implication of the queen's name in these adventures gave rise to some historical ballads, which are still chanted by Scottish maidens among the oral poetry of the land:—

“Ye Highlands and ye Lowlands,
Oh, where have ye been?
They've slain the earl of Murray,
And laid him on the green.

“‘Now wae betide thee, Huntley!
And wherefore did ye sae?
I bade ye bring him with you,
But forbade you him to slay.’¹

“He was a braw gallant,
And he rid at the ring;
And the bonny earl of Murray,
He might have been a king.

“He was a braw gallant,
And he played at the ba’;²
And the bonny earl of Murray
Was the flower among them a’.

“He was a braw gallant,
And he played at the gluve;
And the bonny earl of Murray,
He was the queen's luv.

“Oh! lang will his lady
Look o'er castle Downe,
Ere she see the earl of Murray
Come sounding through the town.’

Notwithstanding the romantic imaginations of the poets, it is certain that the earl of Murray was the victim of a feud which his father-in-law had commenced with the Gordons

¹ This verse acquits the king of any injurious intention towards Murray.

² The golf.

before either the queen, the king, or himself were born, and that he was a sacrifice to the memory of the gallant lord Gordon, who was beheaded by the regent earl of Murray for aspiring to the hand of Mary queen of Scots.

While the queen was abiding peaceably at her dower-palace of Falkland the succeeding summer, Bothwell made a furious attack on it; he was repulsed from the royal apartments, but he succeeded in gaining entrance into the stables, and carried off all the queen's horses. This was in June, 1592. The queen, after this rude attack, removed to the palace of Dalkeith, which, in the following August, was made the scene of a very singular adventure. "Queen Anne, our noble princess," says our chronicler,¹ "was served by divers gentlewomen of her own country. She was very partial to one of them, a fair Danish lady, called Margaret Twineslace, whom one of the king's gentlemen, John Wemys of Logie, was courting with right honest affection, tending to the godly bond of marriage." Unfortunately, Wemys was a friend of the insurgent earl of Bothwell, and the king received certain information that he had conferred with him just before the attack on Falkland palace. He was examined on this accusation before the king and council, and having confessed that he continued frequently to confer with Bothwell, he was committed prisoner to the guard-room in Dalkeith castle, and every one thought his life was in danger. That night it was the turn of his Danish love to sleep in the queen's bedchamber. It is generally supposed that Margaret waited till the king and queen were both asleep, but it is most likely that the queen was privy to the whole plot. Mistress Margaret then stole out, and went to the prison-room of her lover, Wemys of Logie, and commanded his guards to lead him forthwith to the queen's chamber, for the king wished to put a question to him. The sentinels knew she was the lady in waiting, and did not doubt she had authority for what she said, and accordingly conducted Wemys to the queen's chamber-door. Mar-

¹ *Historie of James the Sixth*; published by the Bannatyne Club, pp. 251-252. Archbishop Spotswood gives the prosperous termination of the adventure, and Melville mentions it.

garet charged them to remain there quietly, and taking Wemys by the hand, led him boldly into the room where her royal master and mistress were sleeping. "An' sa," says our quaint old chronicler, "she closit the door, and *convoyed* the said Wemys to a window, where she ministered a lang cord to him, to let himself down upon, and sa he happilie escapit by the subtiltie of luve." The guards waited patiently at the door of the queen's chamber till the early dawn of an August morning, when they raised an alarm, and it was found that they had been deceived. The manner of Wemys's escape caused much laughter in the palace; the queen took great pains to pacify the king, who was so much amused by the adventure that he issued a proclamation offering pardon to Wemys of Logie if he came back to his duties, which he did in a few days, and he was soon after married to the Danish maid of honor who had risked so much for his sake.¹

Long after this adventure, Bothwell continued to make occasional attacks on whatever palace the queen happened to sojourn in, and she was liable to be roused at all hours of the night or morning by uproars he chose to raise when trying to gain admittance. He always gave out that his sole intention was to obtain an interview with king James, to apologize to him, and to explain to him that he was driven to these outrages by chancellor Maitland, through whose machinations he was sure he had been accused of witchcraft. Those who consider the folly of the accusation will pity Bothwell, though it will be owned that rushing into a royal bedroom with a drawn sword was not a rational way of making an apology. In the winter of 1593, Bothwell got into Holyrood, by the way of the kitchen, "as the gate was set open to let forth from the palace my lady Athol, who came to visit her mother, the lady Gowry."² He rushed into the king's chamber sword in hand, followed by his friend and ally, master John Colville, with another sword. King James behaved with great spirit; he was but

¹ Spotiswood, p. 389.

² This is another instance in which the Ruthven family were implicated in an attack on the life or liberty of their sovereign.

half-dressed, his hose not being *knit* [tied]. He bade them "strike him if they durst." Bothwell then fell at his feet, and said, "He was driven to hard courses by the practices of his enemies, begging the king to take his own sword and kill him, or to pardon him." He then laid his head on the ground, and taking the king's foot with his hand, set it on his long hair in sign of greater humility; "quhilk moved his majesty to have sic compassion on him that he granted him his pardon freely, as his majesty told me himself that same day, and the hail manner of his incoming." So says Melville, who was in Holyrood at the very time of this uproar.

Notwithstanding the extreme humility of his rebel, James was virtually made a prisoner in his own palace till a change of ministers was effected by Bothwell's faction. The desire of such change in these days is signified quietly by minorities in the house of commons; but in the barbarous and semi-barbarous ages, the ministers of a sovereign were not displaced without a violent uproar in the royal residence,—very frequently an insurrection took place, attended with bloodshed: the ministers of state were invariably stigmatized as royal favorites.

The Danish ambassadors, who dwelt at the house of Kinloch, near Edinburgh, suffered some anxiety respecting the welfare of the queen, and charged sir James Melville to enter the state apartments and ask what condition the royal family were in? The king then came to a window, leading the queen by the hand, and they both assured the people assembled in the court below "that they were well, and the affairs were settled." It is, however, evident that Bothwell had possession of the palace, because the Danish ambassadors applied to him, through Melville, for leave of audience of the queen in the afternoon; "quhilk," says Melville, "was granted, and I conducted them to the queen's chamber; and leaving them there, passed forward to see his majesty, wha was glad to get ony of his awn that he might speke to." The king now felt the great assistance he derived from his Danish alliance, since the ambassadors demanded to return to their own country for the ostensible

purpose of informing the queen's brother of the state of the palace. The difference was finally settled by the enemy of the Bothwell faction, chancellor Maitland, being displaced, and ultimately banished to his own estate. He had appropriated, to the queen's infinite displeasure, some of the manors belonging to her favorite domain of Dunfermline to his own use, and no remonstrances of her majesty could induce him to restore them ; therefore her influence, which now began to be considerable with king James, was thrown into the scale against him.

ANNE OF DENMARK,

QUEEN-CONSORT OF JAMES THE FIRST, KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER II.

Birth of prince Henry at Stirling—Queen's reception of the ambassadors—Baptismal gifts—Maternal troubles—Lady Marr appointed governess—A royal curtain lecture—Perversity of the queen—Pretends sickness—King takes her to Stirling castle—She leagues with a faction—Birth of her eldest daughter (Elizabeth queen of Bohemia)—Queen's accomplishments—Her friendship for the Ruthven family—Scandals connected with the Gowry plot—Birth of her second son (Charles I.)—Queen's interview with Beatrice Ruthven—Anger and suspicions of the king—His reproof—James VI. succeeds to the British empire—Visits England without the queen—Prince Henry's letter to her—Queen falls ill at Stirling—Unreasonable anger—The Scotch privy council attend her—Her life in danger—Delivered of a dead prince—Her demands granted—Perversity of the queen—King's letter to her—Her hatred to lord Marr—Prepares for her journey to England—Queen Elizabeth's robes and jewels sent for her wearing—Her caprice respecting the English household—Her progress through England—Elegant reception at Althorpe—Meets the king near Grafton—Their arrival at Windsor—Queen quarrels with English nobles—Refuses to take the sacrament at her coronation—Suspected of popery—Religious inconsistencies enforced by the coronation-oath.

THE birth of an heir to Scotland put an end to the long series of tumults with which Bothwell had agitated the court. Very soon after this auspicious event, he perceived that all his partisans fell from him; upon which he fled to France.¹ Queen Anne brought her first-born son into the world at Stirling castle, February 19, 1594. The king deter-

¹ Francis Stuart, earl of Bothwell, died there. In 1616, when king James was quietly reigning in England, he sent from France for the heir of his troublesome kinsman, and restored to him all his patrimony; but with the title of Bothwell he would not invest him.—Life of James the Sixth, p. 390.

mined to give him the name of his own unfortunate father, united with that of the queen's father, and Henry Frederic the boy was named, with the first reformed baptismal rites that had ever been administered to a prince in this island. The preparations began by a proclamation from the king, demanding peace during the royal baptism. It was announced at the Mercat cross, Stirling, and by an unintended arrangement of the words, really gave permission for the continuation "of the feuds, quarrels, and grudges of the *sovereign lord's lieges*," so that they have but the decency to suspend them on this day of high festival. The prince was baptized according to the ritual of the reformed Episcopal church of Scotland.¹ The countess of Marr, the infant's governess, brought him from his nursery, assisted by the queen's ladies, and laid him in a state-bed in the queen's presence-chamber, from whence they carried him in procession, and delivered him to his nearest relative, the duke of Lenox, by whom he was presented to the earl of Sussex, ambassador of the godmother, queen Elizabeth. Lord Hume carried the prince's ducal coronet of Rothsay, lord Livingstone the towel, lord Seaton the basin, and lord Semple the laver. The English ambassador, who represented queen Elizabeth, the godmother, followed with the royal babe, whose train was supported by lords Sinclair and Urquhart, and four Scottish gentlemen, of honorable lineage, bore a canopy over him. When the procession arrived at the door, king James, who was seated there, rose and received the English ambassador, who delivered the babe to the duke of Lenox, and seated himself in a stall lined with velvet. The service was performed by the bishop of Aberdeen. The lord Lyon proclaimed the titles of the prince; gold and silver were thrown from the window among the populace, and then the heir of Scotland was brought back, in procession, to the state-bed in his mother's presence-chamber.

When the ceremony of baptizing her infant was ended, the queen of Scotland received, in state, the presents and congratulations of the foreign ambassadors who had assisted

¹ Archbishop Spotiswood.

at this rite. Sir James Melville, who was present on this occasion, gives a lively sketch of the scene. "I was appointed," says the statesman-historian, "to stand a little behind, but next to her majesty's chair. To the English, German, and Danish ambassadors the queen made answer herself; but to the states of Holland, albeit her majesty could speak *seemly* French, she whispered in my ear to declare to them her answer. Then every ane of them, by order, made their presents as *god-bairn* gifts. The jewels of precious stones she resavit with her awn hand, and then deliverit to me to put into their cases, and lay them on a table quhilk was preparit in the middle of the chamber." Queen Elizabeth sent a cupboard of plate, and some cups of massive gold; Holland presented a parchment with a yearly pension of five thousand florins to the little prince. The cups were so heavy that sir James Melville declares he could hardly lift them:—"I leave to others to set down their value; all I know is, they were soon meltet and spendit,—I mean so many as were of gold, quhilk suld have been keepit in store for posteritie. But then they that gaf advise to break them wanted their part, as they had done of the queen's tocher." Of the amount and times of payment of this said tocher, or dowry, for the squandering of which Melville is thus indignant, no very decided account can be given; however, as he affirms that a tocher was spent, it is evident some ready cash had been received by king James.

The heart of the young queen was alive to the most passionate instincts of maternity, and these were painfully outraged when she found it was her husfland's intention to leave her young son in the royal fortress of Stirling to the care of his hereditary guardian, the earl of Marr.¹ The old countess of Marr, the king's former *gouvernante*, was to be inducted into the same office for the infant Henry, to the queen's extreme grief. She earnestly pleaded to have him with her during his tender infancy, instead of being restricted to occasional visits. It was in vain that king James explained to her that it was part and parcel of the

¹ Birch, State-Papers, vol. i. p. 242.

law of Scotland for its heir to be reared in Stirling castle, under the care of an earl of Marr. He declared, "that he owed his own life and crown to this providential arrangement," and "that the Erskine family were most worthy of this high trust;" but the queen would not be content.

Then began a series of sorrows and disquiets, which not a little impaired the peace of the royal pair. Queen Anne, with all the anguish of maternal jealousy, saw the first caresses of her little one bestowed on the old countess of Marr and her son, and she hated them with all the vivacity of her nature. She was at Linlithgow palace with king James, May 25, 1595, when her little Henry had arrived at the engaging age of fifteen months; and being in the utmost distress of mind because the Marrs had possession of her darling, of whom she was deprived, she bestowed a curtain-lecture on king James regarding the subject nearest her heart. The substance of this exordium was, however, overheard and transmitted to England by a spy at the earliest opportunity.¹ The queen pleaded piteously with her husband that she might not live separated from her infant. She urged her constant affection, and reminded king James "how she had left all her dear friends in Denmark to follow him;" she represented that her brother, king Christiern IV., for love of her, had ever been his sure friend; therefore it was an ill return to refuse her suit, founded on reason and nature, and to prefer giving the care of her babe to a subject, who, neither in rank nor deserving, was the best his majesty had." This was scarcely just to the earl of Marr, who had been, at the same time, playfellow and guardian to his orphan king, and was, withal, one of the best subjects he ever had; and he was right to place his infant in the care of one thus tried, even if the law had not prescribed it. King James, in reply to his curtain-lecture, said, "That his infant he knew to be safe in Marr's keeping; and though he doubted nothing of her good intentions, yet, if some faction got strong enough, she could not hinder his boy being used against him, as he himself had been against his unfortunate mother." Her

¹ Birch, State-Papers, vol. i. p. 243.

husband's reply, which ought to have shown Anne that the bereavement of her babe was not an intentional wrong, but an inexorable necessity, did not bring to her mind the conviction it ought to have done. She pleaded, wept, and even coaxed the king that the matter might be referred to council, in which she had secretly obtained a large faction of persons, who only cared for her wishes as they militated against the earl of Marr. The king perceived, very quickly, indications of rebellion in his council, and, to his great uneasiness, ascertained that his queen was perversely inclined to be made a tool of the factious. He discovered, soon after, that she had plotted with some of her partisans an expedition to Stirling, to take away her babe.

At this epoch occurs the first specimen extant of the autographs of Anne of Denmark; afterwards, her correspondence formed a very curious feature in her biography. It is almost unique, not only among queenly epistles, but is really deserving a place in the history of letter-writing. She seldom wrote by deputy,—her letters are all holographs; though a foreigner, she contrived to infuse her whole meaning in a very brief space. These little missives are written in a most legible Italian hand: they are, most of them, spirited and humorous; all are pithy, and to the purpose of the writer. The first note extant in her hand belongs to the time when she was intriguing to get possession of her infant, and was meant to provide funds for the journey she projected to take surreptitiously to Stirling. It is written in the Scottish dialect; subsequently, she had made herself mistress of the English language, and before she became queen of England she wrote and spelled it far better than did her great-grand-daughter, queen Anne, of Augustan celebrity. Unfortunately, Anne of Denmark seldom dated a note or letter. If she had known what a great inconvenience this careless habit would be to her dutiful biographer, she surely would have amended it for her own sake. The following note was addressed by the queen to George Heriot, her banker and jeweller, a man immortalized by his own good works as well as by the genius of sir Walter Scott:—

"ANE PRESEPT OF THE QUEEN.¹

"Geordg Heriatt, I earnestlie dissyr youe present to send me tua hundrethe pundes with all expidition, becaus I maun hest me away presentie.

"ANNA, R."

In the course of a few days the king informed the queen that, as her heart was so entirely set on seeing her infant, she should go to Stirling castle forthwith; but she refused, for it by no means answered her purposes to go with the king and his guards and attendants. She said, "She would not go then, lest it should be supposed that she went thither, out of compliment to the earl of Marr, to grace the wedding of lord Glamis; besides, she was not well." But the king obliged her to obey him. The queen set out on horseback, May 30th, with her train, but either was, or pretended to be, so seriously discomposed by the caperings and rearing of her horse that she took to her bed at Linlithgow palace, and professed herself too ill to go any farther. The earl of Marr made a journey to pay his duty to her in her sickness, but was not admitted to her presence, "for fear," as it was said, "that he should perceive her illness to be fictitious." He was, besides, so uncivilly treated by her people that he was glad to return to Stirling castle the same day that he left it.² The queen added to the ingratitude of insulting so trusty a friend as the earl of Marr the folly of an attempt which, in the eyes of a less indulgent husband than king James, would have been considered downright rebellion.

Another expedition to Stirling castle was planned by the queen, while the king was absent on summer progress: she meant to head an armed band, composed of the lords of her faction and their followers, who were, by force, to take

¹ Holograph, from original Papers pertaining to Heriot's Hospital; kindly communicated by the Rev. Dr. Steven, Edinburgh. We are indebted to the great kindness of Dr. Steven, the late learned master of Heriot's hospital, for these curious items from the contemporary inedited records belonging to that noble foundation, which he has most generously communicated. We are happy to learn that Dr. Steven is preparing a history of Heriot's hospital from the rich store of documents in the charter-chest of the institution, to which he has, for the last five years, devoted his time and talents.

² Birch, State-Papers, vol. i. p. 258.

the infant prince from the earl of Marr. The king heard of the plot, and made a journey from Falkland palace speedy enough to prevent it.¹ He obliged the queen to travel with him to Stirling castle, but differently attended to what she had devised. Here the king permitted her to see and caress her babe as much as she chose, but was inexorable in his intentions of retaining Marr as his son's guardian. Indeed, he left the following document in the hands of Marr when they quitted the castle:—

“MY LORD MARR:—

“Because in the surety of my son consisteth my surety, and I have *con-credited to you* the charge of his keeping on the trust I have of your honesty; this I command yow, *out of my own mouth, being in company of those I like,*² otherwise, for any charge or necessity which can come from me, *yow* shall not deliver him. And in case God call me at any time, see that neither for the queen, nor the estates their pleasure, you deliver him till he be eighteen, and that he command yow himself.

“This from your assured friend,

“JAMES, R.

“Striveling [Stirling] Castle, June 24, 1595.”

A succession of stormy debates, agitated by the queen's faction in the council, ensued; but all failed in shaking the king's firm trust in the loyalty of the earl of Marr and his lady-mother. To the infinite discontent of the royal mother, her little son remained at Stirling.

Whosoever glances over the events of the seven successive minorities of the kings of Scotland will plainly perceive that it was the systematic policy of the oligarchy of that country to get possession of the heir of the kingdom, and as soon as possible to destroy the father,³ and govern, during a long minority, according to their own notions of justice, which was invariably the law of the strongest. To obviate this customary order of affairs, James III. had forti-

¹ Sanderson's *Lives of Mary and James*, p. 185.

² This mysterious expression justified Marr in withholding his charge from the king himself, in case he should fall into the hands of his enemies, and be forced to command the surrender of the prince.

³ Every sovereign of Scotland, from the reign of Robert III. (time of our Henry IV.), had ascended the throne a minor; hence arose all the misfortunes of the Scottish kings of the line of Stuart.

fied the castle of Stirling, and educated his heir in that stronghold; but his barons had, at last, obtained possession of the royal boy, and destroyed their sovereign in his name. James VI. and the earl of Marr resolved that the infant Henry should never be set up as a parricidal puppet. The king had studied the history of his country; and we have just shown how he explained to his queen that he had himself, in his unconscious infancy, been made the instrument of his unfortunate mother's deposition, and that the same tragedy would be repeated if her boy was not left in the keeping of the earl of Marr, who had, even in youth, proved himself well worthy the trust of being hereditary guardian of the prince of Scotland, and captain of Stirling castle. It must lower the character of Anne of Denmark in the eyes of every one, both as woman and queen, that she was not to be convinced by these unanswerable inferences from the experience of the past, but preferred to indulge the mere instincts of maternity at the risk of involving her husband, her infant, and their kingdom in the strife and misery of unnatural warfare.

The queen continued to torment herself, and all around her, with the grievances regarding her eldest son, until her thoughts were for a time detached by the birth of a second child. In the words of our chronicle,¹ "The queen was deliverit of a ladie at Falkland, August 15, 1596, who was baptisit by the name of Elizabeth." The baptism took place at Holyrood, and the city of Edinburgh stood godmother to the Scottish princess, being represented by the person of the provost. Perhaps the provost's wife would have been the more fitting representative of the mural godmother,—the romantic city of Dun Edin. The young princess was the name-child of queen Elizabeth: she lived to be that beautiful queen of Bohemia, the Protestant heroine of the seventeenth century; she was, moreover, the ancestress of our present royal family. The infant was given to the charge of lord Livingstone, who, with his wife and family, had been devoted adherents of Mary queen of Scots. The Calvinistic kirk murmured, because lady Livingstone was

¹ Life of James the Sixth.

a Roman Catholic.¹ King James observed that he did not give the royal babe to her care, but to that of her husband ; though it might have² been answered, that lord Livingstone would have scarcely known what to have done with the infant without the agency of his lady.

The ministers of the kirk were exceedingly malcontent at this period ; some of them refused to pray for the queen, and others, when they did pray, did it in such a sort that it would have been better to have let it alone. "Guid Lord," prayed master Blake, in the pulpit, "we must pray for our queen, for the fashion's sake ; but we have no cause, for she will never do us ony guid." He added, all kings were the "divil's bairns," and that queen Elizabeth was an atheist." The contumacious prayer-maker was required to ask pardon for all these extraordinary aspirations, especially "for having treasonably culminated his majesty's bedfellow, the queen." Master Blake sturdily refused to ask her majesty's pardon ; he was banished, but a most notable broil was raised before peace was restored between the court and the kirk.²

Anne of Denmark was always looked upon by the Presbyterians with a degree of angry jealousy, as a supporter of the Episcopal church. She had been brought up as a member of an Episcopalian church, and she naturally leaned to that faith which best coincided with the tenets of her own

¹ Lady Livingstone was for many years a Protestant.

² Spotiswood. There was likewise a contest between the king and the kirk, whether some English comedians should exercise their vocation or not at Edinburgh. In November, 1599, James had bestowed on certain *Inglis* comedians the benefaction of thirteen crowns of the sun. He ordered sir George Elphinstone to deliver these English players some timber, to build a house for their pastime ; but when the play was ready, the Scottish kirk thought fit to "pronounce the player-men excommunicate and accursed, and that all their aiders and encouragers were in a reprobate way." Then the king sent William Forsyth to the *Mercat* cross at Edinburgh with a proclamation, "that it was his pleasure that the elders and deacons of the *hail* [whole] four sessions should annul their act concerning the *Inglis* comedians ;" and, at the same time, he ordered proclamation to be made to all his lieges, "that it was his majesty's pleasure that the said comedians might use their *ploys* in Edinburgh." How the king and kirk settled the dispute does not appear ; but James sent another benefaction to the proscribed players of 333*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* punds Scots.—Lord Treasurer's Accounts, lxxv.

religion. She seldom exercised any self-control respecting her preferences, and had probably incurred the ill-will of the Scotch kirk by expressing imprudent partiality. During many years of her life she was utterly ignorant of the art of governing either herself or others, or of calculating the probable consequences of her words and actions: her chief fault was a passionate temper, which rendered her liable to fits of petulance, like a spoiled child. Her affections were, however, most enduring and tenacious, and when once she formed an esteem for any one, she never deserted that person. "If ever," says sir James Melville,¹ "the queen found that the king had, by wrong information, taken a prejudice against any of his faithful subjects or servants, she always exerted herself to obtain information of the truth, that she might speak with the more firmness in their favor." As an instance, he mentions, that when his brother, Robert Melville, was disgraced by the king, the queen represented "that he had himself presented the brothers of the Melville family to her in her youth, as tried servants of his grandame,² and of his unfortunate mother; that he had recommended her to be guided by their advice, and she had found their truth and worth." The king listened to her remonstrances, and restored sir Robert Melville to his good graces.

The queen was brought to bed of a daughter at Dalkeith palace, December 24, 1598. The venerable Mr. David Lindsay baptized the child, by the name of Margaret, in Holyrood chapel. In preparation for the birth of this princess, king James ordered the following articles:—

"*Item*, by his highness's precept, the furniture following made to the use of his darrest bedfellow: For ane cradle to the bairn, 16*l*. *Item*, for ane chair for the maistress's nurse, 4*l*. *Item*, for the seat at the feet. *Item*, to four stools for the rockers, 2*l*. *Item*, to the wright's expenses passing to Dalkeith to set up the work, and to the wright's childer in drink-silver."³

For the infant princess herself there is little outlay, excepting for *mutches of laine* (flannel nightcaps), and pearling to

¹ Melville's Memoirs, pp. 403, 404.

² Mary of Lorraine, queen-regent of Scotland.

³ Lord Treasurer's Accounts; Maitland Papers, lxxiv.

hem the same. She died in infancy. In the same accounts occur many entries for silk stockings for the queen and her children, but they are called by the disagreeable name of *silk shanks*. A purchase was made for the princess Elizabeth of "ane birse, to straik [stroke] her hair with," and this we verily believe to be no other than a hair-brush. A small piece of satin is charged to make the little princess a mask, and "twa babies [dolls] bought for her to play with."

As the century waned to its close, and queen Elizabeth's years approached old age, the balance of power in the island began to incline most unusually towards the northern kingdom. Flattering intimations from the English nobility ever and anon arrived at the Scottish court of the secret recognition, by some one or other among them, of James's hereditary right to their throne. He subsequently declared he possessed, for the last seven years of queen Elizabeth's reign, more power in the English privy council than that queen herself. This was but according to the law of retribution, for, during the chief part of that century, English intrigue had repeatedly revolutionized Scotland, and fostered therein a party and religion whose professed principles were those of democracy. The Ruthven party in Scotland was the germ of that republican faction which afterwards extended to England, and, in the middle of the next century, made the whole island-empire shudder under the scourge of revolutionary anarchy.

The early leader of the democratic party in Scotland was the head of a family of respectable rank among the lower nobility of Scotland, named Ruthven, which subsequently attained the earldom of Gowry. In three distinct assaults on the personal liberty of the sovereign, the family of Ruthven were the instigators and principals. The brutal conduct of lord Ruthven to Mary queen of Scots, when Rizzio was assassinated, is universally known. Then his son, the earl of Gowry, led the revolutionary movement called 'the raid of Ruthven,' when king James, while yet a youth, was seized, and held captive till he effected his escape. Gowry was beheaded, but his young sons were not deprived of the family property. The young earl of Gowry was educated

in France, and his brothers and sisters were reared and educated at court, and given advantageous places about the person of the young queen, when she first came to Scotland. Her attachment to two of them, Alexander and Beatrice, who had both grown up under her protection, has involved her name in a series of dark and obscure scandals, of which most readers have heard, but of which no history has ever traced the origin, or even defined the relative positions of the parties.

It was very seldom that such a pertinacity of turbulence occurred as that manifested by three successive generations of the Ruthven family, without the persons agitating had some claims to royal descent and connection. It will be remembered that Henry the Eighth's sister, Margaret Tudor, queen of Scotland, set him the example of his bigamies, by marrying and putting away a plurality of husbands. The partisans of the Ruthvens claimed for them descent from a daughter of this queen by her third husband, lord Methvin. Genealogists declare that this daughter of queen Margaret died childless, and that the real connection was, that Ruthven married a sister of lord Darnley's mother,¹ who was *not* the daughter of queen Margaret Tudor, but of her husband Angus's first wife, lady Janet Stuart, of the house of Traquair. Thus the royal family of Scotland were nearly related in blood to the Ruthvens, although the latter were not connected with the succession, either to the English or Scottish crown; but the alliance gave the Ruthvens a disputed claim on the rich patrimony of Angus, which seems the real cause of their hatred to James VI. and his father. The king, notwithstanding the active injuries he had experienced from old lord Ruthven and the earl of Gowry, bestowed personal patronage on the descendants of his mortal foes; considering their relationship to himself, he gave them places in his household and about his queen.

Anne of Denmark has been implicated with the Gowry plot,—a mysterious conspiracy against the life of her hus-

¹ Hume of Godscroft, History of the House of Douglas. There was a dispute, never decided, whether queen Margaret or her rival was the rightful wife of Angus.

band, of which the young Ruthvens were the leaders; but she is only connected with it by a tie slight as a silver ribbon, according to the following tale of court gossip:—"One day, in the summer preceding the birth of Charles I.," says a very scandalous chronicle, "the queen was walking in the gardens of Falkland palace with her favorite maid of honor, Beatrice, when they came up to a tree, under which Alexander Ruthven, who was but a youth of nineteen, lay fast asleep, overcome by the heat, or violent exercise. The queen, it is said by some—and by others his sister Beatrice Ruthven—tied a silver ribbon round his neck, which had recently been given to her by the king, without disturbing his repose. Presently, king James himself came by, with his attendants; the silver ribbon caught his attention, and he bent over the sleeper, and gazed on it very earnestly. The king, instead of waking Ruthven (who, by the way, was a gentleman of his own bedchamber), and asking him how he came by the ribbon, went his way, leaving the youth still sleeping. Back instantly came Beatrice Ruthven, who had been anxiously watching the demeanor of the king, twitched the ribbon from round her brother's neck and fled, leaving him, it must be supposed, in a sleep as sound as the Celtic hero Oscar, who could only be roused by a monstrous stone being hurled against his head. Meantime, Beatrice rushed into the queen's presence and threw this ribbon into a drawer, telling her majesty 'that her reason for so doing would be presently discovered.' King James, directly after, entered on the scene, and demanded the sight of his silver ribbon, in the tone of Othello asking for the fated handkerchief; but the queen of Scotland, more lucky than Desdemona, quietly took out the silver ribbon from the drawer into which Beatrice had just shut it, and placed it in his hands. James examined it earnestly for some time, and then pronounced this oracular sentence in broad Scotch:—"Evil take me, if *like* be not an ill mark." From this pantomimic story the writers of the seventeenth century have drawn the inference that king James himself contrived the Gowry plot against his own life, in order to revenge his jealous suspicions against the youth, Alexander

Ruthven, and his queen ;¹ yet, as the sister of the hero of the tale was concerned throughout the whole of the fantastic trifling with the silver ribbon, there is no reason to fix any stigma on the queen, or on any one else. But those acquainted with the physiology of plots in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries will not be surprised that a great calumny should have as slight a foundation.

To enter into the long details of the Gowry plot here would be impossible: it is, almost to this hour, a subject of party discussion. Volumes of controversy have been written on the subject, without rendering it more perspicuous; the only advantage gained by perusing them is, that many particulars have been preserved as evidence on one side or the other, which throw light on the manners and customs of a very obscure epoch. In the endeavor to recriminate the Gowry plot on the king's party, by proving foreknowledge of the calamities awaiting the house of Ruthven, the following incident² is related of the queen's pet-maid of honor:—Beatrice Ruthven was a girl of great vivacity and joyous spirits, more like the Beatrice of Shakspeare than the heroine of the puritan party in Scotland. One day she was laughing at Dr. Herries, one of the magnates of the Scotch Episcopal church, on account of his club-foot, or, as she called it, his "bowit-foot," when the doctor, annoyed at the discussion, took her hand, opened it, peered curiously into it, and said "Mistress, leave laughing; for I see, ere long, that a sad disaster will befall you." The doctor merely meant to tame a teasing coquette by an unlucky prediction which might mean anything, from the death of her lap-dog to the loss of her lover; but, as the incident occurred within two days of the miserable catastrophe of her brothers, Dr. Herries got the credit of being a deep wizard by one party, and of foreknowledge of the Gowry plot by the other.

The queen and her ladies had been, since the second week of July, 1600, settled in her summer palace of Falkland,

¹ Life of the Earl of Gowry, by Pinkerton, who draws his intelligence from a writer who bore the appropriate name of Cant.

² Calderwood, Gowry Plot.

where the king joined them, meaning to reside there to hunt during the month of August in the neighboring woods of Perth. The queen was awakened much earlier than usual, by the king preparing for the chase, on the morning of the 3d of August. While he was dressing in his hunting-garb, she asked him "Why he went out so early?" to which he replied, "That he wished to be astir betimes, as he expected to kill a prime buck before noon."¹ This trifling incident the queen afterwards thought was prophetic of the bloodshed which occurred on that disastrous day. The king certainly intended to go out with the hounds, but that was not his primary object. He had been informed, by his gentleman of the bedchamber, young Alexander Ruthven, that a Jesuit with a bag of gold had just been seized near Perth, and was then detained at Gowry house in that town till the king would please to examine him, which he could do privately, while refreshing from hunting. Such an incident was thoroughly in unison with the customary proceedings of that era; for be it observed, that when any person, above the grade of a common robber, had a mind to a bag of gold found on a traveller, the most strenuous efforts were forthwith made to prove both traveller and gold to be Jesuitical. Meantime, king James, who reckoned on enjoying, besides his morning hunt, two prime diversions, being a controversial dispute with a recusant and counting over a bag of Spanish gold, slipped away from the chase at noon, and, with only an attendant or two, came to Gowry house, in Perth.² He was received by the earl of Gowry, young Ruthven's eldest brother, who had not long returned from the court of queen Elizabeth.

After dinner, on a sign from Alexander Ruthven, the king withdrew with him, expecting to be introduced to

¹ Steward's Collection.

² This antique baronial residence, sometimes called Gowry palace and sometimes Gowry house (the locale of the plot and tragedy), was only pulled down in the present century, 1807. It was situated in Perth, on the left bank of the river Tay, in a line with the streets called the Water street and Spey street. Part of the structure was of date immemorial, and when pulled down, concealed pits and dungeons were laid open, to the horror of the beholders. It had, in later times, been used as barracks.—Rev. John Scott's *Life of Gowry*.

the Jesuit and his gold. In that idea, the king followed Alexander Ruthven, without suspicion, up various winding stairs and intricate passages into a strong circular chamber, the prison-hold of the Gowry family: here, instead of seeing the Jesuit and his gold, the king beheld a portentous figure of a gigantic man clothed completely in black armor, while Alexander Ruthven cut off all retreat by locking the heavy door. He then made a murderous assault on the king, reproaching him with the death of his father, the late earl of Gowry. King James, who was unarmed, kept him at bay as well as he could, and the black giant took no part in the struggle. The king remonstrated with Alexander, "told him that he was a child, under tuition of a regent, when the late earl Gowry was beheaded, and reminded him of the great affection the queen bore to Beatrice, and how kindly he himself had been treated during the whole of his reign." This discourse was of no avail. After a pause, young Ruthven made a second, more violent, attack on the king, who would have been murdered but for the vigilance of his page or henchman, young Ramsay. This gallant youth, missing his royal master, and mistrusting his hosts, was already searching for him through the intricate defiles of the house. While so doing, he heard the king's voice shouting for rescue. On this, Ramsay forced a turnstile, which guarded the way to some back stairs leading to a private door into the circular room, and appearing suddenly on the scene, flew at Alexander Ruthven, and dragged him from the king's throat. King James had struggled manfully for his life: he had got to the window in the scuffle, shouting for help all the time, but the odds were still fearfully against him; for two of the Gowry servants, with the earl himself, alarmed at Ramsay having forced the turnstile, rushed into the circular room to the assistance of young Ruthven, who was wounded and struggling with Ramsay; but one of the servants, not liking the task of king-killing, aided king James. At this juncture the rest of the royal hunting-party had arrived, and were thundering at the great door of the circular chamber, which was strongly barred.

The remainder of the narrative is supplied from the deposition, on oath,¹ of the duke of Lenox, the king's kinsman. He declared "that he, the earl of Marr, and the rest of the royal hunt, being alarmed at missing the king, had, about two in the afternoon, galloped into Perth. They traced him to the neighborhood of Gowry house, and drew up near it," as he said, "avising together *quhair* [where] to seek our king; when incontinent," continueth this deponent, "we heard ane voice crying for help, and I said to the earl of Marr, 'It is our king's voice that cries, be he quhair he may!' And so they all lukit up to the window, quhair they saw his majesty looking furth, without his hat; his face was red, and a hand sharply gripet his cheek and mouth. The king cried, 'I am murtherit! Treason! Help—help, lord Marr!' And, incontinent, I [the duke of Lenox] ran with the earl of Marr and company up the front stairs, leading into the Gowry chamber where his majesty was, to have relievet him, but found the door of the chamber fast; but seeing ane ladder standing beside, all rushed at the door with the ladder," evidently using it as a battering-ram, "when the steps of the ladder brake, and notwithstanding great forcing with hammers, we got not entry into the said chamber till after the earl of Gowry and his brother Alexander were slain!"² Such is a brief account of the celebrated Gowry conspiracy, which occasioned as great consternation in Scotland as 'the Gunpowder plot' did, some years subsequently, in England.

It was dark before the tumult and confusion in Gowry house, and the excitation of the alarmed population of Perth, subsided sufficiently for the king and his retinue to set out on their return to Falkland palace. The night set in black and gloomy, with howling wind and rain; but, notwithstanding, all the people of Falkland swarmed out of their houses to meet their king on the road, running by his side with torches, and manifesting, by their acclamations, excessive joy at his escape from assassination.³

¹ Pitcairn's State-Trials.

² Sanderson's Life of Queen Mary and King James; likewise archbishop Spotiswood.

³ Scott's Life of Gowry, pp. 151, 152.

The rumor that the king had slain the earl of Gowry and his brother Alexander Ruthven was brought to the queen and Beatrice Ruthven without any account of the rest of the particulars. Beatrice fell into agonies of grief for the loss of her brothers, and the queen, afflicted at the sufferings of her friend, and the sudden death of a person who had been domesticated with her for eleven years, was found by king James crying piteously, instead of joyfully welcoming him and congratulating him on his narrow escape from death. Moreover, the queen, recalling the king's words in the morning when dressing (and being always most imprudent in uttering her feelings without due consideration), affirmed that Alexander Ruthven had been his victim, instead of a conspirator against his life. Such expressions naturally roused the jealousy and anger of king James, and certainly gave rise to most of the malicious aspersions on him in regard to the Gowry plot; they were, withal, eagerly repeated by the party which had always been headed by the family of Ruthven.

James found it hard to forgive the misplaced sympathy of his queen, and few who have read the circumstances can wonder at his displeasure; and she, who, when she had taken an idea into her head, was as pertinacious as himself in retaining it, continued to assert, as long as she lived, "that nothing could make her believe that her young friends and affectionate attendants of the Ruthven family had been disloyal to king James;" and whenever the matter was spoken of, she added, "she hoped that Heaven would not visit her family with its vengeance for the sufferings of the Ruthvens."¹ Ruin of the most overwhelming kind fell on the unhappy survivors of the family of Ruthven: all their property was confiscated, and their name abolished. Poor Beatrice, though not implicated in her dead brother's malefactions, was torn from her royal mistress, and thrust out to utter destitution.² The queen retired with a sor-

¹ John Scott's *Life of Gowry*, p. 154, quoted from historical MSS. to which he had access, and confirmed by the traditions of Perth.

² Superstition was greatly excited by the deaths of the earl of Gowry and his brother. Calderwood relates that the Sabbath day after their death, which fell

rowing heart to her palace of Dunfermline, and there, in very weak health, she awaited her accouchement, her sole diversion being the superintendence of her builders and decorators, who were giving the last finish to her improvements at that favorite abode. The king was that autumn engaged with his parliament, which sat in judgment, according to the ancient Scottish law, on the dead bodies of the two Ruthvens.¹ The same day appointed for the quartering of their remains her majesty brought in the world her second son.

When king James heard the news that the queen had presented him with a second son, on the 19th of November, 1609, he made the following speech:—"I first saw my wife on the 19th of November, on the coast of Norway; she bore my son Henry on the 19th of February; my daughter Elizabeth on the 19th of August; and now she has given birth, at Dunfermline, to my second son, on the anniversary of the day on which we first saw each other, the 19th of November, I being myself born on the 19th of June." There had certainly been some coolness between the king and queen before this auspicious event put him in good humor. He immediately went to visit her at Dunfermline. He found her very ill, and the new-born prince so weak and languishing that his death was hourly expected. The king, therefore, ordered him to be baptized immediately,² according to the rites of the Episcopalian church of Scotland, giving him the name of Charles, which was, in reality, his own first name, and at the same time that of his uncle (lord Darnley's brother), lord Charles Stuart. The king rewarded

, on August 10th, the most appalling apparitions were seen at Gowry house. The windows of the room where the tragedy took place were flung violently open, flashings of fire were seen, and armed men leaned out of the windows weeping and wringing their hands, and the most doleful moanings and shriekings resounded for many nights throughout the desolate house, such as thrilled the hearers with horror.

¹ Robertson. This was according to the established laws of Scotland, and was nothing new, though James has been much reproached on the subject by historians who are not antiquarians; before he was born, the earl of Murray had "salted the body of the earl of Huntley," after the battle of Pinky, and brought it thus for trial.

² Spotiswood.

the queen's attendants with his own hand, according to the following entry :—

“ November. *Item*, his majesty's self, given out of his own hand, to Jonet Kinlock, midwife of her majesty, 26*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, pound Scots. *Item*, by his majesty's special command, given to John Murray, for bringing the first news of the birth of duke Charles, 16*l.*, Scots.”

The royal infant had a state-baptism at Holyrood: he was conveyed thither the month after his birth.

“ December, 1600. *Item*, to Abraham Abircrumby, sadler, for repairing her majesty's litter-gear the time the duke of Albanie [Charles I.] was transported fra Dumfermline to Holyrood house.” Likewise, “ *Item*, given in December to the heralds, to be *cassin furth* [thrown to the populace], in sign of largess, at the baptism of the duke of Albanie, 100*l.* Scots.”

The new year opened more peacefully on the royal pair, and we find that king James became the customer of Jinglyng Geordie, to the following effect :—“ *Item*, payit by commandment of his majesty's precept to George Heriot, goldsmith, for ane jewel, *quhairvith* his highness *propinet* his dearest bedfellow in ane New-year's gift.”¹ The ‘propine,’ or present, for queen Anne cost 1333*l.* (punds Scots). The infant Charles was brought up at Dunfermline, under the care of lord Fife. The young prince struggled with difficulty through the first years of his infancy, and while he remained in Scotland, suffered much from weak health.

The lord treasurer's accounts speak much of a younger son of James and Anne, born the year after Charles I. This infant lived to have a grand baptism, and to receive the Christian name of his illustrious ancestor, Robert Bruce. Several quaint entries are found “touching the baptism of her majesty's dearest bairn, duke Robert.” Her majesty again received a *propine*, or propitiation, of jewelry, being a pointed diamond, in May, before the baptism of duke Robert. Isabel Colt, the *maistress nurse*, was likewise propitiated by her royal master, with “ten elnes and a half of Tours taffeta, for a gown; four elnes and a half of black *velvot*, to be her skirt and to lay out the hem of her gown, and ane quarter of black *velvot* to ane mutch for her head.”

¹ Lord Treasurer's Accounts.—Maitland Club, p. lxxviii.

John Arnott, merchant-burgess of Edinburgh, was to send to Dunfermline, "for the use of the king's darrest son *duik* Robert, ane silver plate and ane silver spune."—"Ninety-six pounds [Scots] was casten furth amongst the people at the baptism of *duik* Robert, in name of largess." Likewise there is a most conscientious entry, on the part of good king James, to the following effect:—"Item, to ane honest man in Dumfermeline, for reparation of the *scathe* quihilk he sustainet in his corns at the rinning of the ring, after the baptism of his majesty's son *duik* Robert." Perhaps it is as well to explain that the *scathe*, or harm, which the honest man had sustained, concerned the corn on his ground, not corns on his feet, the wording of the entry being rather ambiguous. Fortunately for *duik* Robert, the next entry sums up the total of his small history: he was spared the woes attendant on the existence of a royal Stuart, by the following requisites being provided for his use and occupation:—"Item, payit to Thomas Weir, pewterer, for one lead kist, and for expense for riding to Dunfermline, and for ane kist of aiken timber, to lay *duik* Robert in after his death."

The time that intervened between the birth of duke Robert and the death of Elizabeth was spent by the royal family of Scotland eagerly looking forward to the southern land of promise; these hopes being now and then enlivened by some enigmatical token that the king and queen of Scotland would, before long, reign over the whole island.¹

¹ Of this kind was the mysterious present sent to the king by queen Elizabeth's favored godson, sir John Harrington. The donor has left the following quaint description of his gift:—"It was a dark lantern, made of four metals,—gold, silver, brass, and iron,—the top of it being a crown of pure gold, which did also serve to cover a perfume pan." There was within a shield of silver, embossed to give a reflection to the light, on one side of which was the sun, moon, and planets, by which were implied the king and queen of Scots, with their progeny; on the other side was the story of the birth and passion of Christ, as it is found graved by king David Bruce, who is said to have sculptured it on the walls of his apartment when he was prisoner in Nottingham castle, in a cell called to this day 'the king of Scots' vault.' The motto to this was the prayer of the penitent thief:—"Lord, remember me when you come to your kingdom." The wax candle was arranged to be removed at pleasure to the top, which was made as a candlestick-stand in a foot of brass; the snuffers, and all the outside of the lantern, of iron and steel; the perfume of musk and amber was contained

All the ambassadors' journals, private news-letters, and other documentary sources of intelligence, written in the course of the year 1602, are replete with dark hints that Anne of Denmark had been detected conferring with some persons concerned in a plot against her husband's life. The sole foundation of this report was her charity to the innocent and destitute survivors of the unfortunate family of Ruthven.¹ Sir Thomas Erskine, who was commander of the king's guard, discovered that the queen had procured a secret interview with Beatrice, and had *furnished her*. This term, in the phraseology of that day, means provided her with necessaries and comforts. No doubt the unfortunate young lady greatly needed them; for when she was deprived of her place in the queen's household, she lost, at the same time, every kind of maintenance.

The queen had a feeling heart, and to those desolate as the young Ruthvens, she often showed the most disinterested kindness and compassion,—qualities which counterbalanced many flaws in her temper, and errors in tact and judgment. "The king," says a contemporary letter, "has great suspicion that the Ruthvens come not but on some dangerous plot. The day of my writing last, he discovered that mistress Beatrice Ruthven was brought to the queen's apartments by my lady Paisley² and the mistress of Angus,

in a little silver globe. On the globe the following verses were written in Latin, with an English translation, by Harrington himself:—

"Excellent prince! and our Apollo rising,
Accept a present sent in like disguising.
The sun, moon, stars, and those celestial fires,
Foretell the heavens shall prosper your desires.
The candle, emblem of a virtuous king,
Doth waste his life to others light to bring.
To your fair queen and sweet babes, I presume
To liken the sweet savor and perfume;
She sends sweet-breathed love into your breast,
She, blessed with fruitful issue, makes you blest.
Lastly, let heavenly crowns this crown succeed,
Sent sure to both,—to neither sent with speed."

¹ Sanderson's *Lives of Mary and James*, p. 227.

² Daughter of the loyal lord Seaton, and wife to lord Claud Hamilton.—
Scott's *Gowry*.

lady Margaret Douglas, as one of their gentlewomen, and *stowed* away, till evening, in a chamber prepared for her by the queen's direction, where her majesty had much conference with her." This interview, which took place at Holyrood palace, was detected by the vigilance of sir Thomas Erskine, the king's cradle-partner and playfellow, and now the valiant captain of his guards. Sir Thomas detested thoroughly the persons and party of the Ruthvens, and would not believe but that a fourth plot was concocting, when he detected that the poor desolate Beatrice was smuggled into the palace, to be comforted and relieved by her affectionate royal patroness. He therefore flew with the tale of his discovery to the king, who likewise remained much affronted and aggrieved, and very suspicious of the interview, which it does not appear that either he or sir Thomas Erskine ventured to interrupt.

Beatrice Ruthven stayed in the queen's apartments a night and day, and it is said they had many sad communings on the dreadful past, and that the queen mentioned many secret surmises relative to the Gowry plot, which, being reported, much incensed the king, and must be considered an imprudent effervescence of feeling on the part of the queen, since it gave her husband's enemies some grounds for animadversion. Beatrice departed from her royal mistress laden with gifts, or, as the contemporary authority says, "well furnished;" in all probability, on account of her approaching marriage, for this desolate young lady was, soon after, honorably married to sir John Home, of Cowdenknows.¹ The king, who was very jealous of all that was going on, thought proper to reprove the queen severely for this affair. He likewise examined all her household who were concerned in the introduction of Beatrice Ruthven, and at the end of this inquisition, he declared "he found that no wrong had either been done, or meant, in the matter." He therefore resumed his usual affectionate manner to the queen.² Such were the incidents on which the spies at the court of Scotland founded many calumnious hints against the queen in 1602.

¹ Scott's Life of Gowry.

² Nicholson's Letters : Birch's State-Papers.

At last the hour sounded which summoned queen Elizabeth from this world, and at the same time united the British islands under one sovereignty. King James had, long before, established spies at the court of England, who, by a system of concerted signals, were to give him the earliest intimation of this great event, which was communicated to him by a near and favored kinsman of queen Elizabeth. The manner in which this news was conveyed to the Scottish court shall, however, be told in sir Robert Carey's own words. It has already been shown, in the biography of queen Elizabeth, how he had received the signal from the window of the royal chamber at Richmond, by means of his sister, lady Scrope, that queen Elizabeth had just expired. The race he rode with the news to king James is perhaps unexampled, excepting by Turpin, the highwayman.

"Very early on Saturday," writes Carey, in his autobiography, "I took horse for the north, and rode to Norham about twelve at noon, so that I might have been with king James at supper-time; but I got a great fall by the way, that made me shed much blood. I was forced to ride at a soft pace after, so that king James was newly gone to bed by the time I knocked at his gate. I was quickly let in, and carried up to his chamber. I kneeled by him, and saluted him by his titles of king of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland." Other accounts add, that Carey was a deplorable spectacle, his face being stained with the blood from his fall, which he had not paused to wash away. "The king," he continued, "gave me his hand to kiss, and bade me welcome. He inquired of the manner of queen Elizabeth's death and sickness. He asked, 'What letters I had from the privy council?' I told him 'None; yet had I brought him a *blue ring* from a fair lady, which I hoped would give him assurance that I reported the truth.' He took it and looked upon it, and said, 'It is enough; I know by this you are a true messenger.' Then he committed me to the care of the lord Hume, charging him that I should want for nothing. He sent for his surgeons to attend me, and, when I kissed his hand to withdraw, he said these gracious words:—'I know

you have lost a near kinswoman,¹ and a loving mistress ; but here, take my hand, I will be as good a master to you, and will requite this service with honor and reward.'"²

The hurried expedition of sir Robert Carey was quickly followed by an express from the English privy council,³ inviting king James to come to London and take possession of his hereditary right, as he had been proclaimed, on the 24th of March, king of England, by the title of James I. When the hour of parting from his Scottish subjects arrived, although that hour had been eagerly anticipated by the king, the queen, and the whole Scottish people as a wonderful exaltation and advancement, it was found to be a very sorrowful event. The separation between Scotland and her monarch took place in a primitive manner, more like the parting of the father of a numerous family, who, having inherited a great estate, has to undertake a dangerous voyage to gain possession of it. The Sunday before he set out for England, king James escorted his queen from Holyrood to St. Giles's church, which was crowded with the people of Edinburgh. A sermon was preached by a popular minister on the occasion of the king's departure. At the conclusion, king James rose up in his place, and made a speech to his people, bidding them a most loving and piteous farewell.⁴ No formal official reply was made to an address which evidently sprang fresh from the heart, but the voice of weeping and loud lamentation responded to it, and resounded through the antique pile.

King James commenced his journey to England, April 5, 1603. He bade farewell to his queen in the High street at

¹ Sir Robert Carey and his sister were cousins, in the third degree, to queen Elizabeth, by descent from Mary Boleyn and William Carey.

² The king, a few days after, asked Carey what reward he wished ? who replied, to be made a gentleman of his bedchamber, and after to taste of his bounty. "I was then sworn of his bedchamber, and that very evening I helped to take off his clothes, and stayed till he was in bed."

³ State-Papers. At the same time, they greatly reprobate the officiousness of the self-appointed envoy, sir Robert Carey ; this, probably, caused his hoped-for reward to be delayed some months. He mourns over his disappointed hopes, in his autobiography, with so little disguise of selfishness, that his lamentations are truly laughable.

⁴ Spotiswood.

Edinburgh.¹ They both were dissolved in tears. The whole population of the metropolis of Scotland witnessed this conjugal parting; and now, anticipating all the tribulations of absenteeism, from which they afterwards suffered very long, the people lifted up their voices, and loudly mourned the departure of their sovereign, and joined their tears to those of his anxious consort. When it is remembered how fatal England had been to all his immediate ancestors, it will be allowed that some physical, as well as moral, courage was needed by king James to enter the land in peaceful confidence, without any army, or even means of resistance. His new subjects had put to death his mother, and either slain in battle or destroyed by faction the kings of Scotland, her father and grandfather; moreover, the civil strife fostered by their intrigues had certainly induced the assassinations of his father, lord Darnley, and his grandfather, the regent Lenox. James determined to try the experiment of entering England alone, without his family, not being willing to risk these dearest objects of his heart before he had tested the loyalty of the south. Prince Henry he left, sedulously guarded by a strong garrison, at the fortress of Stirling, under the care of the earl of Marr.

King James quitted Scotland too hastily to visit the prince; but he wrote to him a letter at his departure, which remains extant, and is highly to his credit as a father:—

“MY SON:—

“That I see you not before my parting, impute to this great occasion, wherein time is so precious; but that shall, by God’s grace, be recompensed by your coming to me shortly, and continual residence with me ever after.

“Let not this news² make you proud or insolent, for a king’s son ye were, and no more are you yet; the augmentation that is hereby like to fall to you is but in cares and heavy burden. Be merry, but not insolent; keep a greatness but *sine fastu*; be resolute, but not wilful; be kind, but in honorable sort. Choose none to be your playfellows but of honorable birth; and, above all things, never give countenance to any but as ye are informed they are in estimation with me. Look upon all Englishmen that shall come to visit you as your loving subjects, not with ceremoniousness as towards strangers, but with that heartiness which at this time they deserve.

¹ Time Triumphant,—a very scarce contemporary tract, reprinted in Nichols’s *Progresses of James*.

² The succession to the English crown.

"This gentleman, whom the bearer accompanies, is worthy, and of good rank, and now my familiar servitor [probably sir Robert Carey]; use him, therefore, in a more homely, loving sort than others. I send you herewith my book, lately printed [the Basilicon Doron]. Study and profit in it, as you would deserve my blessing; and as there can nothing happen unto you whereof ye will not find the general ground therein, if not the particular point touched, so must ye level every man's opinions or advices with the rules there set down, allowing and following their advices that agree with the same, mistrusting and frowning upon them that advise you to the *contraire*.

"Be diligent and earnest in your studies, that at your meeting with me I may praise you for your progress in learning. Be obedient to your master for your own weal, and to procure my thanks; for in reverencing him, ye obey me and honor yourself. Farewell.

"Your loving father,

"JAMES, R."

The commencement and conclusion of this letter are truly admirable in their noble truth and simplicity; and even the species of absolutism, in which the author-king refers to his "booke latelie prentid" as the unalterable code of laws by which his boy, of ten years old, was to regulate his mind and conduct, can scarcely be blamed when their relative situations are considered. It was entitled *The Basilicon Doron*, or his Majesty's Instructions to his Dearest Son, the Prince. Had it been written by any other man than the reviled James I., it would have been universally admired. It has, however, met with the approbation of Bacon, Locke, Hume, and Percy. The following sonnet, extracted from the preface, is a fair epitome of its precepts. In point of poetic construction, as bishop Percy justly observes, it would not disgrace any author who was the contemporary of James:—

"God gives not kings the style of gods in vain,
For on the throne His sceptre do they sway;
And as their subjects *ought*¹ them to obey,
So kings should fear and serve their God again.
If then ye² would enjoy a happy reign,
Observe the statutes of our heavenly king,
And from His law make all your laws to spring.

¹ The sentence means, 'owe to them obedience.'—'They *ought* them,' for 'they *owed* them,' is still used in the East Anglican counties, which conjugate the verbs *owe*, *give*, *may* with obsolete tenses closely in unison with their German origin.

² Prince Henry, to whom this grand exhortation is addressed, is here personally called upon.

If His lieutenant here you should remain,
Reward the just, be steadfast, true, and plain;
Repress the proud, maintaining aye the right;
Walk always so as ever in His sight,
Who guards the godly, plaguing the profane,
And so shall ye in princely virtues shine,
Resembling right your mighty king divine."

It has already been shown that the king did not mean to trust his volatile partner with the least political authority, in case a minority had occurred; and he was equally unwilling that the admirable education he was giving prince Henry, under the care of Adam Newton, should be interrupted by her fondness and caprice. The queen had, however, her own peculiar plans in cogitation, which she acted upon directly her husband was at a convenient distance. She was at that time in a situation requiring consideration, but it was hoped that her journey might be safely accomplished before her accouchement, which was expected in June. When the king bade her farewell, he appointed her to follow him in twenty days, if affairs in England wore a peaceable aspect.

In reality, the English not only received their new sovereign peacefully, but with a vehemence of affection which seemed to amount to mania. The excessive love of change which, in all ages, has been a leading propensity in the national character of our countrymen, sometimes manifests itself in these delirious fits of loyalty, which seldom last more than a few months, but are exceedingly deceptive to royal personages, who are thus, for a short time, unduly deified, and are very speedily as unduly vilified. The king's Scottish attendants were utterly astonished at the extravagant popularity of James in England, and he himself, to one of his old friends, made the pithy remark,—"Thae people wud spoil a gude king." The fact was, no person gave the king any trouble, at this important crisis of his life, excepting his queen, who, without any criminal intention, but from mere folly and perversity, had nearly stirred up a rebellion in Scotland soon after his departure. It has been seen that the feelings of maternity amounted, in the bosom of the queen, to passion of an un-

controllable nature; and these feelings were newly excited by a letter, written by her eldest son from Stirling, congratulatory on the peaceful possession his father had taken of his English inheritance. In his letter the royal boy naturally lamented his absence from both his parents, and expressed an ardent desire to see the one whom distance had not rendered inaccessible:—

“MADAME AND MOST HONORED MOTHER:—¹

“My humble service remembered, having occasion to write to the king, my father, by this *accident* [opportunity], which has fallen out of late, I thought it became my duty by writing also to congratulate your majesty on the happy success of that great turn, almost above men’s expectation, the which I beseech God to bless in the proceeding as he has done in the beginning, to the still greater increase of your majesty’s honor and contentment. And seeing by his majesty’s *departing* [departure] I *will* [shall] lose that benefit which I had by his frequent visitation, I must humbly request your majesty to supply that lack by your presence (which I have more just cause to crave, since I have wanted it so long, to my great grief and displeasure), to the end that your majesty by sight may have, as I hope, the greater *matter* [reason] to love me, and I likewise may be encouraged to go forward in well doing, and to honor your majesty with all due reverence, as appertains to me, who *is* your majesty’s most obedient son.

HENRY.”

The king soon found that the presence of the earl of Marr was necessary in England, because that faithful friend had been ambassador there in 1601, and had entered into such negotiations with the English courtiers of influence, that he secured the throne to his master. James, it seems, needed his personal attendance, in order to ascertain the amount of the bribes promised. When queen Anne was certain of the departure of Marr,—whom she hated with all her heart, as the watchful sentinel who guarded her eldest son from the effects of her injudicious fondness,—she thought she was mistress of the ascendant in Scotland, and set off immediately for Stirling castle, accompanied by a strong party of the nobles of her faction, hoping to intimidate the old countess of Marr into the surrender of the prince.² Poor lady Marr was in the utmost perplexity; she had, however, been accustomed to carry a firm command in the garrison of Stirling, in somewhat worse times than the present.

¹ Harleian MSS., 7007.

² Spotswood. Birch’s Life of Henry Prince of Wales.

When formerly *gouvernante* of king James in his infancy, she had been used to see the powers of two hostile factions alternately gather at the base of the lofty towers of Stirling, raging for admittance, and for the surrender of her young charge. It was not, therefore, very probable that her firmness would give way before any array, headed by a leader of no greater prowess than Anne of Denmark. In fact, lady Marr flatly refused admittance to any of the queen's armed partisans, who were forced to remain without the walls.

When her majesty entered the castle with her usual officers and attendants, and prepared to take her son away, lady Marr declared that "She had the king's warrant for retaining the prince under her charge; and till she saw equal authority for surrendering him, she must, perforce, keep him still." The queen threw herself into a tempest of passion at this refusal, and her delicate situation rendered such transports of temper peculiarly dangerous. All her attendants exclaimed loudly against lady Marr's unprecedented wickedness, in detaining the child from the mother. Lady Marr showed them the king's positive warrant for her conduct, and said "she dared not disobey it." The queen threatened force, and some say swords were actually drawn. The stormy scene ended by the queen becoming hysterical, and she was carried lamenting to the royal apartments in the castle. Lady Marr instantly despatched messengers to the king in England and to the council at Holyrood, craving positive orders and directions for her conduct at this juncture. The queen roused herself from her fit and wrote her version of the affair, and despatched special messengers both to the king in England and to the Scotch council.

When the queen's letters reached Holyrood, a deputation of members from the council hurried to Stirling castle. No very distinct detail exists as to what her majesty said or did when they arrived, excepting that they were all in the utmost consternation at the passions into which she was pleased to throw herself when she found that they would not enforce her commands, and take her son from

the guardianship of lady Marr. The end of all these furious agitations was, that she became so extremely ill that her life was despaired of for many hours, and that she was put to bed of a son, born prematurely, and dead. The queen's almoner, Spotiswood (afterwards archbishop of Glasgow, and the historian of the Scottish church), set off with this bad news to the king, and was charged with a dismal list of her complaints and injuries;¹ but this worthy ecclesiastic was far from flattering the whims of his royal mistress, or ranking himself among the partisans of her rash and unreasonable conduct. Lady Marr, and the lords of the council who were at Stirling castle, seemed in equal danger of being considered answerable for the death of the infant prince, and the perilous state of the queen. Lord Montrose, one of the king's most trusted councillors, wrote a piteous letter of exculpation, dated May 10th, to his majesty,² affirming, most truly, that the queen's expedition to Stirling was no fault of his. Lord Fife, the president of the council, wrote another despatch, which is surely a most *naïve* and amusing document. The conclusion evidently shows that he had promised that the froward patient should have her own way; such promises being, however, subject to the revision of his majesty's own oracular decisions.

"I was at Dumfermline," wrote this faithful councillor and friend,³ "when this stir fell forth, and came not to Stirling till I was sent for by her majesty, who was then in the extremity of her trouble, which state would not admit all that good reason might have furnished to any of us to be said to her majesty. Your highness's advocate chanced to be with her majesty at the verie worst. Now your highness has had proof before of his wit and guid behavior; but, at sic a time, in sic an accident, and to sic a person, *quhat* could he do or say? He was not ignorant of the great care and tender luvè your majestie has to her highness's royal person, and to dispute *quhat* reason or wisdom would urge was but the way to incense her majesty farder against us all, and to augment her passion to greater peril,

¹ Archbishop Spotiswood's Ecclesiastical History.

² Bannatyne Papers.

³ Balfour Papers, 54.

quhilk he was certain would have annoyed your majesty above all, and might have been justly impute to lack of discretion on his pairt. All being weighed, the best expedient was to comfort and encourage her majesty, and to gif her guid heart." The considerate man 'sums up the case in these words:—"Physic and medicine requireth greater place with her majesty, at present, than lectures on economie or politic,"—perhaps meaning on political economy, and his remark was undeniably true. "Her majesty's passions could not be sa weil mitigat and moderat as by seconding and obeying all her directions, *quhilk* alway is subject to zour sacred majesty's answers and resolves as oracles."

It is a bold assertion, but surely never was any man in this world more thoroughly plagued with the petulant contradictions of a silly, spoiled wife, than poor king James, at such an important crisis. When the news arrived of the queen's dangerous illness, and the disaster that had befallen his expected offspring, all anger was lost in the conjugal tenderness which, as lord Fife plainly declared, he bore to his perverse partner. He had just been received with enthusiastic loyalty in London, where he was anxiously expecting his faithful earl of Marr; he was, nevertheless, so much troubled with the news from Scotland that he begged his cousin, the duke of Lenox, whom he greatly trusted, to hasten home to the north, "that he would meet Marr on the road, and when he met him, he must beg of him to return to Stirling in his company, and pacify the queen as well as he could." This was an awkward commission, for Lenox and Marr were rivals in the king's favor, and leaders of different factions. The king sent, at the same time, a letter to Marr, which he was to deliver to the queen, authorizing her to receive the prince into her own custody, at the palace of Holyrood.¹

The earl of Marr and the duke of Lenox met at York, and travelled on this errand to Stirling, where the very name of the poor earl of Marr threw the royal patient into a fresh access of rage. She was so very ill on the 12th of May that the council wrote thus to the king:—² "We

¹ Spotiswood, p. 477.

² Melros Papers.

thought it our dewtie, hearing of her majesty's disease, to repair in haste to your castle of Stirling, *quhair* [where] we remain, *put* in guid hope of her majesty's convalescing shortlie; and being met and convened in council, the earl of Marr, lately returned from the court at London hither, did affirm he had received information that it was the intention of certain evil disposit persons to seize the person of the prince." Such was, indeed, the case; the violent controversies at Stirling had roused the seditious spirit of the Scottish nobility into activity, and meetings were held at Torwoodlee by large bodies of the leading gentry to prevent the heir of Scotland being carried to London, for they chose he should remain in the north, and be brought up as a Scotchman.

The king had sent orders that the great point of giving up the prince was to be yielded to the queen; but her majesty was by no means contented with having obtained her own way, which we humbly opine that every lady ought to be. She refused to receive the prince if he was delivered to her by the earl of Marr; refused to see the earl, or let him present her with the king's credentials on the subject; and she refused to depart from Stirling to Edinburgh, either with the prince or without him, if the earl of Marr travelled in the prince's company. But Marr was forced to do so, since his commission specified that he was not to yield up his important charge till they all arrived at Holyrood. Montrose again wrote to his royal master, pathetically demanding, in broad Scotch, how all these new freaks of her majesty were to be obeyed.¹ "I maist humbly beseech zour highness," wrote this worthy lord of the council, "to provide remeids how the queen's grace may rest contentit, and the earl of Marr exonerat of that greit charge that lies on him of the said prince, and sum order to be taken how this controversie likely to arise amang the nobilitie may be setlet and pacifiet. *Quhairat* [whereat] I doubt nocht zour majesty will foretell ane means to help the same, according to the wonted proof of zour majesty's wisdome and forsight kythet heretofore in

¹ Bannatyne Collections.

sic matters; quhilk, as we adore and admire, so we rest sorie and discontent to be sa far removit and separatit from the same."

This quaint despatch, together with some others written by the aggrieved Erskines, complaining that they were accused by the queen and her faction of unheard-of barbarities committed against the royal person, at length put the much-enduring monarch into a towering passion. He swore a great many oaths—swearing being, indeed, one of his besetting sins—and wrote, forthwith, a letter of remonstrance to his perverse better half, garnished, it must be owned, in the original with more expletives than is becoming to its style; otherwise the letter is both rational and affectionate. It was in reply to a series of recriminations and complaints written to him by his angry helpmate, which is not forthcoming:—

JAMES I. TO ANNE OF DENMARK.¹

"MY HEART:—

"Immediately before the receipt of your letter I purposed to have written to you, and that without any great occasion, excepting to free myself from the imputation of severeness; but now your letter has given more matter to write, though I take small delight to meddle in so unpleasant a process.

"I wonder that neither your long knowledge of my nature, nor my late earnest *purgation* [exculpation] to you, can cure you of that rooted error, that any one living dare speak to me anywise to your prejudice, or yet that ye can think those are your *unfriendis* [enemies] who are true servants to me. I can say no more, but protest, on the peril of my salvation or condemnation, that neither the earl of Marr nor any flesh living ever informed me that ye was upon any Papish or Spanish course, or that ye had any other thoughts than a wrong-conceived opinion that he had more interest in your son than you, and would not deliver him to you. Neither does he further charge the noblemen that are with you there, except that he was informed that some of them thought to have assisted you in taking my son by force out of his hands; but as for any papist or foreign force, he doth not so much as allege it. Wherefore he says he will never presume to accuse them, since such may include your offence. Therefore I say over again, leave these froward womanly apprehensions; for, I thank God, I carry that love and respect to you *quhich* [which] by the law of God and nature I ought to do to my wife and the mother of my children,—not for that ye are a king's daughter, for *quhiither* [whether] ye were a king's or a cook's daughter, ye must be alike to me, being ance my wife. For the respect of your honorable birth and descent I married you; but the love and respect I now bear

¹ The letter, in the original orthography, is printed in Nichols's *Progresses of James I.*, vol. i. p. 153.

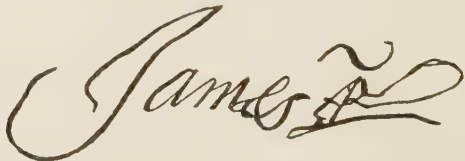
you is because ye are my married wife, and so partaker of my honor as of my other fortunes. I beseech you excuse my rude plainness in this, for casting up of your birth is a needless impertinent argument to me."

From this observation, it is evident queen Anne had urged her royal birth as a reason why she was to have her own way in this irrational whim. James, who was clearly in the right, proceeds in terms which do great honor to him as a husband, for the very homeliness of his appeal to his domestic affections, proves they were felt in the royal family with the same force as in private life.

"God is my witness that I ever preferred you to my *bairns*, much more than to any subject; but if you will ever give ear to the reports of every flattering sycophant that will persuade you, that when I account well of an honest and wise servant for his true and faithful service to me, that it is to compare or to prefer him to you, then will neither ye nor I ever be at rest or peace.

"I have, according to my promise, copied so much of that *plot* [plan] whereof I wrote to you in my last as did concern my son and you, *quhich* is herein enclosed that ye may see I wrote it not without cause, but I desire it not to have any secretaries but yourself. As for the *dool* [lamentations] ye made concerning it, it is utterly impertinent at this time, for *sic* reasons as the bearer will show to you, *quhom* I have likewise commanded to impart divers other points to you, which, for fear of wearying your eyes with my rugged hand, I have herein omitted. Praying God, my Heart, to preserve you and all the bairns, and send me a blyth meeting with you, and a couple of them,

"Your awn



The queen was neither penitent nor satisfied on perusing this letter; she continued her displeasure against the earl of Marr, and proposed that the whole house of Erskine should be visited with condign punishment, or that the earl of Marr should make her a humble public apology. This the earl sturdily refused to do, for the council of regency declared, "that none of the Erskine family had done her majesty the least wrong, or given her any offence, excepting in the course of their most dutiful and loyal obedience to the king," with which decision her majesty "was pleased

to remain more incensed than ever.”¹ The king then penned another letter to his wife, which was, no doubt, a royal curiosity in its way, but unfortunately it is not forthcoming: it was to the effect that “she would do wisely to forget all her grudges to the earl of Marr, and think of nothing but thanking God for the peaceable possession they had got of England, which, next under God, might be ascribed to the wise negotiation of the earl of Marr.” The queen received this intimation with great wrath, and replied, petulantly, “She would rather never see England, than be in any sort beholden to the earl of Marr.”²

If the king had not tenderly loved his consort, she could not thus have risked the quiet of his two kingdoms by her petulant tempers. He had, nevertheless, the justice to adhere to his trusty friends, the Erskines, in the dispute. He wrote to lord Marr a letter, dated Greenwich, May 13th, in reply to one of his, stating “that the queen would not receive the prince from him, nor the letter from his majesty, of which he was the bearer:”—

“As for our letter sent by you to our dearest bedfellow, it is our will that ye deliver the same to any of our council, to be given to her and disposed of as she pleaseth, in case she continue in that wilfulness that she will not hear your *eredite* [credentials], nor receive the letter from your hands.”³

He then directed Marr to deliver the prince to the duke of Lenox, who would consign him, with all due ceremonies, to the queen, and come with all speed to him in London, where he wanted his presence exceedingly. This prudent arrangement somewhat pacified the queen, who removed forthwith to Holyrood, and began to occupy herself with preparations for leaving Scotland.

While king James was on his progress through England, and before his arrival in London, a curious correspondence had taken place between him and the English privy council relative to his queen’s outfit. From these documents the inference is plainly to be drawn that her majesty’s Scottish

¹ Balfour Papers: Abbotsford Club, p. 60.

² Spotiswood, p. 477.

³ The parcel of original autograph letters from which those of king James and prince Henry were taken were found among the papers of Mr. Cummyng, deputy lord Lyon of Scotland.—Nichols’s Progresses.

wardrobe was altogether considered unfit to be produced before the purse-proud magnates of the southern kingdom. In consequence, the king commanded the English council "to forward such jewels and stuffs, with other furniture (as coaches, horses, and litters), which had pertained to the late queen Elizabeth, and all things which they might deem fit for the use of queen Anne." The English council viewed this demand with remarkable distrust, and sent word "that they considered it illegal, and against their oaths, to send any of the crown-jewels out of England." The consequence was, they sent nothing. The king wrote a second letter to them on the same subject, full of reproof and explanation. He declared that it was his intention to bring into England his wife and his two elder children, who were able to endure the long journey; that he neither expected nor demanded to have any of the state-jewels appertaining to the crown sent so far, but he wished the council to consult some of queen Elizabeth's ladies regarding the jewels and dress "needful for the ordinary apparelling and ornamenting her." He likewise requested that, "as soon as queen Elizabeth's funeral was over, some of her ladies, of all degrees, should journey to Berwick to meet queen Anne, with such usual jewels and dresses as were proper for her appearance in England."¹ This was accordingly done.

By the 2d of June her majesty queen Anne found herself sufficiently recovered from her maladies, personal and mental, to commence her journey to England. She set off, however, in a most implacable spirit towards the earl of Marr. Therefore Montrose, that considerate councillor, thought it only proper to give his king a seasonable hint regarding the mischief which might be made between his majesty and his faithful adherents, when this angry and beloved consort came to give her version of her affronts and injuries to him in person:—

"And now her majesty," wrote Montrose,² in a despatch dated June 1st, "praisit be God, having returnit to Edinburgh, the prince and princess being

¹ Dated Topcliffe, April 15th.

² Balfour Papers, p. 54.

with her in cumpanie, intending *the morn* [next morning] to tak journey to Berwick, rests as yet unreconciled with the earle of Marr (who has made his departure to your highness), which wrath of the queen's grace, if it be not appeased, na doubt the uttering of her discontentments will breed small pleasure to your majesty. But lest her highness's wrath continuing suld hereafter produce unexpected *tortures* [broils and heart-burnings], I would maist humbly entreat your majesty to prevent the same, according to that prudent foresight heretofore *kythet* in your former proceedings, and not suffer this canker to have any farder progress."

The queen, like most weak women, had been kept in a thorough state of exasperation by listening to all the gossip connected with this broil, and had been peculiarly enraged by a report current in Scotland that she had not been put to bed of any child, dead or alive. To convince the king of this falsehood, the corpse of her infant was carried in a coffin¹ with her royal *cortège*.

To lord Harrington was consigned the care of the princess Elizabeth, her former guardian, lord Linlithgow, having resigned his charge to that English nobleman. This was done at the same time that the prince was given to his royal mother by the duke of Lenox. The second prince, "babie Charles," as the king and queen familiarly termed him, was left in Scotland, at the queen's palace at Dunfermline, under the care of lord Fife, who wrote the following droll despatch, descriptive of the princely nursling, about the same period:—"Zour sacred majesty's maist noble son, duke Charles,² continues (praisit be God) in guid health, guid courage, and lofty mind; although yet weak in bodie, is beginning to speik sum words. He is far *better* [forwarder] as yet of his mind and tongue than of his bodie and feet; but I hope in God he sal be all weel and princelie, worthie of your majesty, as his grace is judged to be, by all, very like in lineaments to your royal person."

The spirit of contradiction which had taken possession of her majesty queen Anne in Scotland was not altogether removed in her progress to the south; for, when the ladies

¹ Miss Aikin's James I., vol. i.

² He had been created, by his father, duke of Albany, which was always the title of the second son of Scotland; as Orleans was of France, and York of England.

met her at Berwick with the dresses and jewels of their defunct queen Elizabeth, she refused to appoint any of them, excepting lady Bedford, to offices in her bedchamber, though such were the king's orders. She meant to retain the friends and familiars she had had about her since her girlhood in Scotland, and these she was determined should suffice for her household in England. She chose to keep her chamberlain Kennedy in his place, against the king's express injunctions. Enough had been seen by king James of the English jealousy of strangers to convince him that his new subjects would not suffer the principal posts in the royal household to be occupied by the Scotch. He appointed sir George Carew to the post of queen's chamberlain: her majesty persisted in retaining Kennedy.

The queen's household was to be settled at Berwick, in order that the English might behold her with all the accustomed retinue pertaining to queen-consorts. But queen Anne and her husband could not agree regarding the persons who were to be appointed: she incessantly sent applicants to be confirmed in places which her royal spouse had destined for other persons. His majesty swore awfully at the arrival of every one of the queen's candidates, but when Kennedy presented himself to be confirmed as chamberlain, he flew into a still more ludicrous passion. He bade him, "Begone!" assuring him, at the same time, "that if he caught him carrying the chamberlain's staff before his wife, he should take it out of his hand and break it across his pate;"¹ on which intimation of the royal intentions, Kennedy very prudently made the best of his way back again to Scotland. The duke of Lenox, who had taken much thankless pains in travelling backwards and forwards with the laudable endeavor of arranging her majesty's household to the king's satisfaction, received a severe rating on this occasion, and was sent to the borders to inform the queen "that his majesty took her continued perversity very heinously." In fact, Henry VIII. would have cut off the heads of two or three wives for a tithe of the contumacity her majesty queen Anne had been pleased to display during

¹ Lodge's Illustrations of British History, vol. iii. p. 12.

the brief space of time that she had been queen of England. She was, however, perfectly aware of the disposition of her man, and of her own power over him, and arrived at Berwick with the full intention of settling her household of ladies according to her own good pleasure, if she could not have her own way in regard to her chamberlain. She there found, waiting her arrival, the earls of Sussex and Lincoln, and sir George Carew (who was to be her chamberlain), the countesses of Worcester and Kildare, and the ladies Scrope, Rich, and Walsingham, but not one of these would the queen appoint to her service. She had previously accepted lady Bedford and lady Harrington, who had travelled all the way to Edinburgh, of their own accord, to pay their duty to her.

Queen Anne, her son and daughter, were received in York with solemn processions of the lord mayor and civic authorities. Silver cups, heaped with gold angels, were the propitiations with which the northern cities welcomed the queen and family of their new sovereign; and when they left the city of York, June 15th, they were conducted on the road to Grimston by the corporation in their robes. The royal party took their way through Worksop, Newark, and Nottingham, being splendidly entertained at each of these places. At Dingley, near Leicester, the seat of sir Thomas Griffin, her majesty tarried for some time, as this was the appointed place for her parting with her daughter Elizabeth, who was to go from thence to Combe abbey, near Coventry, the seat of the Harringtons. It was to Dingley that the celebrated Anne Clifford, heiress to the earldom of Cumberland, came to pay her homage to her new queen. "About this time," records her journal, "my aunt of Warwick went to meet the queen, having mistress Bridges with her, and my cousin mistress Anne Vavasour. Then my mother and I went on our journey, and killed three horses that day with the extremity of the heat." At Rockingham castle the Cliffords met the countess of Bedford, "who was so great a woman with the queen that every one much respected her," she having attended her majesty from Scotland. The next day they were presented

to the queen at Dingley, "which was the first time," observes Anne Clifford, "I ever saw her majesty and prince Henry, where she kissed us all, and used us kindly." Queen Anne's court had increased prodigiously during her journey. The queen parted from her daughter Elizabeth on the morning of the 25th of June. The princess left Dingley in company with her governesses, lady Kildare and lady Harrington, for Combe abbey, where she resided during her youth, and completed her education.

The following letter, without date, despatched to king James by the queen during this progress, is the first she wrote in England. Like the rest of her letters, though short, it is a holograph, or written throughout with her own hand. It will be recollected that in James's letter of remonstrance to her, sent during her pettish behavior, he had properly requested that when she addressed him she would employ no secretary but herself. There is always to be found a shade of familiar playfulness in Anne's little notes, without she was in a very bad temper indeed, and this letter shows she had regained her good humor:—

QUEEN ANNE TO KING JAMES.

"MY HEART:—

"I am glad that Haddington hath told me of your majesty's good health, which I wish to continue. As for the blame you charge me with of *lasie* writing, I think it rather rests on yourself, because you be as *sloe* in writing as myself. I can write of no mirth but of practice of tilting, of riding, of drumming, and of music, which is all, wherewith I am not a little pleased.

"So wishing your majesty perpetual happiness, I kiss your majesty's hand, and rest

"Your

"ANNA, R."

The next station of the royal progress was to be Althorpe, where an exquisite fête, aided by all the ideality of Ben Jonson's genius, was in course of preparation to welcome the queen. No painted canvas or coarse theatrical illusions accompanied this first mask of the mighty master. The scenery was the magnificent woodlands of an English park; instead of boards, was the velvet greensward under foot, and in the place of evil-smelling lamps, the glorious lights of heaven beamed down, through a midsummer night, on 'the Mask of the Fairies.' The queen, the heir of Eng-

Anne of Denmark, Queen of James I

*After the Engraving by Jacobus Howbraken, made from
the Painting, in Somerset House, by C. Johnson*



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land, and the heir of Spencer were themselves part of the *dramatis personæ* in this poetic welcome. Never, never more can our island behold the like; the world has grown too old, too hard, too much addicted to bitter sneering, to permit poetry to blend thus exquisitely with historic reality in our days.

The queen had rested, during the heat of the day, at the antique royal palace of Holdenby:¹ the intense heat of that midsummer forced the royal party to delay until the cool of the evening the journey to Althorpe. "That night," writes Anne Clifford, "we went along with the queen's train, in which was an infinite number of coaches." As the royal *cortège* advanced through Althorpe park, concerts of wind instruments played at various stations; and as they approached a copse of young wood near the gardens, the Mask of the Fairies was commenced by a satyr perched in a tree, who thus expressed himself:—

"Here, there, and everywhere,
Some solemnities are near;
As these changes strike mine ear,
My pipe and I a part will bear."

He leaped down from the tree, and peered in the faces of prince Henry and the queen; then resumed:—

"That is Cyparissus' face,
And the dame hath Syrinx grace,—
Sure they are of heavenly race."

He then hid himself in the wood again, while, to the sound of soft music hidden in the copse, a bevy appeared of fairies and their queen (who were acted by the fairest young ladies of Northamptonshire). After dancing various roundels on the park-sward, queen Mab addressed her majesty:—

"Hail and welcome, fairest queen!
Joy had never perfect been
To the fays that haunt this green,
Had they not this evening seen."

¹ Here were curious figures of giants among the ornaments, like those at Guildhall; but giants, palace, and all were demolished by Cromwell and his destructives.

Now they print it on the ground
 With their feet, in figures round,
 Marks which ever will be found."

The satyr peeped out of the thicket, and interrupted Mab by saying to the queen :—

"Trust her not, you bonni-belle,
 She will forty leasings tell.

Queen Mab. Satyr, we must have a spell
 For your tongue; it runs too fleet.
 I do know your pranks right well.

Satyr. Not so nimbly as your feet,
 When about the cream-bowls sweet
 You and all your elves do meet.
 This is Mab, the mistress fairy,
 That doth nightly rob the dairy.
 She can start our franklins' daughters
 In their sleep with shrieks and laughter;
 And, on sweet St. Agnes' night,
 Feed them with a promised sight,—
 Some of husbands, some of lovers,
 Which an empty dream discovers.
 And in hopes that you would come here
 Yester-eve, the lady Summer¹
 She invited to a banquet.

Fairy. Mistress, this is only spite,
 For you would not, yesternight,
 Kiss him at the cock-shut light.

Queen Mab. Fairies, pinch him black and blue!
 Now you have him, make him rue."

The fairies pinched him, and he ran away, crying for mercy, into the wood. Queen Mab then addressed her majesty :—

"Pardon, lady, this wild strain,
 Common to the sylvan train
 That do skip about this plain.
 Elves, apply to your gyre again;
 And whilst some do hop the ring,
 Some shall play, while some shall sing
 Oriana's welcoming.

SONG TO THE QUEEN.

"This is she, this is she,
 In whose world of grace,
 Every season, person, place,
 That receives her happy be.

¹ From these lines it appears that Anne of Denmark was expected at Althorpe on Midsummer-eve, but did not come till the evening of Midsummer-day.

For with no less
 Than a kingdom's happiness
 Doth she our households bless,
 And ours above the rest.

Long live Oriana! ¹

T' exceed (whom she succeeds) our late Diana."

The mask then led to the desirable incident of presenting the queen with a jewel, which was thus elegantly effected:—

"*Queen Mab.* Madame, now, an end to make,
 Deign a simple gift to take,
 Only for the fairies' sake,
 Who about you still shall wake.
 'Tis done only to supply
 His impaired courtesy,
 Who, since Thamyra did die,²
 Hath not brook'd a lady's eye,
 Nor allowed about his place
 Any of the female race.
 Only *we* are free to trace
 All his grounds, as he to chase;
 For which bounty to us lent,
 Of him un'knowledged or unsent,
 We prepared this compliment."

Mab then presented her majesty with the jewel, and after due warning that fairy-gifts were never to be mentioned, she and her elves performed fantastic roundels, and departed into the thicket with these words:—

"Highest, happiest queen, farewell!
 But be sure you do not tell."

The satyr, on the departure of his fair enemies, then skipped out of the wood, and, after some preamble, introduced the heir of sir Robert Spencer, a boy of twelve years old, leading a dog at the head of a troop of young

¹ Ben Jonson, the poet of Anne of Denmark, celebrated her under the names of Oriana and Bellanna. By "our late Diana," he alluded to queen Elizabeth.

² The grief of sir Robert Spencer for the loss of his beloved consort Thamyra, the daughter of sir Francis Willoughby, thus beautifully alluded to by Ben Jonson, was no poetic fiction. He lost her in 1597: she left him several children, but though he survived her thirty years, he never made a second choice. Sir Robert Spencer was ennobled soon after this elegant reception of the queen: he is supposed to have been absent at this juncture.—See Nichols's *Progresses of James I.*, vol. i. p. 182, for the whole of this rare mask.

foresters, the sons of the neighboring gentry, dressed in hunter's garb. The youthful lord was presented to prince Henry, and made obeisance to his royal guests, while the satyr pronounced these words:—

“See, for instance, where he sends
His son, his heir, who humbly bends,
Low as is his father's earth,
To the queen that gave you birth.
Rise up, sir, I will betray
All I think you have to say:
That your father gives you here
(Freely as to him you were)
To the service of this prince;
And with you, these instruments
Of his wild and sylvan trade.
The bow was Phœbe's, and the horn
By Orion often worn;
The dog of Spartan breed, and good
As can *ring* within a *wood*,—
Thence his name is; ¹ you shall try
How he hunteth instantly.
But perhaps the queen, your mother,
Rather doth affect some other
Sport than coursing? We will prove
Which her highness most doth love.
Hunters, let the woods resound;
They shall have their welcome crown'd
With a brace of bucks to ground.”

At this point, the woods of Althorpe rang with the music of horns, and a brace of fine deer being turned out, “were fortunately killed,” adds Ben Jonson, “just as they were meant to be, in the sight of her majesty queen Anne.”

The next day was Sunday, and it is emphatically noted that the queen rested. But little rest was there for her on the morrow, when the population of the mid-counties thronged to Althorpe and sought audience in such numbers that the rest of Ben Jonson's entertainment could not be heard or seen. A comic address was prepared, to be spoken by ‘Nobody,’ who ushered in a ballet of country morris-dancers. ‘Nobody’ was attired in a pair of trunk hose,

¹ The name of the dog presented to prince Henry was ‘Ringwood.’ The whole of this mask raises alternate remembrances of Shakspeare and Milton, but the *Midsummer Night's Dream* certainly preceded it.

which came up to his neck, his arms were put through the pockets, his face was extinguished with a hat that came down to his chin. His address commenced with:—

“If my outside move your laughter,
Pray, Jove, my inside be thereafter.
Queen, prince, duke, earls,
Countesses, you courtly pearls!
And I hope no mortal sin
If I put less ladies in:
Fair, saluted be ye all!
At this time it doth befall,
We are usher to a morris,
A kind of mask, whereof good store is
In the country here about.”

But here the throng of country gentry, pressing to pay their homage to their new queen, overwhelmed the morris-dancers above mentioned, and reduced Mr. Nobody to his original insignificance by cutting short the remainder of his harangue. There was likewise an address to the queen, prepared for a youth who headed a deputation of boys, the sons of the neighboring gentry:—

“And will you then, mirror of queens, depart?
Shall nothing stay you? Not my master’s heart,
Which pants to lose the comfort of your light,
And see his day, ere it be old, grow night?”

Prince Henry was then addressed:

“And you, dear lord, on whom my eager eye
Doth feed itself, but cannot satisfy;
Oh, shoot up fast in spirit as in years,
That when upon her head proud Europe wears
Her stateliest tire, you may appear thereon
The richest gem, without a paragon.
Shine bright and fixed as the Arctic star,
And when slow Time hath made you fit for war,
Look over the salt ocean, and think where
You may but lead us forth who grow up here,¹
Against a day when our officious swords
Shall speak our actions better than our words.”

Such was the first introduction to Anne of Denmark of the poetic genius of her era, which shone so brightly during

¹ It will be remembered, that these majestic verses were written for the young gentlemen of Northamptonshire, who were about the age of prince Henry.

the reigns of her husband and her son. To do her justice, she appreciated the noble powers of him who was only second to Shakspeare: Ben Jonson was henceforth the queen's poet *par excellence*, and the author of most of the beautiful masks with which she afterwards amused her court.

"From Althorpe," continues the journal of lady Anne Clifford, "the queen went to sir Hatton¹ Fermor's, where the king met her, and there were such an infinite company of lords and ladies, and other people, that the country scarcely could lodge them. From thence the court removed, and were banqueted with great royalty by my father [George earl of Cumberland] at Grafton, where the king and queen were entertained with speeches and delicate presents." Grafton, the ancient royal seat so linked to the memory of queen Elizabeth Woodville, was now the property of that splendid nobleman George Clifford, earl of Cumberland, who, with singular versatility, distinguished himself on land and sea as "chevalier at tournaments, ruffling gallant at court, gambler, author, pirate, and maritime discoverer." It may rationally be supposed that the "woman who owned him" *was* to be pitied! Such, indeed, was the case, for a few curious scenes took place at Grafton illustrative of the matrimonial infelicity of the redoubted Clifford of Cumberland's wedded lady while Anne of Denmark sojourned there. The countess of Cumberland, who had previously been received by her majesty very graciously, joined the royal party at Grafton, thinking that her lord, at such a time, could not deny her the proper privilege of doing the honors of her own house. She was mistaken: earl George merely tolerated the presence of the wife whom he hated. "My mother was at Grafton," says her daughter, lady Anne, "but not held as the mistress of the house by reason of the difference between my lord and her, which was grown to a great height." Besides playing the courteous host to his royal guests, earl George found time nearly to demolish Henry Alexander, one of their majesties' Scottish favorites, who ventured to break a lance with "Clifford

¹ Mr. Nichols, in his *Progresses*, says sir George Fermor.

of Cumberland" in the jousts, which formed part of the entertainment,—stirring employments for the hottest midsummer that ever shone on a royal progress! Lady Cumberland found no shelter for the night of the festival at Grafton, and took refuge with her daughter at Dr. Chaloner's, of Amersham, an old friend of her father the earl of Bedford. "The next day," resumes lady Anne, "many great ladies met the queen to kiss her hand." It was at Salden house, the seat of the Fortescues. She further observes, "that queen Anne gave great dissatisfaction for slighting the stately old dames of Elizabeth's court, and bestowing all her attention on young sprightly women of her own age." This, if impolitic, was by no means unnatural, since Anne was but twenty-eight when she became queen of England.

The royal progress ended at Windsor castle, where the king held a solemn chapter of the Garter, July 2d, when he made his son prince Henry knight of the order, with the duke of Lenox and other nobles. Half a century had elapsed since a king of England had held one of these high festivals. The prince was presented to his royal mother in his robes of the Garter, which he was considered especially to become. The queen's brother, the king of Denmark, was likewise elected to the order. The princess Elizabeth and lady Anne Clifford stood together in the shrine¹ in the great hall, to behold the feast; but it does not seem that the queen, her daughter, or ladies appeared in any way at this celebration, excepting as spectators. The queen held a great court at Windsor, where all the nobility of England were presented to her. The unhealthy state of the metropolis kept the court at a distance, the great heat of the weather having produced many instances of the plague.

The very day of the great Garter festival, the hatred and jealousy which had, during the progress, begun to show itself between the English and Scottish nobles broke out, and some sharp quarrels took place while they were settling themselves in their several lodgings in the royal castle; and when these feuds were, with much exertion, pacified, the

¹ This was, perhaps, some relic of Catholicism since removed.

next day the English nobles began to quarrel among themselves, and not only with one another, but with the queen herself. She, instead of feeling her way on the unknown ground, and with delicate tact accommodating differences rather than inflaming them, plunged boldly at once into a stock dispute on which party spirit still ran high, and expressed her opinion of the rash conduct of the late earl of Essex. The queen's observation was ungracious, if not ungrateful, for Essex had been a faithful supporter of king James's title to the throne of England. Lord Southampton, the friend of Essex, took fire, and retorted fiercely, that "If her majesty made herself a party against the friends of Essex, of course they were bound to submit; but none of their private enemies durst thus have expressed themselves." Lord Grey, of Wilton, a professed enemy of Essex, imagined that this defiance was peculiarly addressed to him. He made a sharp reply: the lie was exchanged on the spot between these fiery spirits, in the queen's presence, and a personal combat was likely to ensue. The queen, who was not celebrated for much foresight, had certainly not calculated on the result of her observation. She was astonished at the storm her careless words had raised on a sudden; but, nevertheless, assumed a tone of royal command, bade the belligerents "remember where they were," and forthwith ordered them off to their sleeping-apartments, escorted by her guards. Such was the inauspicious commencement of the career of Anne of Denmark as queen of England.

The next day the delinquents were summoned into the council-chamber at Windsor, and were severely lectured by the king for the wrong and injury they had offered to her majesty. They were, as a punishment, confined for a short time in the Tower, from whence the king had very recently released lord Southampton, who had been prisoner there since the execution of Essex. It is extremely probable that this quarrel was connected with the mysterious plot discovered a few days after, in which lord Grey, lord Cobham, sir Walter Raleigh, and the faction which had brought Essex to the block were deeply implicated. Their object was to prevent the coronation of the

king and queen, and effect a revolution in favor of lady Arabella Stuart. The king did not confine his reproofs to the contumacious English lords; he likewise blamed the queen for her hastiness. These circumstances gave rise to an angry epistle from her majesty, beginning with a stiff *Sir*, instead of her usual loving address to her regal spouse of *my Heart*. The witness to whom she appeals in her billet is sir Roger Aston,—a favorite and factotum in the royal household, who was, withal, the bearer of the despatch. Although her words would induce the supposition, she is certainly not angry with sir Roger Aston, but with the king himself for receiving one of the noblemen who had defied her, with whom his majesty considered it politic to remain on good terms. The queen's letter is much scribbled, being evidently written in an access of choler:—

QUEEN ANNE TO KING JAMES.¹

“SIR:—

“What I have said to sir Roger is *trew*: I could not but think it strange that any about your majesty durst presume to bring near where your matie is *on* [one] that had offered me such a publicke scorn, for honore *gois* [goes] befor lyfe, I must ever *thing*.² So *humble* [humbly] kissing your majestie's hands, I rest ever yours,

ANNA, R.

“I referre the rest to sir Roger.”

The approaching coronation fortunately absorbed all the queen's attention, and forced her to forget this wrangle with her new subjects. St. James's day was appointed for the ceremony, but fears of pestilence, and the discovery of the revolutionary plot of Cobham and Raleigh, threatened to diminish its splendors. The court had left Windsor castle and were abiding at Hampton Court, when several persons died of the plague in the tents pitched for the accommodation of some of the queen's servants at the gates of the palace. The king issued, in consequence, several sanitary proclamations, and, as much for fear of plots as of the plague, re-

¹ This is taken from the fac-simile published by the Maitland Club.

² The queen, in her flurry, has spelt this word first rightly, then wrongly; it is at first *think*, which she has scratched out. All the small words are spelt according to modern orthography, in general far better than the best of her contemporaries, excepting she has spelled ‘one’ *on*, a mistake which rendered the whole incoherent; but the sense is comprehensible if read according to the printed corrections.

quired the nobility to retrench their retinues to the smallest possible numbers, and the attendance of all those who had not positive claims and offices was declined. When their majesties removed to St. James's, about the 23d of July, the king made knights of the Bath for the occasion at that palace, instead of holding court for that purpose at the Tower. He forbade the usual fair to be held adjacent to the palace, called in ancient time 'St. James's fair,' lest the pestilence should be increased by it. These precautions were not without cause, for the plague, which had been dallying with London at various times, in unhealthy seasons, during the last years of Elizabeth's reign, now concentrated its powers, and began to rage in London, during the coronation week, with a violence only equalled by the pestilence called 'the black death' in the fourteenth century. The king's coronation, although a ceremony more than usually requisite in his case, had been delayed from time to time; and when it did take place, the ancient procession from the Tower, through the city to Westminster, was, for the first time, dispensed with on account of the infected state of the metropolis, to the infinite disappointment of the populace, who were extremely desirous of beholding their new king, his queen (still a young and pretty woman), and their children. The lamentations of London for this disappointment, and its cause, were not inelegantly rendered by Henry Petowe, in his poem on the coronation, called *England's Cæsar*.¹

"Thousands of treasure had her bounty wasted,
 In honor of her king to welcome him;
 But, woe is she! that honor is not tasted,
 For royal James on silver Thames doth swim.
 The water hath that glory,—for he glides
 Upon those pearly streams unto his crown,
 Looking with pity on her as he rides,
 Saying, 'Alas! she should have this renown!'
 So well he knew that woful London loved him,
 That her distress unto compassion moved him."

A promise was made that, after the pestilence had abated, the king, the queen, and prince Henry should visit the city,

¹ See the reprint of this scarce tract in Nichols's excellent work, the *Progresses of King James*.

and share in the high festival the civic authorities were to prepare for them; and this took place with great splendor in the succeeding spring. Thus the original procession of the English sovereign through the metropolis from the Tower, which had been observed from a very early period as a species of recognition by the citizens, was for the first time infringed through the accident of the plague.

No queen-consort had been crowned since the days of Anne Boleyn; neither had any king and queen been crowned together since Henry VIII. and Katharine of Arragon; yet the dreadful state of the pestilence restrained public curiosity so much that the august ceremony of the double coronation was almost performed in private. The royal party went by water the short distance between Whitehall stairs and privy stairs of Westminster palace on the morning of the coronation; their only processions were, therefore, the short distance between the abbey and the hall. A describer of the scene¹ mentions "that queen Anne went to the coronation with her seemly hair down-hanging on her princely shoulders, and on her head a crownet of gold. She so mildly saluted her new subjects that the women, weeping, cried out with one voice, 'God bless the royal queen! Welcome to England, long to live and continue!'"

At her coronation, queen Anne gave great scandal to her new subjects, by refusing to receive the sacrament according to the rites of the church of England,² which refusal caused her majesty to be grievously suspected of an "affection to popery." The religious pliability of the queen had been already too considerably tested; she had been required in Scotland to forsake the Lutheran faith, in which she had been educated, for the Calvinistic; now she was required to communicate with the church of England. If she thought three changes of creed too much even for three crowns, her moral principles were the more respectable. It ought to be added that the prelates of the English church were satisfied with her religious principles. "We have not the daughter of a Pharaoh, of an idolatrous king, nor fear we strange

¹ Gilbert Dugdale. See Nichols's Progresses, vol. i. p. 414.

² Birch's State-Papers, vol. ii. p. 504.

women to steal away king James's heart from God ; but a queen as of a royal, so of a religious stock, professing the gospel of Christ with him,—a mirror of true modesty, a queen of bounty, beloved by the people." This panegyric is from the pen of the bishop of Winchester.¹

A more rational suspicion was raised by the report of her having received a present of pictures and other trinkets from the pope, through sir Anthony Standon;² yet such ought not to have stamped her a Catholic, because, though the pope was the head of the Roman church, he was, at the same time, the patron of *vertu*, his metropolis being the centre of the fine arts, of which Anne of Denmark was an ardent patroness. But while the religious jealousies of the English people were thus excited in regard to their Lutheran queen, they imposed upon their king the same coronation-oath which Elizabeth had taken at her Catholic inauguration. He swore to preserve religion in the same state as did Edward the Confessor!³ The privy council and senate had every fair opportunity of arranging this oath similarly to that of Edward VI. before they admitted the king into England, if they had chosen so to do. How they expected their sovereign to make his oath and his practice consistent is an inexplicable riddle. Blood had been shed profusely, and more was to flow in persecution, in order to produce conformity with the established church, and yet such was the oath imposed on the Stuart sovereigns ! The only man who kept it was dethroned, and his line expatriated. Appalling as the wickedness of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries may be, the inconsistencies of legislature therein are still more astounding to the examiners of its documentary history.

¹ Preface to the Works of King James, 1616.

² Birch's State-Papers.

³ In Mr. Arthur Taylor's *Glories of Regality*, most ample proof is brought that such was the coronation-oath from the era of William the Conqueror till the Revolution, with the exception of Edward VI., whose oath was more consistent with a Protestant church. Sandford, the antiquarian, asserts the same fact.

ANNE OF DENMARK, QUEEN-CONSORT OF JAMES THE FIRST, KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER III.

The privileges of a queen-consort obsolete—Anne's council and household appointed—Sketches of her ladies in waiting—Maids of honor—Her manners to the people—Kindness to sir Walter Raleigh—Incidents of her city visit and abode at the Tower—Queen sends for prince Charles—Her magnificent masks—Birth of the princess Mary—The gunpowder plot—Queen Anne and lord Herbert—Birth of the queen's seventh child (Sophia)—Arrival of the queen's brother (Christiern IV.)—Royal revels at Theobalds—Queen calumniated thereon—Her weak health—King of Denmark's aquatic farewell banquet—Queen's encouragement of poetry and the fine arts—Magnificent pageant at the installation of Henry prince of Wales—His influence—Queen's aversion to Carr and Overbury—Attends a ship-launch with her son—Her despair at his decline and death—Marriage of her daughter Elizabeth—Queen's serious dejection—Tries the Bath waters—Her pecuniary difficulties—Her portraits—Her sylvan sports—Kills the king's favorite hound—Unexpected return of king Christiern—Queen patronizes George Villiers (duke of Buckingham)—Her bad taste in dress—Royal proclamation against farthing-gales—Mask at the Deptford boarding-school—Queen Anne befriends sir Francis Bacon—Dialogue with him—Intercedes for Raleigh—Her lingering illness at Hampton Court—Jealousy of her foreign attendants—Interview with the archbishop of Canterbury—Her confession of faith—Dialogue with the prince of Wales—Her death—Funeral—Epitaphs—Missing treasure.

UPWARDS of half a century had elapsed since a queen-consort had existed in England, and her privileges and endowments had become almost obsolete. An active inquisition was therefore instituted by king James, at his accession, regarding the lands and dower to which his consort was entitled. Sir Robert Cecil examined state documents as far back as the era of Katherine of Valois, queen of Henry V., but the dower of Katharine of Arragon proved the model from which that of Anne of Denmark was settled. The income of Katharine of Arragon, when queen, amounted to 5500*l.* per annum. The manors which pertained to this

dower were settled on Anne of Denmark, in addition to to which she had Somerset house, Hatfield, and the royal palaces of Pontefract and Nonsuch. This jointure amounted to 6376*l*. "The whole was to be expended," as Cecil remarks, "in wages to her servants, apparel to herself, and gratuities, the king charging himself with all her other expenses of household and stable." Anne still enjoyed her dower as queen of Scotland. Her private residence in London was Somerset house (named, after she became queen-consort, Denmark house), where she afterwards expended a large sum in improvements and embellishments. Twelve councillors were appointed to assist the queen in regulating the expenditure of her dower; and, according to the circular despatched to these functionaries, "Her princely desire and pleasure was signified, that when her majesty's abode was better settled, and the infection [of the the plague] was less rife, that the knights of her council should repair to court, there to kiss her royal hand, and to receive such charge for her service as would be thought advisable."¹

"Now," says a courtly correspondent, "I must give you a little touch of the feminine commonwealth, called the household of our queen. You must know, we have ladies of divers degrees of favor,—some for the private chamber [sitting-room], some for the drawing-chamber, some for the bedchamber, and some whose appointments have no certain station, and of these only are lady Arabella and my wife [lady Worcester]. My lady Bedford holdeth fast to the bedchamber; lady Hertford fain would, but her husband hath called her home. Lady Derby (the younger), lady Suffolk, lady Rich, lady Nottingham, lady Susan de Vere, lady Walsingham, (and of late) lady Southwell, for the drawing-chamber; all the rest for the private chamber, when they are not shut out, for many times the king and queen lock their doors. But the plotting and malice among these ladies is so great that I think envy hath tied an in-

¹ Lodge, vol. iii. pp. 62-70. Mr. Hitcham, of Gray's inn, was made the queen's attorney, and had her hand and signet to practise within the bar, and to take place next to king's counsel. Mr. Lowther was her solicitor.

visible snake about their necks, to sting each other to death. For the present, there are now five maids,—Carey, Middlemore, Woodhouse, Gargrave, and Roper; the sixth is determined, but not come. God send them good fortune, for as yet they have no mother!"¹ In Anne of Denmark's household was an office filled by an old lady, called "the mother of the maids,"—a functionary whose vocation was to keep the fair bevy in order.²

The gem and star of the court of queen Anne was lady Arabella Stuart. Her approximation was near to the throne of Scotland, while, by her descent from lady Margaret Douglas, she was next heir to that of England, after James I. and his family. Before king James arrived in England, the wild plot for setting lady Arabella on the throne of England had been concocted by sir Walter Raleigh, lord Cobham, lord Grey, and others of that faction which had brought the earl of Essex to the block in the preceding reign. It does not appear that the liberty taken with the name of lady Arabella by the conspirators had the slightest ill effect on the mind of James I.; so thoroughly convinced was he of her innocence, that he distinguished her with favor, and allowed her the rank, which was her due, of first lady at court next to his queen during the tutelage of the princess-royal.

While describing the queen's household, her private secretary and master of requests, Mr. William Fowler,³ must not be forgotten. How she came by so pragmatical a coxcomb in a station which required, at all times, good sense and delicate tact, is not exactly defined, but we suppose he was drafted from her Scotch establishment; and having a southern name, and connections long used to the English court, he was retained, when many a douce and faithful Scot was dismissed to humor the English jealousy. The passion of this presuming official for lady Arabella Stuart

¹ Lodge, vol. iii. pp. 83–96. Letters of the earl of Worcester, sir T. Edmondes, Mr. speaker Crew, etc.

² Ibid.

³ Thomas Fowler, an English spy, whose perfidious letters to Burleigh have been quoted, was one of James the First's gentlemen at the time of his marriage. Officials of the name of Fowler were likewise in the families of Edward VI. and lady Margaret Douglas.

formed the amusement of the court of Anne of Denmark. The following is a specimen of the mode in which Mr. secretary Fowler used to communicate the compliments, or commands, of his royal mistress queen Anne to the magistrates of the English court:—

“TO THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF SHREWSBURY.¹

“MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HONORS:—

“True it is that I did, with all respect, present your honors’ humble duties, accompanied with your fervent prayers, for and to her majesty, who not only lovingly accepted of them, but did demand of me ‘if I had any letters from your honors?’ Which being excused by me, through your reverent regards for her avoiding always presumption and importunity,² the queen answered, ‘that in case your honors had written unto her, she should have returned you answer in the same manner;’ and I had commission to assure both your honors ‘of her constant affections towards you, both in absence and in time coming.’ So that your honors shall do well to continue her *purchased* [obtained] affection by such officious insinuations, which will be thankfully embraced; to which, if I may give or bring any increase, I shall think me happy in such occasions to serve and honor you.”

After the coronation the king and queen dined at the lodge at Ditchley, with sir Henry Lee, on their progress to Woodstock palace, where they remained till the middle of September. Yet the pestilence seemed to pursue their steps, and again great alarm was occasioned by several servants dying of the plague in the tents at the palace gate-ways. The queen’s court was, nevertheless, brilliant with foreign ambassadors-extraordinary, who came on errands of congratulation. Count Aremberg was sent to compliment her on the king’s accession from the sovereigns of Flanders, the archduke Albert, and the infanta Clara Eugenia: he presented her with the miniatures of their imperial highnesses, most excellently drawn.³ The Spanish ambassador, too, was in attendance; and, sad to say, was in far greater favor with queen Anne and her ladies than the illustrious Sully, who (under the title of the marquess of Rosny) had lately been on especial embassy of congratulation from his master, Henry the Great. Queen Anne, and even the

¹ Lodge’s Illustrations, vol. iii.

² He merely meant to say that he had told the queen he had brought no letters from either lord or lady Shrewsbury.

³ Letter of lady Arabella Stuart; Lodge’s Illustrations, vol. iii. p. 26.

highly-gifted Arabella joined in preferring to Sully the ambassador of Spain,—a coxcomb of the first water, who distributed embroidered Spanish gloves to the ladies, and perfumed leather jerkins to the gentlemen of the queen's court, a mode of proceeding which made him very popular with them. So much for the appreciation of contemporaries! They preferred this flatterer to "him of the pen and the sword," the warrior-statesman and historian of his times, whose renown is as immortal as that of his royal master and friend Henry the Great, and, in truth, is far better deserved.

The brother of queen Anne, Ulric duke of Holstein, had arrived to congratulate his sister. He was reckoned comely, but was suspected by the English of poverty,—a deadly sin in the seventeenth century. Duke Ulric was charmed with lady Arabella, who only laughed at his wooing, and called him 'the Dutchkin' to her familiar friends. Although she flouted the brother, she cherished a sincere esteem for his royal sister, whom she considered the only person whose manners were unexceptionable at her own court. The queen became very popular in Oxfordshire, by graciously acknowledging the acclamations and blessings of the people when she rode out, taking off her mask¹ whenever they thronged round her, and speaking to them courteously, after the example of queen Elizabeth. Lady Arabella deprecated the idea of "telling tales out of the queen's coach;" but this intelligence is gathered out of her charming letters, which rival those of madame de Sévigné.

The whole court removed to Winchester palace on the 17th of September, where they were obliged to spend the entire autumn,—perhaps for personal security, for the king and council determined that the conspirators of the Raleigh-Cobham plot should be tried at Winchester. These precautions imply that this conspiracy was really more dangerous than it has been considered in after-times. The king and his council were wholly absorbed in deep deliberation on this dismal occasion; and the abode of the queen

¹ The fashion of masks, worn by the ladies to preserve the complexion in riding or hunting, had been prevalent from the earliest years of Elizabeth's reign.

and her ladies in the antique quarter of Winchester palace, called 'the queen's side,' was very dull, and devoid of amusement. In November the conspirators were brought from the Tower to Winchester in coaches, when the populace pelted Raleigh with tobacco-pipes.¹ The king had contrived a curious drama in real life, in the course of which, when the conspirators condemned to death were brought on the scaffold, they were separately reprieved from death by means of a warrant written by the king's hand, and sent by his faithful servant Johnnie Gibb. It was the first time such an experiment of mercy had been tried by an English sovereign, but had king James decimated half the villages in a county, so much abuse would certainly have not been levelled at him by historians who wrote in his century, as for this act. The sentences of these conspirators, who, to use their own words, had agreed to "kill the king and his cubs," were commuted either to banishment or imprisonment. Raleigh was not among those publicly reprieved, and his sentence remained to be put in force against him at pleasure. The queen regarded him with pity and interest, and he owed most of his indulgences to her intercession,² through which, though a prisoner in the Tower circle, he retained not only his actual property, but his income of 200*l.* per annum as governor of Jersey.

¹ Lodge's Illustrations, vol. iii. p. 15. George Brooke and the priests had been put to death at Winchester previously. Raleigh was, during the last years of Elizabeth, one of the most unpopular men in England.

² Sir Walter Raleigh's own words, regarding the protection the queen extended to him, are as follow, in a letter of his to secretary Winwood, quoted in Howell's Remarkable Trials in Great Britain, p. 134:—"The queen's majesty informed herself from the *beginning*, of the nature of my offences; and the king of Denmark, her brother, at both times of his being here, was thoroughly satisfied of mine innocency; they would never otherwise have moved his majesty on my behalf." He likewise mentioned the interest prince Henry took in him, and added, "The wife, brother, and son of a king do not use to sue for men suspect[ed]." This quotation is by no means brought forward as a proof that Raleigh was innocent of the conspiracy for which he was tried, but to show that queen Anne took pity on him at the time when he was so cruelly browbeaten and reviled by Coke on his trial. Coke was not Raleigh's judge, according to the common version of history, but the attorney-general, who pleaded on the side of the crown against the conspirators. His judge was lord chief-justice Anderson, who behaved with more decency towards him.

Queen Anne and her ladies, while king James and his councillors were deliberating on the delinquencies of this plot, were dull and moped, immured in Winchester palace. To enliven the long November evenings, the queen and her maidens constituted a mistress of the revels, and all the ladies were forced to tax their youthful recollections, in order to furnish some babyish play that might be new to the rest of the court. They played at "Rise, pig, and go;" "One penny follow me;" and "I pray, my lord, give me a course in your park," and another game called "Fire!"¹ They began these amusements at twilight, and did not cease till supper-time. Such were the queenly diversions of Anne of Denmark when oppressed with *ennui* in the antique palace of Winchester. The only pastimes the queen had at this time were the entertainments she received at Basing house, where that experienced courtier the marquess of Winchester gave some grand fêtes, and her majesty was pleased to dance indefatigably. At these balls the king's fair kinswoman, the lady Margaret Stuart, conquered the valiant heart of the ancient hero of the Armada, lord Howard of Effingham. This lady and the queen were never on the best of terms, and we shall see, hereafter, that their differences rose to a great height. The king made himself exceedingly busy in promoting the marriage of his blooming cousin of nineteen with the great captain, who had outnumbered the years allotted to man by the Psalmist. Anne of Denmark surveyed the whole comedy, in which her king was a very active agent, with a degree of laughing scorn, as we may gather from her lively billet to her royal spouse, whom she designates as Mercury, and the lady Margaret and her mature lover as Mars and Venus:—

QUEEN ANNE TO THE KING.²

"Your majesty's letter was welcome to me. I have been as glad of the fair weather as yourself. In the last part of your letter you have guessed right that

¹ Autograph letter of lady Arabella Stuart, quoted in Nichols's *Progresses of King James*, vol. iv.; Appendix.

² The fac-simile, from the original (a very well-written holograph), may be seen in the *Letters of the Family of James VI.*, published by the Maitland Club.

I would laugh. Who would not laugh both at the persons and the subject? but more so at so well-chosen a Mercury between Mars and Venus; and you know that women can hardly keep counsel.

"I humbly desire your majesty to tell me how I should keep this secret that have already told it, and shall tell it to as many as I speak with. If I were a poet, I would make a song of it, and sing it to the tune of 'Three fools well met.' So, kissing your hands, I rest

Your

"ANNA, R."

The Christmas festivals atoned for the dismal manner in which her majesty spent the autumn, by a commencement of those magnificent masks and ballets for which the court of Anne was afterwards so much celebrated. Sir Thomas Edmondes wrote to the earl of Shrewsbury that a very grand ballet was in preparation. "Both the king and the queen's majesty have a humor to have some masks this Christmas-time: the young lords and the gentlemen took one part, and the queen and her ladies the other. As there was great ingenuity in the ballet, Mr. Sanford had the drilling of the noble dancers. I have been at sixpence charge to send you the book."¹ This was the programme of the ballet, in which was noted the names of the ladies who acted the parts of goddesses; but this little pamphlet was a contraband article, suppressed by the king as soon as beheld in print. "The king dined abroad with the Florentine ambassador, who was, with his majesty, at the play last night, and then supped with my lady Rich² in her chamber. The French queen [Mary de Medicis] hath sent our queen a very fine present, but not yet delivered, in regard she was not well these two days, and came not abroad. One part is a cabinet very cunningly wrought, and inlaid all over with musk and ambergris, which maketh a sweet savor; and in every box was a different present of jewels and flowers, for head-tiring."³ The excellence of French artificial flowers, for ladies' caps, is thus proved to be coeval with Camden, Spelman, and Stowe,—that elder race of antiquarian-historians, who have perversely neglected to leave any information on so important a subject.

¹ Lodge's Illustrations, vol. iii.

² This was Penelope, the sister of Essex, who has been frequently mentioned in the preceding biography.

³ Lodge.

Gifts from the queen of Spain were likewise presented to the queen: one of them a gown of murrey-colored satin, ornamented with cut leather, gilded. The Spanish ambassador continued to pay assiduous court to the queen, to the great jealousy and anger of the French resident ambassador, Villeroi, who declares that the Spaniard, being discontented with a seat on the queen's left hand, went round and took a place at her right hand among all her ladies, who regarded his intrusion with displeasure and astonishment. Astonished they might be; but it appears, by contemporary court letters, that this Spanish ambassador was a very general favorite with the queen's ladies.

The king and queen redeemed their promise of paying a visit to the city, in lieu of the Tower procession delayed by the pestilence at the coronation. The 15th of March was the day appointed for this grand festival. Two days previously, the king brought the queen privately in a coach, on his way to the Tower, to examine Gresham's Exchange, and see the merchants on their separate walks without being known. This plan was in some degree frustrated by the London populace recognizing their majesties; giving a great shout, they began to run about and crowd on them, so that the queen was much alarmed at their unruly conduct, and the attendants had much ado to shut the Exchange gates on the mob, and bar the doors to the stairs that led to the upper stories. From one of the windows the king and queen had a view of the assembled merchants, who kept their stations, and, though aware of the royal visit, appeared to be conferring on business. With this sight the royal pair expressed themselves infinitely pleased, and James declared "that it was a goodly thing to behold so many persons, of various nations, met together in peace and good-will." An observation highly creditable to James, and which placed his pacific character in a more respectable light than history usually views it; but the philosophy of modern times will do better justice to such sentiments than an age in which "revenge, and all ferocious thoughts" were virtues. The king further observed, "That when he next came to visit his people, he hoped they would not run

here and there as if possessed, ramping as though they meant to overthrow him and his wife ;” and recommended, “ that, like his good^d douce lieges of Edinburgh, they would stand still, be quiet, and see all they could,”—advice which ought never to be obsolete to a sight-loving people.

That day the king and queen arrived at the Tower, where they visited the Mint; and the king, with his own hand, coined some money, and made the queen do the same. They then went to see the lions, when James expressed a wish for a lion-bait for the amusement of the queen and his young son, as well as for his own diversion. The queen, who was a very great huntress, and therefore used to sights of cruelty, did not make the objection she ought to have done, and the savage exhibition took place, with some dogs which were brought over from the Bear-garden, in Southwark, to fight the lions.¹ Such were the diversions during the royal sojourn at the Tower, which lasted till the day of the grand procession through the city to Westminster. An extraordinary display of pageantry then took place, with which the queen and her young son expressed as much delight as any of the humble spectators. Prince Henry could not restrain his glee, and the bows and smiles with which he greeted his father’s new subjects obtained for him a degree of popularity which his real worth of character rendered afterwards permanent. It would be as tedious a task to narrate as to peruse the description of these entertainments, yet a trait or two may be detached as amusing illustrations of manners and costume. At the Conduit, Cheapside, was a grand display of tapestry, gold cloth and silks; and before the structure “a handsome apprentice was appointed, whose part it was to walk backwards and forwards in his flat-cap and usual dress, address-

¹ Gilbert Dugdale, whose description of these pageants may be read at length (reprinted from a scarce tract) in Nichols’s *Progresses of King James*, vol. i. The old custom of the king of England, and his queen and family, sojourning for some nights at the Tower after his accession, was only altered after the demolition by Cromwell of the royal lodgings at the Tower. Gilbert Dugdale notices that all the prisoners, sir Walter Raleigh, lord Grey, and Cobham, were sent out of the Tower, and drafted to the Marshalsea and other prisons while the royal visit took place.

ing the passengers with his shop-cri for custom of, 'What d'ye lack, gentles? what will you buy? Silks, satins, or tuff-taffetas?' He then broke into premeditated verse:—

"But stay, bold tongue! I stand at giddy gaze;
Be dim, mine eyes! what gallant train are here,
That strikes minds mute, puts good wits in a maze?
Oh, 'tis our king, royal king James, I say!
Pass on in peace, and happy be thy way,
Live long on earth, and England's sceptre away.

"Thy city, gracious king, admires thy fame,
And all within pray for thy happy state,—
Our women for thy queen, Anne, whose rich name
To their created bliss has sprung of late.
If women's wishes may prevail, thus being,
They wish you both long lives and good agreeing."

It has been before observed that the queen left her second son, prince Charles, at her palace of Dunfermline, where he was languishing under delicate health, occasioned, very probably, by the bad mode of nursing prevalent at this time, which regularly killed two-thirds of the children born into the world. Sir Robert Carey, whose headlong career into Scotland with the news of the death of his royal kinswoman, queen Elizabeth, had by no means been rewarded according to his own ideas of his deserts, had taken into his head a notion, by way of speculation, of attaching himself to this young prince,—a desperate proceeding, since, sickly as Charles was, in the cold, blighting air of his native north there did not seem a remote chance of his surviving to attain the graceful stature and fine constitution which afterwards distinguished him. Sir Robert Carey had made an officious journey to Scotland, in order to pay his court to this royal infant, and he brought to queen Anne doleful accounts of his crippled state. The queen, of course, was anxious, in this case, that her poor child should be near her, and entreated king James to send for "baby Charles," instead of permitting him to remain in Scotland, as intended, for the purpose of retaining the attachment of the northern people to his family. Lord and lady Dunfermline were commanded to bring prince Charles to England in the summer of 1604, and the queen, desirous of embracing her

sickly little one, set out on progress to meet him. She had advanced as far as Northamptonshire, and was at the seat of sir George Fermor, when "baby Charles" arrived safely under the escort of his noble governor and governess, and of sir Robert Carey. The royal infant was between three and four years old, and if the representations of sir Robert Carey be not exaggerated, it was to the exertions of lady Carey, and to her sensible management, that the preservation of Charles I. from deformity may be attributed. The description of the manner in which lady Carey guarded her young charge from the injurious experiments which the indiscreet affection of king James urged him to inflict on this suffering child is replete with a lesson of great utility, by proving how far patient care and excellent nursing, aided by the bland hand of nature, are superior to surgical operations in restoring the tender organs of children, injured by disease or bad treatment. The queen deserves the full credit of choosing so excellent a foster-mother for her afflicted child as lady Carey.

"The queen, by the approbation of the lord chancellor," wrote sir Robert Carey in his memoirs, "made choice of my wife to have the care and keeping of the duke of York. Those who wished me no good were glad of it, thinking, if the duke were to die in our charge (his weakness being such as gave them great cause to suspect it), then we should be thought unfit to remain at court after. When the little duke was first delivered to my wife, he was not able to go, nor scarcely to stand alone, he was so weak in his joints, especially in his ankles, insomuch many feared they were out of joint. Many a battle my wife had with the king, but she still prevailed. The king was desirous that the string under his tongue should be cut, for he was so long beginning to speak that he thought he would never have spoken. Then he would have him put into iron boots, to strengthen his sinews and joints; but my wife protested so much against them both that she got the victory, and the king was fain to yield." The queen firmly supported lady Carey in all her judicious arrangements, and the king found contention against the will of two ladies unavailing,

especially when they decidedly had the best of the argument.¹ The consequence was that, as sir Robert Carey says, "Prince Charles grew daily more and more in health and strength, both of body and mind, to the amazement of many who knew his weakness when she first took charge of him. The queen rejoiced much to see him prosper as he did, and my wife, for her diligence, which was indeed great, was well esteemed of both her and the king, as appeared by the rewards bestowed upon us."

The king, in the autumn of 1604, established himself at his hunting-seat at Royston, in Essex, where his queen, whose passion for the chase equalled if not exceeded his own, used to visit him and share in the sports of the field. Her brother, duke Ulric, still continued his long visit in England. He was invited to remain till after the accouchement of the queen, because he was to stand sponsor to her infant. "He lodgeth in the court in my lord treasurer's lodging,² and his company in my lord of Derby's house, in Canon row. He hath twenty dishes of meat allowed every meal, and certain of the guard bring him the same, and attend therewith. To-morrow the king goeth towards Royston, and this duke [of Holstein] with him, for fourteen days."

The little prince Charles, who had been called duke of York since his father's accession to the English crown, was, on Twelfth-day, 1605, formally installed as such. Several knights of the Bath were created on this occasion; among others, the royal boy himself, who, though he had just completed his fourth year, could not walk in the procession, but was carried in the arms of the lord admiral, the venerable hero of the Armada.³ The queen celebrated this gala-day by a performance at the banqueting-house, which was no other than Ben Jonson's celebrated mask of 'Blackness,' in which her majesty and ladies chose to sustain the char-

¹ Had the queen and lady Carey read and studied Dr. Arnott's work, the *Elements of Physics*, they could not have coincided better with the precepts of that great physician and physiologist.

² Lodge, etc., vol. iii. p. 106; letter of lord Lumley.

³ Winwood's Memorials, vol. ii. p. 43.

acters of twelve nymphs, daughters of the river Niger. At the upper end of the banqueting-room she was seated on a throne, made like a great scallop-shell: she was attired like a Moor, with her face blacked; likewise her hands and arms above the elbows. Her ladies surrounded her in the same disagreeable costume, which was considered by sir Dudley Carleton as excessively unbecoming; "for who," as he wrote, "can imagine an uglier sight than a troop of lean-cheeked Moors?" She danced in this disguise that evening with the Spanish ambassador, who did not forget to kiss the royal hand, notwithstanding its assumed ebony hue, which the bystanders mischievously hoped would leave part of its coloring on his lips.¹ It was unwise of the queen to adopt a costume which hid her ivory skin, and revealed the thinness of her face. She had fine hair, and bright brown eyes; but these personal advantages were completely compromised in the mask of 'Blackness,' in which, however, the beauty of the poetry somewhat atoned for the obscuration of the charms of the court belles.

A foreigner,² who visited England at the accession of James, draws an unfavorable portrait of the queen. He says:—"She has an ordinary appearance, and lives remote from public affairs. She is very fond of dancing and entertainments. She is very gracious to those who know how to promote her wishes; but to those whom she does not like, she is proud, disdainful—not to say insupportable." On the other hand, cardinal Bentivoglio was in ecstasies at her grace and beauty, and, above all, her fluency in speaking the Italian language. It would be difficult to ascertain what sort of persons Anne and the king her husband were from the descriptions of contemporaries, so strongly did prejudice

¹ Winwood's Memorials, vol. ii. p. 43. His grace the duke of Devonshire has in his possession two books, which were the original sketch-books of Inigo Jones, used in the composition of his masks. The figures, spiritedly drawn, seem to be the original designs, which were afterwards copied out fair, and sent to the queen and her ladies as the models by which they were to be attired. The queen appears in various characters in this precious manuscript, likewise lady Arabella. Among the different allegorical characters, the element of 'Fire' is very curiously personified.

² Molino on England.—See Raumer's Contributions to History, p. 461.

imbue every pen. There is no reason to suppose that cardinal Bentivoglio was inclined to flatter James I., for he mentions, with much displeasure, "his hostility to Catholics;" yet he describes his person in very different colors from the sectarian authors of the same century. "The king of England," he says, "is above the middle height, of a fair and florid complexion, and very noble features, though in his demeanor and carriage he manifests no kind of grace or kingly dignity."

The accouchement of her majesty was hourly expected in March, 1605. Such events had been of rare occurrence at the court of England, Jane Seymour being the last queen who had given birth to a royal infant. In the lapse of a large portion of a century, old customs relating to the royal lying-in chamber had been forgotten, though queen Anne's household were, on this occasion, very active in collecting all reminiscences of such occasions. Sir Dudley Carleton wrote to secretary Winwood thus on the subject:—"Here is much ado about the queen's down-lying, and great suit made for offices of carrying the white staff, door-keeping, cradle-rocking, and such like gossips' tricks, which you should understand better than I do." A grand court was kept at Greenwich throughout March, and prayers were daily said in every church for her majesty's safety. She was in her withdrawing-room at Greenwich palace on Sunday the 7th of April, and on the following day gave birth to a princess, named Mary, in memory of its unfortunate grandmother, Mary queen of Scots, whose tomb king James ordered to be commenced at Westminster on the very day of his little daughter's birth. The young princess, whose entry into life was thus connected with the memory of the dead, did not reach her third year. The new-born lady Mary was baptized in the chapel of the palace at Greenwich. This was the first baptism in the reformed church of an English royal infant, for we have shown that Elizabeth and Edward VI., however champions of the Protestant cause, were certainly christened according to the Roman Catholic ritual. Lady Arabella Stuart was the godmother of the infant Mary Stuart, assisted by the countess of Northumberland; the

godfather was Ulric duke of Holstein, the queen's brother and Arabella's contemned lover. The ceremony was, in all points, performed according to the church of England, and when it was over, Garter king-at-arms, making a low reverence to the king, who stood at the chapel-closet window, rehearsed the title of "the high and noble lady Mary." The sewers then brought in voiders of wine and confections, and the noble train formed their homeward procession towards the queen's apartments, across "the conduit court," the gifts of the sponsors being carried by six earls.

The queen was churched the following Whit-Sunday. First the king went into the royal closet at Greenwich chapel, and heard a sermon by the bishop of Chichester; he then proceeded to the chapel, offered at the altar, and withdrew himself behind a curtain on the right side. Queen Anne came from her chamber, attended by a grand train of her ladies, and was supported to the altar between her brother, the duke of Holstein, and the king's relative, the duke of Lenox. She made low reverence before the altar, and offered her *bezant*,¹ and then retired behind a curtain on the left of the altar, and, kneeling, returned thanksgivings for health and safety, according to the form prescribed in the Common Prayer by the church of England, which finished with anthems, sung to organ, cornet, and sackbut. At the conclusion, king James and queen Anne came forth from curtained seats and met before the altar, where they affectionately saluted and greeted each other, and the king handed the queen to his presence-chamber door.² The queen's personal demeanor in this ceremonial was evidently prescribed by an etiquette of great antiquity, as may be gathered from the coin named as her offering; this was little known in Europe after the era of the crusades, though the term *bezant* still lurks among heraldic nomenclature.

With the 'gunpowder plot,' the history of Anne of Denmark is little connected, excepting that she is usually enumerated among the intended victims; but this must have

¹ An ancient coin, current through Europe during the existence of the Greek empire.

² Nichols's Progresses, vol. i. p. 514.

depended on the circumstance of whether she meant to accompany the king and her son at the ceremonial of opening parliament, November 5, 1605. It is certain that, although the intentions of the conspirators were revealed as to their projected disposal of the queen's younger children, Elizabeth and Charles, there was no mention of her, or of her infant daughter Mary. The terrors of this plot have been rendered farcical by the absurd mummary which has celebrated its anniversary down to our times. To appreciate the appalling effect it must have had on the royal family, the murderous gunpowder plot in Scotland should be remembered, which occurred February, 1567-68, at the kirk of Field,—a plot which succeeded in destroying the life of the king's father, lord Darnley, and which his mother, queen Mary, ever earnestly protested was laid against *her* life likewise, had not the chance of her unexpected absence preserved her, to endure the worse effects of the calumny attending it till death. The discontented Roman Catholic gentlemen who planned the 5th of November plot must have been greatly encouraged by the triumphant prosperity that attended its precursor, hatched by the more cunning brains of Murray, Morton, and Bothwell. A thanksgiving for the preservation of king, prince, lords, and commons, who were all to have been destroyed, at one fell swoop, by the explosion of the mine beneath the antique white-hall of Westminster palace, was, as every one knows, added to our liturgy by the king, as head of the church, with the aid of the episcopacy. This was the second service of the kind which occurred in the course of every year of the reign of James I., all the court, and as many of the people as were very loyally disposed, being expected to fast and pray, and listen to sermons a few hours' long, every 5th of August, in memory of the king's preservation from the Gowry conspiracy.

Before the queen obtained possession of Theobalds, she usually passed her summers (when not on progress) at Greenwich palace, where her two youngest children were born. Here she was residing when lord Herbert of Cherbury, who afterwards implicated her majesty's name in his

conceited autobiography, returned from his travels. He brought with him a scarf, wrought by the hands of the princess of Conti, as a present from her to queen Anne. Such a token it was understood, in the code of gallantry, was designed as a challenge for the gentlemen of England to tilt with sharp lances, in honor of the beauty of both princesses. Lord Herbert, on his arrival, sent the scarf to queen Anne, through her favorite maid, Mary Middlemore.¹ The queen commanded lord Herbert to attend her, that she might consult him respecting the message of the French princess. She asked many questions of her ladies regarding this noble, who was not only the great literary lion of his era, but had attracted unusual notice by making himself and his gallant adventures the theme of all he said. He was ostensibly much alarmed lest the queen should be too much devoted to him, for he believed she was already in love with him by report. He declares, too, in his memoirs, that she had obtained a picture of him, painted surreptitiously. He very affectedly declined the interview of explanation regarding the scarf, deeming it an assignation. "God knoweth," he says, "I declined to come, not for honest reasons, but, to speak ingenuously, because such affection had passed between me and another, the fairest lady of her time, so that nothing could divert it!" Out on such vanity! As if a queen of England could not wish to behold a literary lion, who had made himself, as much by his egotism as his talents, the theme of every tongue around her, without being in love with him!

Lord Herbert had drawn much court gossip on himself by an exploit in defence of Mary Middlemore. This damsel was sitting reading in the queen's apartments at Greenwich palace, when one of the king's Scotch gentlemen of the bedchamber surprised her, and carried off, against her inclination, a top-knot from her hair, and henceforth wore

¹ The king afterwards granted a patent for Mary Middlemore, maid of honor to his beloved consort queen Anne, to search for treasure among the ruins of the abbeys of Glastonbury, Romsey, and Bury St. Edmund's. It is probable that the queen, who, being very profuse, was always in distress for money (particularly towards the end of her life), was the real instigator of a treasure-seeking expedition, worthy only of the renowned Doustersawivel.

it, despite of all her remonstrances, twisted in his hat-band. Lord Herbert, who was panting for an opportunity of showing off his knight-errantry, hearing the bitter complaints of the aggrieved damsel, demanded the top-knot of the Scotch lover, who contumaciously refused to surrender it, on which lord Herbert seized him by the throat and almost strangled him. These antagonists were dragged asunder by their friends, lest they should incur the penalty of losing their hands by striking in the royal palace. They exchanged a cartel to fight unto death in Hyde park, but the king and the council tamed their pugnacity with the wholesome infliction of a month's confinement in the Tower. Neither would the king suffer the tilting *à l'outrance* to take place in honor of the queen's beauty, or that of the princess of Conti, and very much in the right he was. "Na, na," said the philosophic monarch, "thae madcaps may seek their diversion otherways than breaking the peace of my kingdom, and their awn fules' heads at the same time; though the best that can be said of their body-armor is, that it not only keeps its wearer from being hurt himself, but prevents him from doing vera great harm to any ane else."

The queen was confined at Greenwich, June 22, 1606, with her seventh child, a daughter; she was herself very ill and weak for some time afterwards. The infant only lived to be christened Sophia, the name of the queen's mother. The child was buried privately, being carried up the Thames, from Greenwich palace to Westminster abbey, in a funeral barge covered with black velvet.

The queen's brother, Christiern IV., king of Denmark, had been expected daily about the same time; but contrary winds detained his navy till July 16th, when the queen was far from convalescent. He landed at Greenwich palace stairs with king James, who had travelled from Oatlands to Gravesend, where the Danish ships anchored. The king of Denmark went direct to his sister's chamber, and a very tender interview between these long-parted but affectionate relatives took place. The royal Dane is described by those who saw him as a person of stately presence, though but of middle height; he was, in face and complexion, so like

his sister queen Anne that a painter who had seen the one could easily draw the picture of the other. His dress was black, slashed with cloth of silver; round his hat he wore a band of gold, shaped like a coronet, studded with precious stones.¹

The two kings were invited to a grand festival at Theobalds, which was then the favorite seat of the prime-minister, Cecil earl of Salisbury. The revellings there were disgraced by scenes of intemperance, which have acquired an historical celebrity. Hitherto the refined, though rather fantastical, tastes of the queen had given a tone of elegance to the British court, and public decorum had never been very flagrantly violated by the inclination king James and his Scottish peers felt to indulge in riotous carouses. The queen was, perforce, absent at this time, and her husband and brother gave themselves up to unrestrained intoxication. Unfortunately, some writers of the last century, too eager in their attacks on royalty to be very accurate in their comparison of time and place, have accused poor queen Anne of the derelictions from propriety committed at Theobalds by a certain queen, who, having swallowed deeper potations than became her, when performing in a mask reeled against the steps of king Christiern's throne, and threw the salver of refreshments it was her business to present into his majesty's bosom. This queen was, however, only the queen of Sheba, personated by a female domestic of the earl of Salisbury, and not the queen of Great Britain, as any person may ascertain who takes the trouble of reading sir John Harrington's letter,² this being the sole document on which modern authors have founded the widely-spread accusation of inebriety against Anne of Denmark. Her habitual delicate health, and her etiquette of mourning for her infant, occasioned her to be a recluse in her lying-in chamber, where her month's retirement was not completed at the very time when these uproarious revel-

¹ From a contemporary letter, quoted in Nichols's *Progresses of James I.*, vol. ii. p. 53.

² *Nugæ Antiquæ*, by sir John Harrington; likewise quoted in Nichols's *Progresses*.

ries were held by her king and brother, to mark their temporary escape from the wholesome restraints of a female court. Theobalds, indeed, has been constantly connected with the name of Anne of Denmark, but it was not in her possession until a year after the visit of her brother; she could not, therefore, be accountable for the orgies performed there, while secluded in a chamber of illness and mourning at Greenwich palace.

Both the kings came from Theobalds to Greenwich, to be present at the churching of the queen, which took place there August 3d,—another sure proof that her majesty may be acquitted of all blame connected with the revels at Theobalds. It is expressly affirmed, that even so late as August 4th “she had not been partaker of any of their kingly sports.”¹ The first day on which she took part in any festivity was Sunday, the 10th of August, when she went down the Thames with her son, her brother, and king James, to assist at a splendid aquatic banquet held on board the ‘Elizabeth,’ one of the largest of the English ships stationed at Chatham. The ship was hung with cloth of gold on this occasion; the queen and her royal party dined in a beautiful pavilion fitted up in the orlop deck. They went on shore at Upnor castle, and the queen stopped on Windmill hill, whence a noble view of the whole navy was seen. There the king of Denmark left them, and went on board his own fleet for the night, that he might make preparations for a grand farewell fête he meant to give his sister on board the ships of her native country. In the morning, by ten, the queen, her son, and husband arrived at the side of the largest ship, which bore the flag of the Danish admiral, and was then riding at anchor before Gravesend. “It was a gallant ship, of very high and narrow building; the beak, the stern, and three galleries were richly gilded, and the waist and half-deck hung with arras and adorned with costly ornaments. Here the queen and her spouse were feasted by her royal brother: as they sat at the banquet they pledged each other to their continuing amity, and at every pledge drank, the same was known straightway by

¹ See Nichols’s *Progresses of King James*, vol. ii. pp. 88, 89.

sound of drum and trumpet, and cannon's loudest voice, beginning ever with the Danish admiral, seconded by the English block-houses, prolonged by the Danish vice-admiral, and echoed by the six other Danish ships, ending with the smallest." How minutely has Shakspeare followed this Danish etiquette of drinking royal healths:—

"No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell;
And the king's rouse the heavens shall bruit again,
Then speaking earthly thunder."

The king of Denmark concluded his entertainment with a wonderful pageant, a firework contrived by himself, which would have certainly proved the finest display of pyrotechny ever seen in England, if it had had but Egyptian darkness to set off its merits. Unfortunately, the exigence of the royal departure forced it to be ignited in a splendid August afternoon, and it was still cracking and snapping, three-quarters of an hour afterwards, when queen Anne and king James, with streaming eyes, bade farewell to their loving brother, king Christiern.

At this leave-taking the queen was involved in a most vexatious misunderstanding between her brother king Christiern and the aged hero of the Armada, lord Nottingham, who, being lord admiral of England, had the command of the ship which was to take king James and the queen back to Woolwich. Lord Nottingham came on the deck of the Danish admiral to inform his royal master, in his professional capacity, "that if he did not take leave directly, and return on board his own vessel, he would lose the benefit of the tide up the river, which served at four o'clock." The king of Denmark told him, in his own language, "that it was but two o'clock, therefore he need not lose his sister yet." The lord high-admiral understood no Danish, and king Christiern no English. The royal Dane had, therefore, recourse to signs; he showed him (the admiral) that it was but two by his watch. The lord high-admiral, who was not in the best of humors, still urged the departure of his king and queen. The queen came to her brother's assistance in this dilemma, where he stood on the deck, with his watch

in one hand, and holding up two fingers of the other, to signify it was but two o'clock. The queen laughed heartily, probably at her brother's perplexity; but the lord admiral fancied that the queen and king Christiern were rudely jeering at him, on account of his young wife. The bystanders saw "that the lord admiral took some secret dislike;" but when he returned home and talked over the matter with his countess, they both worked themselves up into a state of excessive indignation. His countess (the same lady Margaret Stuart whose marriage has been mentioned) immediately wrote a letter to one of king Christiern's confidential servants (sir Andrew St. Clair), expressing her displeasure at his master's uncivil behavior. When this letter was, by queen Anne's express desire, communicated to the king her brother, he was so much annoyed that he wished to return immediately to England to vindicate his conduct. He explained, very earnestly, by means of St. Clair, "that he never thought of making any signs to insult the lord admiral; all he wished him to understand was, that it was only two o'clock, as he might see by the watch he held in the other hand, and that he ought not to be deprived of his sister so soon."¹ Notwithstanding this explanation, which appears a very probable and rational one, lady Nottingham continued to utter many vituperations, reproachful to the whole royal house of Denmark, to mark her indignation at the insult she supposed was levelled against her by the queen's brother. At last queen Anne lost her patience: it is said she threw herself on her knees before king James, and earnestly entreated him to banish lady Nottingham from the court.²

¹ Egerton Papers, Camden Society, p. 469.

² This very incident is a proof of the extreme caution with which the stories contained in ambassadors' journals must be received, and, of all journals of the kind, that malicious one published by Raumer, written by the French ambassador, Beaumont. France, indeed, viewed the union of the whole British island under one monarch with jealous displeasure, and the hatred of this court is apparent in every line written home by French ambassadors. Beaumont, in his despatch home, August 21, 1606, writes an account of this scene for the diversion of Henry IV. He says (see Raumer's *Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries*, vol. ii. p. 216), "The lady of the lord high-admiral, in her letter to St. Clair, told him that the king of Denmark *was but a petty king*, and she as vir-

King Christiern distributed many costly presents at his departure. One of his gifts was a real exemplification of the principle which led all sovereigns, in that century, to deem the property of the state their personal chattels, to be disposed of at their caprice; he presented his nephew, Henry prince of Wales, with his best ship of war, valued at 25,000*l*. The queen received from her brother his portrait, richly set with jewels; to the king he gave a rapier and hanger, worth 7000*l*.; to the English courtiers, gold chains and jewels to

tuous a woman as his wife, his mother, or his sister; that her child belonged to her husband so, as none of those the queen had borne belonged to the king." Truth, says an eastern proverb, goes on two legs, a falsehood on one; but the inventions of this ambassador we may suppose progress upon three, being a mixture of truth and falsehood difficult indeed to rectify, excepting by the actual comparison of the identical document, which, being recently published by the Camden Society from the papers of lord chancellor Egerton, is here offered for comparison.—See Egerton Papers, p. 468. These are the *real* expressions of the aggrieved countess, addressed to sir Andrew St. Clair:—

"Sir,—I am sorry this occasion should have been offered me by the king, your master, which makes me troublesome to you for the present. It is reported to me, by men of honor, the great wrong the king of the Danes hath done me when I was not by to answer for myself; for if I had been present, I would have letten him know how much I scorn to receive that wrong at his hands. I need not write the particular of it, for the king knows best. I protest to you, sir, I did think as honorable of the king, your master, as I did of any one prince; but now I can persuade myself there is as much baseness in him as can be in any man, for although he be a prince by birth, it seems not to me that he harboreth any princely thoughts in his breast, for, either in prince or subject, the basest part that can be is to wrong a woman of honor. And I would the king, your master, should know, that I deserve as little *that name* he gave me, as either the mother of himself or his children. And if ever I come to know what man hath informed your majesty so wrongfully of me, I shall do my best to put him from doing the like of any other; but if it hath come by the tongue of any woman, I dare say she would be glad to have companions. So leaving to trouble you any further, I rest your friend,

"MARGARET NOTTINGHAM."

The French ambassador's false version of this letter is apparent to every eye, for we have put his interpolations in italics; nor is there any reason that the rest of his narrative is more to be relied on, when he says "the queen sent for the poor lady, uttered a thousand coarse expressions, drove her from court, and struck her off the list of her establishment." As for the lady's *real* letter, it is dignified and womanly; and the sedulous manner in which she avoids *all* allusion to her queen shows great tact, though it is most apparent she had heard an exaggerated version of the affair, since she mentions that there was an epithet *spoken*, while the whole misunderstanding arose from the fact that the Danish king was unable to express himself in English, and had recourse to signs.

the amount of 15,000*l*. The queen accompanied king James to Windsor, when her brother had taken leave, and there they finished their "summer hunting."

At some tilting pageant, about this time, one of the young squires of lord Hay was thrown from his horse, near the king, and broke his leg. This accident interested the humanity of the king for the sufferer, who proved to be a son of Carr of Fernihurst, a faithful servant of the king's mother.¹ The young man had served as a little page to king James, before leaving the Scottish court to be educated in France. As Robert Carr was a yellow-haired lad, tall of stature, and embellished with round blue eyes and a high-colored complexion, he was considered very handsome, and a showy ornament to the court. The king took him into favor, and he soon obtained no little influence with him.

The last vestige of the famous seat of Theobalds, at Cheshunt, has vanished from the face of the earth, but its name is familiar as a sylvan palace of the royal Stuarts. Queen Anne induced Cecil earl of Salisbury to exchange it, at a great advantage, for her dower-palace of Hatfield. Possession of Theobalds was given to her majesty May 22, 1607, with a courtly fête and an elaborate mask by Ben Jonson, who celebrated the queen under her poetical name of Bellanna. This was one of the most beautiful among the elegant entertainments of the kind patronized by Anne of Denmark. In the course of its representation, that enchanting lyric by Ben Jonson was introduced, expressly written in compliment to her majesty's passion for hunting:—

"Queen and huntress, chaste as fair."

Theobalds was the admiration of England for the architectural taste displayed in the new buildings erected by lord Burleigh and his son, the prime-minister of king James. "It was described in the Augmentation-office (after it was marked for destruction by Cromwell) as a

¹ Carr of Fernihurst is repeatedly mentioned in the letters of Mary queen of Scots, at the earlier period of her English imprisonment, as her friend.—See *Letters of Mary Queen of Scots*, edited by Agnes Strickland.

quadrangle of a hundred and ten feet square, on the south of which were the queen's chapel with windows of stained glass, her presence-chamber, her privy-chamber [private sitting-room], her bedchamber, and *coffee-chamber* [this was probably coffer-chamber]. The prince's lodgings were on the north side, cloisters were on the east side, and a glorious gallery, one hundred and twelve feet in length, occupied the west." This palace was destroyed in 1650.

The queen lost her infant daughter, the little princess Mary, in the autumn of 1607. The child died of a catarrhal fever at Stanwell, the seat of her foster-parents, lord and lady Knevet, who had, agreeably to an ancient custom (not disused in the days of the first James), received the young princes for nurture and education at a stipulated remuneration. The queen heard the news of her child's death with calmness. According to the narrative of the messenger, "she presupposed what the tidings might be." She requested that the king should be informed of every particular, and desired that the body might be opened, and the cause of death ascertained; she likewise begged that some cost might be bestowed on her child's funeral.¹ The king was engaged on a western progress, and did not return till some days after his daughter's death. The queen retired during the mourning to Hampton Court, where she completely secluded herself from state-ceremonial, so that Rowland Whyte wrote to lord Shrewsbury, "The court officers had leave to play, and are gone every one to his own home; only lord Salisbury went to Hampton Court to comfort the queen." This prime-minister held up the queen's example of patience to his wife, and begged lord Shrewsbury to tell her, "That some ladies take crosses with more resignation than she would do, for my mistress, the queen, though she felt her loss naturally, yet, now it is irrevocable, she taketh it very well and wisely."² The infant princess was interred in Westminster abbey, in queen Elizabeth's vault. King James was the last of our kings who bestowed any attention

¹ Earl of Worcester's letter; Lodge's Illustrations, vol. iii.

² Letter of the earl of Salisbury to the earl of Shrewsbury, September 18, 1607.—Lodge, vol. iii. p. 324.

on monuments for his relatives: he ordered tombs to be erected for his child and her sister Sophia, which are still to be seen in Westminster abbey, near the tomb of queen Elizabeth. The little princess Mary, a child of two years and a half, is represented by a queer effigy, in a small farthingale, tightly-laced bodice, and cap without borders, and looks much like a small Dutch frau of fifteen. Such was, however, the costume worn by the infants at this era.

Notwithstanding many zealous commendations from the pen of the prime-minister, the queen sometimes fell out with "the little man." Her points of difference with him were regarding the great sums she expended in building and improving Somerset house, which she chose to be called Denmark house. One day, when she found he was opposed to her extravagance, she told him, in a rage, "That the king had a hundred servants that were as able to do him service as he was."—"Yes, madame," replied the earl; "but they must first serve out their apprenticeship."¹ Her majesty's animosity did not last long: the earl of Salisbury had been used to flatter adroitly the caprices of female royalty, to which, indeed, "he had served his apprenticeship" in the reign of Elizabeth. As a peace-offering, he put himself to great expense in a New-year's gift for queen Anne, of a grand bed of green velvet, richly embroidered.

The succeeding summer the king bent his progress towards Northamptonshire, leaving the queen to preside over the court in the metropolis. He visited Holdenby, and was sojourning at the ancient royal palace there on the 5th of August, the anniversary of the Gowry conspiracy, when bishop Andrews preached a thanksgiving sermon. The same day he rode to Bletsoe, the seat of lord St. John, whence he despatched a singular letter to his prime-minister, lord Salisbury, in which he affected a jocular jealousy of the queen's affections. It is addressed to *my little Beagle*; this epithet was given to Salisbury by the king in reference to his diminutive person, and to his sagacity in scenting out political plots. The letter is partly written in cipher:

¹ Bishop Goodman's Court of James.

the king designates a nobleman, whom he supposes to be gallantly attending on the queen, by the figure 3. The explanation is not preserved, but as the king jokes on his gray hairs and celibacy, one of the antiquated gallants of the Elizabethan court, of high rank, is meant:¹ lord Northampton, the youngest son of the gifted earl of Surrey, is probably the man.

“MY LITTLE BEAGLE:—

“Ye and your fellows there are so proud, now that ye have gotten the guiding again of a feminine court in the old fashion, that I know not how to deal with ye: ye sit at your ease and direct all; the news from all parts of the world comes to you in your chamber. The king’s own resolutions depend on your posting despatches; and *quhen* ye list, ye can, sitting on your bedsides, with one call or whistling in your fist, make him [the king] post night and day till he come unto your presence.

“Well! I know Suffolk is married, and for your part, maister 10, who are wifeless, I cannot but be jealous of your greatness with my wife; but most of all am I suspicious of 3, who is so lately fallen in acquaintance with my wife. His face is so amiable, as it is able to entice, and his fortune hath ever been to be great with she-saints; but his part is wrong in this, that never having taken a wife himself in his youth, he cannot now be content with his gray hairs to avoid another man’s wife.² But for expiation of this sin, I hope ye have *all three* taken *ane* cup of thankfulness for the occasion, *quhich* fell out at a time *quhen* ye durst not avow me.”

James alludes here to the anniversary of the Gowry plot, 1608, which he caused to be observed, in England as well as Scotland, with solemn thanksgiving. Of course, Cecil and his colleagues durst not avow him as their king when the event happened, because it was during the lifetime of queen Elizabeth. The king concludes his queer epistle with this allusion to its recent celebration at Holdenby:—

“And here hath been this day kept the feast of king James’s delivery at Saint John’s town, in St. John’s house.³ All other matters I refer to the old knave the bearer’s report. And so fare ye well. JAMES, R.”

The queen joined her consort the next month in a visit to the earl of Arundel, her majesty having promised to stand

¹ He seems to designate Salisbury himself as cipher 10.

² This sentence shows that 3, the pretended object of the king’s jealousy, was one of the highest officers left in charge of queen Anne’s court, and equal in rank with Cecil lord Salisbury, who was lord treasurer.

³ The ancient names of Perth and the king’s palace there, the scene of the Gowry conspiracy.

sponsor to his infant. Better times had dawned on the noble representatives of the ducal house of Howard since the unfortunate Philip Howard, earl of Arundel, had pined to death in the Tower. The long-suffering countess of Arundel was now the happy grandmother of a lovely race, restored to the proud hopes of their birth. If it was not in the power of James I. to revenge himself on his mother's foes, to do him justice he never forgot her friends. He restored the staff of hereditary earl-marshal to its rightful owner, and bestowed on him other marks of favor. Queen Anne and her eldest son became sponsors for the second son of lord and lady Arundel: how they settled the fiercely disputed points of the ancient and the recently established churches in the rites of baptism, the dowager-countess Arundel does not say. The noble mother of the infant was much afraid lest it should die out of the pale of Christianity, because the queen's ill-health, and the death of two of the royal children, had prevented her from fulfilling her promise. At last, the matter was happily accomplished, September 15, 1608, and the young Howard named by the prince of Wales (his own name reversed) Frederic Henry; "and the queen's majesty," writes the dowager lady Arundel, "and the sweet prince, and my lady Elizabeth's grace, were all well pleased for anything I saw or heard, only the foul weather kept back the pretty duke:" this was Charles duke of York.

Economy could never be reckoned among the royal virtues of Anne of Denmark. The king having observed that she was melancholy and dispirited in the winter of 1609, he found, on inquiry, that she was in debt; wherefore, to restore her cheerfulness, the king added to her jointure 3000*l.* per annum out of the customs, with 20,000*l.* to pay her debts. With this reinforcement of funds she commenced the summer progress with great spirit, though a disaster, which happened at Royston, July 24th, had nearly put an end to her hunting that year. "Yesternight," says lord Worcester,¹ in one of his amusing gossiping court-journals, "about ten or eleven o'clock, the king's stable fell

¹ Winwood's Memorials, vol. iii. p. 117.

on fire by the negligence of setting a candle on a post, which fell into the litter and set the place in flames. Twenty or thirty horses were in the stables. I waited on the king, as my duty was, with the news. Out of four horses that were burnt, he lost a pad-horse, I lost another; he one hunter, I another. All our saddles were burnt." Those who have seen what elaborate structures saddles were in those days, especially the demi-pique saddles of this very earl of Worcester, in which he sat intrenched as in a fortification, will conclude this loss was by no means a slight one. The queen had her share in the disaster, for her coach-harness was burnt. "It was worth hearing the reports here. Some said it was a new gunpowder treason; an Englishman swore he saw a Scotchman, with a link, fire the stable; others said it was a device to set the stable on fire to draw all the guard thither, that they might work some evil to the royal family; but, God be thanked, neither king, queen, nor prince slept the worse, or ever waked until the morning at their usual hour."

One of the proudest and happiest periods of queen Anne's life was that in which her eldest son was created prince of Wales. This august ceremony had been delayed till the noble-minded boy could enter into all the historical interest of the scene. It was celebrated not only with the splendor of state pageantry, but with all the glory of poetry, being illustrated by the queen's favorite dramatist, Ben Jonson, in verses which finely recapitulated the deeds of Henry Stuart's predecessors in the dignity of prince of Wales. This address was interpolated with a mask, in which the prince was represented as wakening and reviving the dying genius of chivalry. A prince of Wales had not been created since the time when Henry VIII., as a youth, was invested with that dignity.

The queen, the princess, and king James, and the little prince Charles, stood in the privy-gallery at Westminster old palace, to see prince Henry's arrival from Richmond, his own private residence, whence he came in state down the Thames, escorted by the lord mayor and city authorities in their gay barges. London as usual contributed its

thousands, who, floating in their pleasure-boats on the Thames, rendered their voluntary assistance in the gay aquatic procession. The prince landed at the Queen's bridge,¹ Westminster, May 31, 1610, and was received by his delighted mother in the privy-chamber; but the grand festival which she had prepared did not commence till some days after, when the prince of Wales was introduced, in state, by his father to the assembled houses of parliament, and his solemn investiture took place June 4th. The next day the queen appointed for the *second* grand mask in honor of her darling son, in which she personally took a part with her ladies and her younger son, prince Charles, who had by this time overcome the weakness of his early years, and grown a very beautiful boy. This "glorious mask" was not written by Ben Jonson, yet by a poet of no mean order,—Daniell, the tutor and biographer of the celebrated heiress of the house of Clifford. The whole court of England, the queen, the princess-royal, their kinswoman lady Arabella Stuart,² the noble Clifford heiress, and all the aristocratic beauties of the day, were busy devising robes, arranging jewels, and practising steps and movements for this beautiful poem of action, in which music, painting, dancing, and decoration, guided by the taste of Inigo Jones, were all called into employment, to make the palace of Whitehall a scene of enchantment. These beautiful masks were the origin of the opera, but how lifeless in poetic spirit, how worthless in sentiment and association of ideas, is the tawdry child of modern times when compared to its predecessor,—coarse and common as the boards of a theatre, compared with the marble floors and inlaid *parquets* of

¹ This was a long causeway, or jetty, projecting a considerable way into the Thames: it was probably constructed by Edward the Confessor, for the convenience of the queen-consort's barge. It led to the queen's apartments in the old palace, Westminster, and to the Whitehall chamber, now, in the reign of James, considered exclusively the house of lords.

² Soon after taking her part in this scene, this interesting and unfortunate lady married, privately, the son of the earl of Hertford. The union of the titles of both to a reversionary claim on the crown caused a revival of the cruel persecutions of those branches of the royal family who married without the consent of the sovereign. She was incarcerated in the Tower, and, after in vain endeavoring to escape, died in 1614, insane.

princely Whitehall, once trod by the lovely ladies and chivalric peers of the olden time!

In this mask the court ladies personated the nymphs of the principal rivers belonging to the estates of their fathers or husbands. The queen represented Tethys, the empress of streams; her daughter Elizabeth, princess-royal, was the nymph of Thames; lady Arabella Stuart, the nymph of Trent; the countess of Arundel, the Arun; the countess of Derby, the nymph of Derwent; lady Anne Clifford represented the naiad of her native Aire, the river of her feudal domain of Skipton; the countess of Essex, then a girl-beauty of fourteen, unscathed as yet by the blight of evil, was the nymph of Lea; lady Haddington, as daughter of the earl of Sussex, represented the river Rother; and lady Elizabeth Gray, daughter of the earl of Kent, the Medway. The little prince Charles, in the character of Zephyr, attended by twelve little ladies, was to deliver the queen's presents to his elder brother, the newly-created prince of Wales. This was the ostensible business of the mask, which was thus mingled with historical reality. Eight of the handsomest noblemen of the court performed as tritons, and were the partners and attendants of the river-nymphs. These tritons commenced the mask by the following song, in four parts, accompanied by the soft music of twelve lutes; it was addressed to the queen, as the river-empress Tethys, and is not unworthy of that thrice-glorious era of British poetry:—

“Youth of the spring, mild Zephyrus, blow fair,
And breathe the joyful air,
Which Tethys wishes may attend this day,
Who comes her royal self to pay
The vows her heart presents
To these fair compliments.

“Breathe out new flowers, which never yet were known
Unto the spring, nor blown
Before this time to beautify the earth;
And as this day gives birth
Unto new types of state,¹
So let it bliss create.

¹ The long-dormant titles of the prince of Wales.

“ Bear Tethys’¹ message to the ocean king,²
 Say how she joys to bring
 Delight unto his islands and his seas ;
 And tell Meliades,³
 The offspring of his blood,
 How she applauds his good.”

The chief triton then deposited the queen’s presents, which were a cross-handled sword enriched with gems, to the value of 4000*l.* and a scarf of her own work, for the prince of Wales, and a golden trident for king James, as king of the ocean. The triton then spoke this address, in allusion to his royal mistress and her attendant nymphs :—

“ From that intelligence which moves the sphere
 Of circling waves, the mighty Tethys, queen
 Of nymphs and rivers, will here straight appear,
 And in a human character be seen.
 * * * * *
 For she resolves to adorn this festal day
 With her all-gracing presence, and the train
 Of some choice nymphs she pleased to call away
 From several rivers, which they entertain.
 And first the lovely nymph of stately Thames,⁴
 The darling of the ocean, summon’d is ;
 Then those of Trent and Arun’s⁵ graceful streams,
 The Derwent⁶ next with clear-waved worthiness ;
 The beauteous nymph of crystal-streaming Lea⁷
 Gives next attendance ; then the nymph of Aire,⁸
 With modest motion, makes her sweet repair ;
 The nymph of Severn⁹ follows in degree,
 With ample streams of grace ; and next to her
 The cheerful nymph of Rother¹⁰ doth appear,
 With comely Medway, ornament of Kent ;
 And then four goodly nymphs which beautify
 Cambers’s fair shores, and all that continent,—
 The graces of clear Uske, Olwy, Dulesse, and Wye.
 All these within the goodly spacious bay
 Of manifold unharboring Milford meet,
 The happy port of union, which gave way
 To that great hero Henry¹¹ and his fleet.”

¹ Queen Anne.

² King James.

³ This was the classic appellation of Henry prince of Wales.

⁴ Elizabeth, princess-royal.

⁵ Lady Arabella, and lady Arundel.

⁶ Lady Derby.

⁷ Frances Howard, afterwards divorced from the earl of Essex.

⁸ Anne, heiress of Clifford.

⁹ The countess of Montgomery.

¹⁰ Viscountess Haddington.

¹¹ Henry VII.

The nymphs of the Milford-Haven rivers named in this poem were personated by lady Katharine Petre, lady Elizabeth Guildford, lady Windsor, and lady Winter, and the first scene represented the scenery of Milford-Haven, and king Henry the Seventh's fleet.

The anti-mask commenced with the appearance of little prince Charles and his young ladies; they were all of his own age and height, the daughters of earls or barons, and personated the naiads of springs and fountains. Prince Charles was dressed, as Zephyr, in a short robe of green satin, embroidered with gold flowers. Behind his shoulders were two silver wings and a fine lawn *aureole*, which Inigo Jones is much puzzled to describe; on his head was a garland of flowers of all colors; his right arm was bare, on which the queen had clasped one of her bracelets of inestimable diamonds. His little naiads were dressed in satin tunics of the palest water-blue, embroidered with silver flowers; their tresses were hanging down in waving curls, and their heads were crowned with garlands of water-flowers. The ballet was so contrived that Charles always danced encircled by these fair children; they had been so well trained that they danced to admiration, and formed the prettiest sight in the world. This infant ballet was rapturously applauded by the whole court. When the first dance was ended, the scene of Milford-Haven was suddenly withdrawn, and the queen, as Tethys, was seen seated in glorious splendor on a throne of silver rocks; round her throne were niches, representing little caverns, in which her attendant river-nymphs were grouped. Her daughter, the princess Elizabeth, as the nymph of Thames, was seated at her royal mother's feet. There were dolphins in every shade of silver, and shells and sea-weed in every colored burnish that could be devised.

Glittering water-falls and cataracts gleamed round the grotto in which the noble river-nymphs were grouped about the throne of the queen. Her head-dress was a murex shell formed as a helmet, ornamented with coral, a veil of silver gossamer floating from it; a bodice of sky-colored silk was branched with silver sea-weed; a half tunic

of silver gauze, brocaded with gold sea-weed, was worn over a train of sky-colored silk, figured with columns of white lace of sea-weed pattern. All this would have been elegant and appropriate enough, only, it is to be feared, that it was rendered ridiculous by being worn with a monstrous farthingale; for, whether arrayed in courtly costume or in a hunting-dress, Anne of Denmark was never seen without that appendage in its most exaggerated amplitude. As Inigo Jones mentions the high ruff which she added to the costume of the river goddess Tethys, there is little doubt that she likewise afflicted the classical contrivers of the mask, by assuming a farthingale as large as a modern tea-table. In the course of the action of the mask, there was put into the hands of prince Charles the trident, which he gave to his father; and then the queen's splendid present of the sword and scarf, which he gave to his brother, the prince of Wales. His next office was to court her majesty to descend from her throne, and dance her ballet with her river-nymphs. The little prince, having performed all appointed *devoirs* with much grace and self-possession, returned to the middle of the stage, where he and all his little ladies went through another dance of the most intricate changes. They then gave way for the queen's quadrille, "and by the time that was finished, the summer sun showed traces of his rising, and the courtly revellers retreated to bed. Thus closed a festival which was probably the happiest in the life of Anne of Denmark, for she manifested acute sorrow when by accident some one recalled it to her memory after the death of her son Henry.

Prince Charles, having now attained as much strength as his royal parents could desire, and with it a very considerable share of beauty, was taken from his tender nurse, lady Carey, and placed under care of masters selected by his brother, the prince of Wales.¹ Sometimes the prince would

¹ Sir Robert Carey, though almost as amusing a journalist as Pepys himself, was evidently a narrow, selfish character. When prince Charles's household was formed, Henry prince of Wales (whose early wisdom was most extraordinary) wished much to place immediately about the person of his young brother, as master of the robes, sir William Fullarton, a man of enlarged mind and piercing intellect. Henry was, however, unwilling to show slight to the Careys, from

tease him, and even make him weep, by telling him that if, as he grew up, his legs were not handsome, he should make him take orders, and give him the archbishopric of Canterbury, because the robes of the church would hide all defects. "However, in the fulness of time," says one of Charles's historians, "when he began to look man in the face, those tender limbs began to knit and consolidate, and the most eminently famed for manly and martial exercises were forced to yield him the garland."

The queen retained her girlish petulance after she had been for years a matron, and even when she was the mother of a grown-up son; that son, the joy of her heart and pride of her existence, sometimes used a little playful management to obtain peace in the royal domestic circle, where occasional outbreaks of temper on the part of her majesty produced, at times, considerable disquiet. With this very justifiable view prince Henry wrote the following letter, in which he mediates with wonderful tact, considering that he was but sixteen, between his father's jealousy of the queen's want of attention to his gout, and her infirmity of temper if subjected to the slightest reproof or contradiction:—

HENRY PRINCE OF WALES TO KING JAMES.

"According to your majesty's commandment, I made your excuse unto the queen for not sending her a token by me, and alleged that your majesty had a quarrel with her for not writing an answer to your second letter, written to her from Royston when your foot was sore, nor making mention of receiving that letter in her next, some ten days after; whereas, in your majesty's former journey to Royston, when you first took the pain in your feet, she sent one on purpose to visit you.

"Her answer was, 'That either she had written or dreamed it; and, upon supposing so, had told, first my lord Hay, and next sir Thomas Somerset, that

whom his brother had derived such inestimable personal advantages. He therefore offered sir Robert Carey (who was avaricious) the choice between retaining his place of master of the robes to Charles, or the more profitable post of surveyor of his revenue. Sir Robert chose to retain his old place, saying, that "If he excelled in anything, it was in knowing how to make good clothes;" a sentiment truly Pepysian, proving that "some men are tailors by inclination, some are born tailors, and others have tailoring thrust upon them." No doubt Carey's literal reply increased Henry's regret that he had no better companion for his young brother; however, he kept his royal word, and sir Robert Carey remained master of the robes, the etiquette of which office placed him always in the society of the prince.

she had written.' I durst not reply, as you directed, 'that your majesty was afraid lest she should return to her *old bias*,' for fear such a word might have set her in the way of it, and, besides, make me a peace-breaker, which I would eschew. Otherwise, most happy, when favored by your majesty's commandments, is he who, kissing your majesty's hands, is your majesty's most dutiful son and obedient servant,

HENRY."

It is amusing to note the judgment displayed by so young a man on the delicate point of saying too much in the mediation of a matrimonial dispute. The queen's "old bias," to which he feared she would return, was indulgence in sullenness for a length of time, if contradicted or reproved. His avoidance of mischief-making, by declining to repeat to his mother messages sent in a passion by his father, proves that the praises for wisdom lavished on this prince by his country were by no means exaggerated.

The queen always manifested the utmost disgust at the spirit of injustice and rapacity she found prevalent at the English court,—no new traits, as the preceding memorials of the Tudor courts may witness. She carefully guarded, by her advice, her young friend lady Anne Clifford from being plundered by the venal swarm who watched round the king for prey. George earl of Cumberland, preferring his brother to his daughter, had disinherited her illegally. The king wished the young lady, who appealed to law, to submit to a private arbitration from those he should appoint; "but queen Anne, the Dane," records the lady Anne, "admonished me to submit to no such decision." This is the first instance which can be quoted of sensible advice given by the queen, but from this time incidents frequently occur which show her capable of right judgment, as well as good feeling. She saw, with infinite aversion, the increasing profligacy of Carr and his faction, who were completely reckless in their abuse of the king's favor. The functions of a court favorite in earlier times are little understood at the present era; in the sixteenth, and even in the seventeenth century, the office of king or queen's favorite was more distinctly defined than that of prime minister.

In the dark ages personal government, instead of being deprecated by the people, was insisted upon. A monarch was expected to be himself his own prime-minister and

general; when he became something more than the leader of a barbarous horde, such tasks could not be performed by him singly, and he naturally called in the aid of any friend whose conversation was most agreeable to him. If this assistant was *not* a dignitary of the church, he was viewed invidiously by the people, and called a favorite. Sometimes churchmen were hated as favorites, yet this was seldom, for the power of governing communities systematically was the great science of the prelates of the ancient church; but these sagacious observers of their fellow-creatures could only preside over the civil department of the state. The king's lay-favorite usually superintended the armed barbarians who constituted the military force; but woe betided him and his master if the military leader or lay-courtier aspired to the office of prime-minister, and laid his unprivileged hand on the ark of the civil government, as may be seen by the fates of Hubert de Burgh, Gaveston, Despencer, Michael de la Pole, and many others. The Reformation brought as great a revolution in the business of state in this island as it did in the religious ritual. Laymen now performed all the offices of government, civil as well as military, and divided their labors into numerous offices; but the king, in whose person was combined all the reverence formerly shared between the regal and pontifical offices, interfered unavoidably in the guidance of the whole machinery. A mediator was soon found necessary between the ministers and the monarch,—a person sufficiently beloved by him to induce him to attend at proper seasons to the despatch of business, and to learn his will in matters on which he would not give distinct orders, expecting the ministers to know his pleasure intuitively. Instances occur of queens-consort taking upon them this diplomatic office, and there is reason to believe that Anne of Denmark had thus interfered much in the government in Scotland; but after she became queen-consort of England, she sedulously avoided all state business, leaving it wholly to the demi-official called the king's favorite,—a person regarding whom, by the way, the king always required her to go through the ceremony of recommending to him.

The royal favorite in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries filled the office of confidential secretary, which included that of decipherer of the private letters received by the king and queen, the most important part of whose correspondence was, in that intriguing era, written in cipher. This office was therefore no sinecure; it required the possession of considerable acquirements, and if these were united to strong mental abilities, the favorite became a formidable power behind the throne. The king himself tried to educate Carr, but his capacity was too mean ever to attain the art of the decipherer and translator; shrinking from the onerous tasks laid upon him, he clandestinely obtained the assistance of his friend sir Thomas Overbury. This person was clever and learned, but arrogant and ambitious in no slight degree. He was resolved *not* to be kept in the background, and by way of proving how deeply he was concerned in state secrets, he talked publicly of the contents of some of the queen's letters which had passed through his hands.¹ In all probability it was this breach of official confidence in regard to the private letters of the royal family which occasioned the great aversion Anne of Denmark always manifested to Overbury, and expressed to the earl of Salisbury in the following letter² (preserved by bishop Goodman), with an explanation that the term of "that fellow" alludes to Overbury:—

"MY LORD:—

"The king hath told me that he will advise with you, and some other four or five of the council, of *that fellow*. I can say no more, either to make you understand the matter or my mind, than I said the other day. Only I recommend to your *care* [attention] how public the matter is now, both in court and city, and how far I have reason in that respect. I refer the rest to this bearer, and myself to your love,

ANNA, R."

¹ Sanderson's *Lives of Mary and James VI.*, p. 416. In bishop Goodman's Court of James occurs a letter from sir Thomas Overbury to the earl of Salisbury, in which he declares "that he very humbly puts himself at the queen's mercy;" but adds, "that he hears her majesty is not satisfied with the integrity of his intent." The letter is dated September 11th, no year given; but, by a letter of sir T. Somerset to Edmondes, it appears that Overbury was restored to court favor in 1611.

² This letter, like most of those written by Anne of Denmark, is dateless; but it must have occurred before the death of Cecil earl of Salisbury, May 16, 1612.

Robert Carr, who had been recently advanced to the titles of viscount Rochester and earl of Somerset, succeeded to the public offices of Cecil earl of Salisbury on the death of that statesman, May, 1612, when he and his friend Overbury became more arrogant and offensive than ever, and at the same time more than ever the objects of Anne of Denmark's dislike, which she certainly did not manifest in a very dignified manner. One day, Somerset and sir Thomas Overbury were walking in the queen's private garden when her majesty was looking out of the window, and she evinced her spleen at the sight of them by saying aloud to her attendants, "There goes Somerset and his governor!" At that instant sir Thomas Overbury burst into a loud laugh; and the queen, forgetting that she had begun the hostility, imagined that he had overheard her words and derided her, upon which she brought a bitter complaint of his insolence to the king. Overbury, however, explained "that he did not hear what her majesty was pleased to say, but his laughter proceeded from his friend the earl of Somerset having repeated to him a right merry jest king James had made that day at dinner."¹ The queen was forced, on account of this adroit explanation, to remit Overbury's punishment; but soon after, he thought proper to enter her garden, and march backwards and forwards before her bay-window with his hat on, though she was sitting there. For this contempt she prevailed on the king to commit him to the Tower, where he remained a few days.² These seem very trifling offences to raise a desire of vengeance in the breast of a queen who had shown so many traits of good nature, but the flagrancy of Somerset's deeds makes her aversion to his whole clique almost an act of virtue.

The queen was persuaded by her son, Henry prince of Wales, to attend at Woolwich the launch of one of the

¹ Bishop Goodman's *Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 145.

² Arthur Wilson's *Life and Reign of James I.* White Kennet, vol. ii. p. 692. It is extremely difficult to arrange the queen's contests with Overbury in anything like chronological order, the death of Salisbury and the new title of Somerset being the chief guides in the absence of dates.

largest ships that had ever been added to the British navy. It was built by the prince's favorite naval architect, Phineas Pett. Young as Henry was, he had already supported this valuable servant of the country against the insolence and oppression of the arbitrary junta, of which the king's favorite, Somerset, was the tool. The queen threw all her influence in the support of her virtuous and right-judging son, not because he was virtuous and just, but because her strong maternal instinct and her queenly pride were alike centred in her first-born,—the darling of her heart and the delight of her eyes. The prince expected that every underhand malicious project would be employed against his *protégé*, Phineas Pett, by Carr and his faction. At the momentous crisis of the launch, therefore, he was determined to be on the ship's deck at the time she went off. The queen and her train went on board the mighty fabric, and examined it before they took their places in the stand, from whence they expected to see it dash into the Thames. Phineas Pett himself wrote a quaint narrative of the scene. He says, "The noble prince himself, accompanied by the lord admiral, was on the poop, where the great standing gilt cup was ready filled to name the good ship as soon as she were afloat, according to ancient custom and ceremony performed at such times, by drinking part of the wine, giving the ship her name, and then heaving the cup overboard."¹ This is the only record of an ancient custom, probably derived from Pagan times, when old Father Thames and his naiads were thus propitiated, even as the Adriatic by the ring of gems yearly flung by a doge of Venice from the deck of the Bucentaur. Prince Henry chose, however, to preserve the cup, and place it in the hands of the worthy naval architect; but, unfortunately, the ship, though she moved majestically forward for a few moments, stopped half-way, and positively refused to take

¹ The ship was named 'the Prince,' on board of which prince Charles, on his return from Spain, rode out that tremendous tempest off the Channel islands which fully tested Phineas Pett's able workmanship. The above statement is drawn from Phineas Pett's own narrative, printed in Nichols's *Progresses of James I.*

her plunge into the river. Witchcraft was instantly suspected, for the ship remained stationary, and the royal party waited hour after hour. At five in the afternoon, the queen and all her train departed to Greenwich palace, where the royal household abode at that time. Prince Henry stayed a good time after their majesties were gone, conferring with the lord admiral and Pett as to what was best to be done. He then took horse and rode after the queen to Greenwich, but returned at midnight, when the ship was successfully launched, and the prince brought the good news himself to their majesties at Greenwich palace.

In the autumn of 1612, the remains of Mary queen of Scots were, by the orders of king James, transferred with royal pomp to the costly sepulchre he had previously prepared in Westminster abbey. Superstition was on the *qui vive* at this occurrence, and the curious popular saying was repeated, "that the grave was never disturbed of a deceased member of a family without death claiming one or more of that family as a prey;" and when the promising heir of Great Britain, Henry prince of Wales, began to droop with ill-health, the foreboding was deemed amply fulfilled. Like his ill-fated grandfather, lord Darnley, he was a very handsome "lang lad;" he had attained the height of six feet before his seventeenth year, and having a fair complexion and Grecian profile, an unhealthy season was only required for the national pest of consumption to claim such a person as her own. As the personal prowess of the champion was still required in a prince by a semi-barbarous people, greater exertions had been made by Henry in the tilt-yard than suited the strength of a rapidly-growing youth. He had likewise injured his health by swimming after supper in the Thames, when he was residing at his palaces of Ham and Richmond. Towards the end of September, 1612, his illness could not be concealed by any exertions of his own, and his cough excited the alarm of his mother, when he joined the royal party on a homeward progress from the midland counties. An intermittent fever attacked him after his return to St. James's, and for these fevers no

specific was then known, they were the scourge of our island, and generally, in the autumn, degenerated into the worst species of typhus.

The arrival of the count Palatine in England to receive the hand of his sister Elizabeth, caused Henry to rally and struggle a little time against his fatal illness. The queen had ambitiously set her mind on an alliance with Spain. She wished the prince to marry an infanta, and her daughter Elizabeth to be given in wedlock to the young king of Spain. She had greatly raised the suspicions and exasperated the prejudices of her Protestant subjects by carrying on a secret diplomatic treaty with the Spanish government respecting these marriages. Her son Henry, though he took no part in the polemic cant of the day, was a well-principled member of the reformed church of England, and, in his early wisdom, foresaw that a royal household divided in religion could not prosper; he therefore declined a union with a Roman Catholic princess of any country, and earnestly promoted the wedlock of his sister with a Protestant prince, though of inferior rank. The excessive love which the queen bore her son caused her to withdraw her active opposition to the union of her daughter with Frederick count Palatine. She received this prince on his arrival with a sort of displeased quietude, and only vented her displeasure by little taunts in private, calling her daughter, whom she had hoped to see a queen of first rank in Europe, "good wife," and "mistress Palgrave." The prince of Wales struggled against his fatal illness, forcing himself to go through the ceremonies of welcoming the princely stranger he was anxious to call brother. The royal family had promised to dine, in great state, with the lord mayor on the 24th of October, when the prince of Wales became so seriously ill that he was obliged to keep his bed. He was worse on the 29th, when, to the great terror of the populace, that phenomenon, a lunar rainbow, occurred, and lasted seven hours; to the excited imaginations of the beholders, it seemed to span exactly that part of St. James's palace where the sick prince's apartments were situated. The people stood about the palace in crowds, foreboding

the most fatal results from this aerial visitation.¹ They were so far right, that meteors seldom occur excepting in most insalubrious seasons.

The prince had been visited by the queen and his beloved sister Elizabeth when he was first confined to the house. The intermittent soon after was declared to have degenerated into a putrid fever, virulently infectious, and the royal family were debarred from approaching him. The queen had always manifested a childish terror of contagion, nor could the love she bore her eldest son surmount her fears for her own life, but she remained in a pitiable state of wretchedness. In this perturbation she sent to sir Walter Raleigh, with whom she had frequently conversed, to request of him a nostrum she had formerly taken with success in an ague, which she thought would cure her son. Sir Walter had been regarded with some favor by the prince, and was now overwhelmed with sorrow for his danger, which traversed all the hopes he had formed for better times for himself. He had great faith in the piece of quackery which the queen approved, and sent it for the use of the prince, unfortunately accompanied with a letter to her majesty, containing the empirical assertion "that it would cure all mortal malady, excepting *poison*." The queen sent the nostrum to her dying son: it was apparently some very strong stimulant, for he revived a little after swallowing it, but expired, nevertheless, just before midnight, on the 5th of November, 1612. The people were swarming round St. James's palace, ever and anon pausing from the grotesque and quaint pageantry with which they kept the anniversary of the gunpowder plot, to listen and gather the news of his last agonies. He had been prayed for, as one in extremity, in the service of commemoration of that day, and the Roman Catholics, to whom the 5th of November was often a period of severe persecution, had not scrupled to recriminate a judgment. London must have presented a strange scene the night of that 5th of November. Crowds blocked up every avenue, from St. James's palace to Somerset house. Some wept, and groaned and howled, as tidings of the increasing death-pangs of the

¹ Narrative of the Death of Prince Henry, by Cornwallis.

heir of England were brought out to them from time to time. Their cries were even heard round the bed of Henry. The fiercer fanatics celebrated the gunpowder-plot festival, and the idle and mischievous added their restlessness to the agitated multitude.

The queen, under the terrors of infection, had retired from Whitehall to her own palace of Somerset house, and there she was when the news of her son's demise was brought to her. The revulsion she felt was dreadful, for a few hours before she had been informed that the nostrum of sir Walter Raleigh was working wonders. Rage mingled with the paroxysms of her grief and despair. She recalled the message of sir Walter Raleigh, "that his nostrum cured all fevers but those produced by poison," and in her ravings she declared her dear son had had foul play, and was the victim of some murderous poisoner. The sinister-visaged sir Thomas Overbury, with his arrogant pretensions and dark-working intellect, mysteriously eking out the paucity of his patron's capacity, was the object of the unhappy mother's suspicions.¹ He was still in the full sunshine of Somerset's favor, but an uncompromising antipathy had existed between the virtuous prince of Wales and the profligate favorite. All suspicions of this kind would, in these times, have at once been silenced by the report of the physicians who made a *post-mortem* examination of the prince's body. The minutes of their report, still extant, have brought historical conviction that he died a natural death.² The queen herself was probably convinced by them when the effervescence of grief had subsided, for she certainly had sufficient intellect to be amenable to the testimony of science, since it was her particular request that the body of her little daughter Mary might be opened, and the cause of her death ascertained,—a circumstance which shows she had more strength of mind than many mothers in this enlightened era. Nevertheless, the words she uttered in the first delirium of her grief were

¹ Arthur Wilson's Life of James I. A curious portrait of sir Thomas Overbury is extant. His features are singularly forbidding, but expressive of ability; the face is horse-shaped, with a strange rounding out of a very long upper lip.

² Nichols's Progresses.

quite sufficient to form the foundation of horrid calumnies in an age when scandal was more shamelessly reckless than at any time since the human tongue had acquired skill in falsehood. The poor king was not spared in these reports; but, surely, never did calumny wickeder work than when it insinuated that James I. had, even in thought, harmed his son. Whatever errors king James might have imbibed regarding political economy, his conduct was admirable as a father. He had given Henry an education which was a model for all princes, not by lucky accident, but with earnest intent, founded on proper principles, and the result was excellent; and, moreover, the most familiar friendship reigned among the royal family. The king had shown manly courage when the fever assumed an infectious character; he disregarded all the medical warnings, and remained by the bedside of his son while the disease was at its worst, till the prince lost his senses in the agonies of death.¹ Then the miserable father, sick and wretched, retired to Theobalds; but, in the restlessness of his suspense, he would return to the vicinity of the metropolis, and took up his abode in the house of sir Walter Cope, at Kensington, now Holland house. "Of this place he was quickly weary," wrote Mr. Chamberlayne, in one of his news-letters to sir Dudley Carleton; "for he said the wind blew through the walls, and he could not be warm in his bed." In short, the impatient anguish with which both the king and queen "took the death of their son," rather scandalized all the religious professors at their court.

¹ The autumn of 1612 was remarkably sickly; intermittent fever raged like a pest in London; many persons were ill with the putrid endemic, and many died the same night with the low fever that had carried off the prince of Wales. A handsome young student escaped from Lincoln's inn in the delirium of the same fever, and came all undressed to St. James's, having hidden his clothes in an open grave. The royal corpse lay in state at St. James's, and the poor lunatic declared he was the ghost of prince Henry, come from heaven on a message to his parents. The poor creature was kept at the porter's lodge all night without his clothes, and was given some lashes by the prince's servants to induce him to confess who set him on, his tormentors having no faith in the Shakspearian aphorism, "that a madman's revelations are no gospel." The king had the poor youth released when he heard of the adventure, and desired that he might be taken care of; but he escaped, and was never more heard of. He probably threw himself into the Thames.—Nichols's Progresses.

Thus, out of a numerous progeny, queen Anne was left but two surviving children, one of whom she was shortly to lose by marriage. She had never loved her second son, Charles, with the passionate and adoring fondness she bestowed on prince Henry ; and, indeed, one of her indiscreet speeches concerning him was remembered by his enemies as a prophecy of his future misfortunes. Charles, after the death of his brother, had a fit of violent illness ; his physicians prescribed him some medicine which he obstinately refused to take, and disputed the point with an old Scottish nurse, who appealed to the queen's authority. Queen Anne found that her son would no more take the dose from her than from his nurse, and she with her usual impatience of contradiction, expressed herself very angrily. The nurse reminded her majesty "that there was danger that the prince would die."—"No," said the queen, "he will live to plague three kingdoms by his wilfulness." This anecdote, which rests on no better authority than a biography written by a conjuror,¹ bears, nevertheless, the stamp of Anne of Denmark's reproachful petulance. In the momentary irritability which was characteristic of her disposition if she experienced the least opposition, she usually made cutting speeches against those whom she truly loved ; and her hasty repartees have been treasured by party spite to the disparagement of her husband, her daughter, her son,—in short, against every one who was dear to her.

The marriage of the princess Elizabeth had been long deferred by the sickness, death, and burial of the prince of Wales, and the count Palatine had remained in England several months, at great expense and inconvenience. It was therefore needful that the betrothal and marriage should take place as soon as possible after the funeral. The queen was too ill and dejected to be present at the betrothment of her daughter, which was done while the court, and even the *fiancée* herself, wore mourning. The marriage took place on the 14th of February, three months after the death of the prince. The queen since the decease of Henry had testified more maternal kindness towards her

¹ Lilly's Charles the First.

son-in law than she had yet shown, in remembrance of the brotherly friendship he had testified towards him when on his death-bed, and when he attended his body to the grave. She was present when her daughter Elizabeth and the count Palatine were united at Whitehall chapel; it was the first royal marriage celebrated according to the form of the Common-Prayer in England. From these ancestors her present majesty derives her hereditary title to the English throne.

When the princess Elizabeth finally departed from England with her spouse, the queen sunk into a depression of health and spirits, which gave some cause of fear for her life. She was advised by her physicians to try the waters of Bath to renovate her constitution, and accordingly she commenced a western progress in the following April. She was entertained on the way at Caversham house, the seat of lord Knollys, being welcomed, at various stations in the avenue and gardens with a *champêtre-masque*, by Campion, of the same species as Ben Jonson's elegant dramatic poem of 'the Fairies,' from which specimens have been given. Her majesty, in the evening, was so much pleased with a continuation of the same mask, that, forgetting her ill-health, "she vouchsafed to make herself the head of the revels, and graciously to adorn the place with her personal dancing." Lord and lady Knollys, the four sons of the lord chamberlain, sir Henry Carey, and lord Dorset were the performers in the mask.¹ The queen spent the rest of the spring at Bath. She seemed to derive benefit from the waters, though she was once, while bathing, terribly frightened by a natural phenomenon which appeared when she was in the king's bath. Close by her there ascended, from the bottom of the cistern, a flame of fire, like a candle, which rose to the surface of the bath, and spread into a large circle of light on the top of the water, to the great consternation and alarm of the queen, who certainly believed it a supernatural messenger from the world below, and nothing could induce her to enter the king's bath again. The physicians in vain assured her that the apparition pro-

¹ Nichols's Progresses, vol. ii. pp. 629-638.

ceeded from a natural cause: her fears were far from being appeased by their explanations, so she betook herself to a bath which a benevolent citizen had secured, on the dissolution of the monasteries, for the use of the poor. Here, being assured that no subaqueous candles ever intruded themselves, she bathed during her stay. The citizens ornamented the bath she used with a cross and the crown of England, and the inscription, in gold, of *Anna Regina Sacrum*. Since that time it has borne the appellation of "the queen's bath."¹

The queen extended her progress to the city of Bristol, which she entered June 5, 1612,² in a chariot drawn by four milk-white steeds. Her maids of honor followed the carriage of their royal mistress riding on palfreys, two and two. The mayor of Bristol, and all the corporation, met the queen, and presented her with an embroidered purse, which had cost four pounds, containing one hundred nobles, worth twenty-two shillings each. The mayor then turned his steed, and rode before the royal carriage bare-headed, but with his chain of gold about his neck; and thus they went up Vine street, to the queen's lodging at the mansion of sir John Young. The next day being Sunday, the civic authorities attended the queen to hear a sermon at the cathedral, and in her majesty's chariot with her were the earl of Worcester, the bishop of Bath and Wells, and dean Robson, who was to preach. But the grand display of Bristol taste was reserved for Monday, June 7th, when a building was erected in Cannons' marsh, finely decorated with ivy-leaves and flowers, for her majesty to sit in and behold a sham sea-fight at the mouth of the river, at high-water on the Gibb. When the mayor and his company had placed the queen in her stand, a ship came up the stream under full sail: she cast anchor, and made obeisance with her ensigns to the queen; after which she spread her flags again, for up came two Turkish galleys and assaulted the loyal British ship. The corsairs boarded, but were repulsed, after much shooting and fighting, with great loss. Some of the Turks who climbed up the Bristol ship's mast to tear

¹ Warner's Bath, p. 328.

² Chronicle of the City of Bristol.

down her flag, were flung into the water, and had to swim for their lives, while the ship's side did seem to run with blood. At last, all the Turks were captured by the superior valor of the Bristol mariners, and were led prisoners to the feet of her majesty, who, laughing, said, "They were not only like Turks in apparel, but resembled them in their countenances." The queen graciously added to her rather ambiguous compliment on the beauty of the Bristowians, "that she was delighted with their sea-fight, for that she had never seen one so naturally performed."

The multitudes that thronged into the "bright city" from all parts of the west of England, to see the queen and the sham fight, were almost incredible, and such was the loyal and affectionate demeanor of everybody, that her majesty was pleased to declare, "she never knew she was a queen until she came to Bristol." The next day the mayor, the aldermen, and trained bands, with thousands of the people, accompanied her majesty to Lawford gate, when, at leave-taking, she took off her finger a diamond ring worth 60*l*. and presented it to the mayor, Mr. Thomas Povey. The good gentleman ever after wore it, in memory of queen Anne, about his neck, hung by a ribbon, for it was too small for his finger. He left it by will as an heirloom, to be preserved forever in memory of the royal donor; but our Bristol chronicler adds with regret, "that it had disappeared from among his valuables after his death, and the heirs of the good Bristol merchant never possessed queen Anne's ring."

Her majesty returned to Bath after her Bristol progress, where she remained until late in the autumn. In her homeward journey the queen was encountered on Salisbury Plain, near a wild ravine, by the Rev. George Fereby, who had instructed his parishioners in church music; he approached the queen's carriages, and entreated that her majesty would be pleased to listen to a concert performed by them. When the queen signified her assent, there rose out of the ravine a handsome company of the worthy clergyman's parishioners dressed as Druids and as British shepherds and shepherdesses, who sang a greeting, beginning with these words,

to a melody which greatly pleased the musical taste of her majesty:—

“Shine, oh, shine, thou sacred star!
On *seely*¹ shepherd swains.”

We should suppose, from the commencing words, that this poem had originally been a Nativity hymn pertaining to the ancient church, and it is possible that the melody might be traced to the same source; for the great English sacred composers, Tallis, Blow, and Bull, evidently caught the last echoes of the cloister ere those strains were silenced forever in the land. The music, the voices, and the romantic dresses, so well corresponding with the mysterious spot where this pastoral concert was stationed, greatly captivated the imagination of the queen. She appointed the reverend George Fereby one of her chaplains, and always regarded him and his compositions with a considerable degree of favor.²

The hateful and disgraceful proceedings of the divorce of lady Frances Howard from her husband, the earl of Essex, took place, whilst the queen was absent in the west, the same spring. As she was by no means concerned in any part of that iniquitous business, its discussion is gladly avoided here.

The queen was usually involved in pecuniary difficulties. Notwithstanding the enormous increase to her income granted by the king, she had incurred debts in the years 1613 and 1614. The genius of sir Walter Scott, in its comic mood, has often made our readers laugh at the *siftli-cation* presented by Richard Moniplies to James I.; yet a more *naïve* and characteristic supplication could scarcely have been devised than the following, which was presented by Heriot himself to the consort of that king:—

“TO THE QUEEN’S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTIE.

“The humble Petition of George Heriot, your majestie’s servant,

“Most humbly sheweth, that, whereas the last time your gracious majestie was pleased to admit your servant to your royal presence, it then pleased your highness to regret that your gracious intentions towards the payment of your debts were much hindered by the scarcity of your majesty’s treasure; whereupon

¹ Harmless.

² Nichols’s Progresses of James I., vol. ii. p. 666.

your *suppliant* did resolve, and as he still doeth, to forbear to trouble or importune your majesty until it *suld* please God to second your royal disposition with greater plenty than now is. Only his most humble suit at this time is, in *regaird* of the extreme burden of interests wherewith he is borne down, and which he must shortly pay, or perish, together with some other urgent necessities, that your majesty *wald* be graciously pleased to give your highness's warrant to the right honorable the lord —, ¹ for the discharge of the *raymment* [remnant] of an account acknowledged under your majesty's hand, and direct to the lord Knyvet, in anno 1613, together with some other *little* things, delivered for your majesty to Arthur Bodrane, page, for your majesty's use, in July and August last past; and your petitioner shall ever pray," etc.

About this period of her life, after her recovery from the deep dejection that followed the loss of her son, she caused her favorite artist, Van Somers, to paint several portraits in different costumes, which still remain at Hampton Court. Her attire, when she followed the chase, must occasion both amusement and amazement to persons interested in hunting. In the first place, she was pleased to ride on a peaceable-looking, fat sorrel steed, with a long cream-colored mane,—altogether looking as if it claimed kindred with that valuable breed of cart-horses called 'the Suffolk Punch,' good creatures, but never meant for the sports of the field. When mounted on this most unique charger, she wore a monstrous farthingale of dark-green velvet, made with a long tight-waisted bodice, a very queer gray beaver hat of the clerical shape called the shovel, with a gold band and a profusion of fire-colored plumes; and this formidable head-tire is mounted on a high head of hair, like a periwig, elaborately curled and frizzed. The corsage of the gown is cut very low, but the bosom is covered with a transparent chemisette and a Brussels lace collar, and Brussels lace cuffs of three tiers; buff leather gloves with gauntlet tops complete this inimitable hunting-dress. The queen's features are rather handsome; she has lively brown eyes, a clear complexion, and an aquiline nose, which droops a little towards the mouth; the expression of her face is good-natured, but rather bold and confident. Sometimes, when

¹ The queen's treasurer, whose title seems unknown to Heriot's scrivener. Heriot uses, as customary in all documents of that era, the titles majesty and highness in the same sentence, to specify the same person. This paper is one of the Heriot documents, edited by the Rev. Dr. Steven.

hunting, the queen took cross-bow in hand, and shot at the deer from a stand; but the only instance recorded of her majesty's exploits in hitting a living object is, that she killed king James's beloved dog Jewel, or Jowler, "his special and most favorite hound." The king, seeing his canine darling lie dead, stormed exceedingly for a while, before any one dared tell him who had done the deed; at last one of the queen's attendants ventured to break the matter to him, saying, "that the unlucky shaft proceeded from the hand of her majesty," which information suddenly pacified him in the midst of his wrath. "It seemed," said the writer of the letter which preserves this odd incident, "that the affection of king James for his queen increases with time, for they never were on better terms. He sent word to her 'not to be concerned at the accident, for he should never love her the worse.'" Next day he sent her a jewel worth 2000*l.*, pretending it was a legacy from his dear dead dog."¹

In the painting of the queen in her hunting costume, her dogs are introduced by Van Somers; they wear ornamented collars, round which are embossed, in gold, the letters A. R.; they are dwarf greyhounds, a size larger than Italian greyhounds. These little creatures, we think, were at that time used for coursing hares. The queen holds a crimson cord in her hand, to which two of these dogs are linked; it is long enough to allow them to run in the leash by her side when on horseback. A very small greyhound is begging, by putting its paws against her green cut-velvet farthingale, as if jealous of her attention. The whole composition of this historical portrait recalls, in strong caricature, the elegant lines of Dryden:—

"The graceful goddess was arrayed in green;

About her feet were little beagles seen,

Who watched, with upward eyes, the movements of their queen."

The building seen in the picture, behind the queen's left shoulder, represents the lower court of Hampton Court palace, before the trees had grown up by the wall bounding the green, or the gate was altered by Charles II. It has been

¹ Nichols's Progresses, vol. ii. p. 668.

said the scene was Theobalds (the queen's favorite hunting palace, now defunct), but many of the features still coincide with the court of Hampton palace, nearest the river. The queen appears to have stood on the pretty triangular plain fronting the royal stables, which now appertain to the Toy hotel. This plain, in the eras of the Tudors and Stuarts (and perhaps of the Plantagenets¹), was the tilting-place, and indeed the grand play-ground of the adjoining palace. Here used to be set up movable fences, made of net-work, called *toils*, or *tois* (used in those games in which barriers were needed), from whence the name of the stately hostel on the green is derived. The queen was standing on this green, ready to mount, when Van Somers drew this picture. Her blackamoor groom had just led from under the noble arch of the royal stables (which may be supposed opposite to the queen) her tame fat hunter, accoutred with the high-pommelled crimson velvet side-saddle, and rich red housings fringed with gold. Her painter, Van Somers, has added this notation at the left corner of the picture, on which he has, with Dutch quaintness, imitated a scrap of white paper stuck on with two red wafers:—*Anna R. Dei Gratia Magna Brit., France, Hibernia. Ætatis 43.*

The queen did not desert her friend lady Arabella Stuart in her dire distress. Petition after petition, letter after letter, from her she perseveringly put into the king's hands. Besides keeping up a correspondence with the poor prisoner, the queen often sent the kind-hearted lady Jane Drummond to comfort her and ascertain her treatment. Arabella's request, in all her supplications, was, that she might be permitted to see her royal kinsman, and ask him "Why she was confined in the Tower?" Lady Jane Drummond was directed by the queen, on one of these occasions, to write to lady Arabella, that "The king had taken her last letter well enough; but when her majesty pressed him to see Arabella,

¹ Hampton palace was a residence of Elizabeth of York; this is evident from her privy-purse expenses. George duke of Clarence was ranger of Bushy park, which was then much more extensive, the royal chases in Surrey joining Richmond and Oatlands. The stables of the Toy are much older than Wolsey's building.

his answer was, 'That she had eaten of the forbidden tree.' But," adds lady Jane Drummond, "for all that, her majesty sendeth you this little token, in witness of the continuation of her friendship to your ladyship."¹

Anne of Denmark was glad to leave all the troubles of the court, and again retire to Bath, where she spent the principal part of the summer of 1613.

The affection subsisting between the queen and her brother, the king of Denmark, was great; his second visit to England had no object but the pleasure of seeing her and giving her a happy surprise. He arrived in Yarmouth roads, July 19, 1614, accompanied by his lord admiral and lord chancellor: he landed privately, travelled with post-horses through Ipswich, and slept at Brentwood, without the slightest idea of his royal rank transpiring on the road. Thus *incognito*, he arrived at an inn in Aldgate, where he dined; from thence he hired a *hackney-coach*,² and bent his course to the queen's court at Somerset house, where he entered her presence-chamber before any one of her household was aware of his arrival in England. His royal sister was not in the apartment at the moment; she was dining privately in the gallery. While the king of Denmark mingled unknown with the courtiers, who were awaiting queen Anne's entrance into the presence-chamber, Cardel, the dancer, looked in his face very earnestly, and then said to a French gentleman, one of her majesty's officers, that "The stranger-gentleman, close by, was the greatest resemblance to the king of Denmark he ever saw in his life." The Frenchman had seen the king on his previous visit to England, and the moment his attention was drawn to him, recognized his countenance. He immediately ran to his royal mistress, and told her that her brother was certainly in her palace: the queen treated the news with scorn, as an idle fancy. While the matter was in discussion, the king of Denmark entered the gallery,

¹ MS. Papers, Harleian, 7003.

² This narrative is drawn from a contemporary letter, written by Mr. Lorkin to sir Thomas Puckering. It shows hackney-coaches were in common use in the reign of James I. The term 'hackney,' merely means something in common use: it was an English word in the time of Henry VIII., and bore the same signification.

and raising his hand as a signal of silence to the attendants, he approached his sister's chair, who sat with her back to him, and, putting his arms round her ere she was aware, gave her a kiss; "whereby she learned the verity of that she had before treated as falsehood." The queen, in great joy, took off the best jewel she wore that day, and gave it to the Frenchman whose tidings she had mistrusted; she next despatched a post with the news to king James, who was absent on a distant progress, and then devoted all her attention to her brother's entertainment. King James made such haste home from Nottinghamshire that he was at Somerset house on the Sunday, where he, with the queen, the king of Denmark, and prince Charles, were present at a sermon preached by Dr. King, bishop of London.

The politicians of the day exhausted their ingenuity in guessing what great scheme or necessity had induced this flying visit of the royal Dane. After all, they were forced to conclude that it was the mere yearning of natural affection in the wish to spend a week with his sister. Hawking, hunting, bear-baiting, and running at the ring were the daily diversions of the king of Denmark, and plays were acted every night for his entertainment, Sunday excepted, on which evening he entertained the English court, at his expense, with fireworks in Somerset house gardens, after a manner of his own devising. He seems to have had a peculiar taste and genius for pyrotechny, for these fireworks were the most beautiful and successful ever exhibited in England. It was guessed that king Christiern meant to have complained of repeated insults that had been offered to the queen by the Somerset faction, especially by the earl of Northampton, but finding that nobleman just dead, and the favoritism of Somerset on the decline, he abstained from all allusion to former grievances.

The king of Denmark took leave of his royal sister, August 1st, and went with king James and prince Charles to Woolwich, where they were received by the famous ship-builder Phineas Pett,¹ who showed the royal party a beauti-

¹ James II.'s favorite ship-builder was likewise named Phineas Pett. Naval architecture was a science which rose under the patronage of the Stuart kings,

ful ship, nearly finished, called the 'Mer Honneur.' From Woolwich the two kings went to Gravesend, where they dined together at the Ship tavern. Finally, king James escorted king Christiern to his own ship, which had come round from Yarmouth. After this visit, Christiern saw his sister no more; but he was in continual correspondence with her, of the most affectionate nature, till her death. It was to the numerous family connections of James the First's consort that the close intercourse England has maintained with Germany and the northern states of Europe for the last two centuries may be traced. The queen's sisters married the dukes of Brunswick and Hesse, and the heirs of those dominions were, as they are at present, near kinsmen of the royal family of Great Britain.

At this very juncture occurred the poisoning of sir Thomas Overbury, in the Tower, effected by the vengeance of the countess of Somerset, because he had endeavored to prevent her marriage with Somerset after her divorce from the earl of Essex. Somerset was at that time lord chamberlain, a function that fitted the calibre of his intellect far better than that of confidential secretary to the king, to which office (apparently synonymous with that of favorite) there was now another aspirant, much patronized by the queen, being an English youth, of elegant manners and person. George Villiers was first taken notice of by the king, owing to his resemblance to the beautiful head of St. Stephen in one of the Italian masterpieces at Whitehall, from whence was derived the pet name of 'Steenie,' by which the new courtier was designated in the royal family. The king first distinguished George Villiers with his favor at his visit to Cambridge, in 1615. Just before this time the murder of Overbury began to be whispered against

who all understood its principles. James IV. was the best practical naval architect of his day. It is certain that naval architecture in this island owes as much to James IV. as in Russia it does to Peter the Great, for when he built the greatest ship ever known in this island, he planned her himself, and worked in her with his own royal hands, as an example to his destructive countrymen. Alarmed at the navy his brother-in-law was creating, Henry VIII. ordered the construction of still larger ships, and gave great encouragement to his navy.

Somerset, who was, in a few days, arrested with his wife, and both were conveyed to the Tower.¹

The king stood on the punctilio that the queen should recommend Villiers to the office of his confidential secretary, perhaps because this office would render him a frequent witness of their domestic life, and because part of her own private correspondence would pass through the hands of that officer; yet she demurred at the idea of being thus rendered responsible for his conduct in the giddy career of royal favoritism she perceived he was destined to run. Experience, as she advanced towards middle life, had given her some insight into human character, and the probable results of an intoxicating prosperity. When archbishop Abbott took it upon him to obtain from the queen the required formal recommendation of Villiers to her royal spouse, she made this sensible answer:—"My lord, neither you nor your friends know what you desire. I know your master better than you all. If Villiers once gets this place, those who shall have most contributed to his preferment will be the first sufferers by him. I shall be no more spared than the rest. The king will, himself, teach him to despise us, and to treat us with pride and scorn. The young proud favorite will soon fancy that he is obliged but to his own merit for his preferment."² It is, however, certain, whatever were her misgivings on the subject, that she complied with the request of the archbishop, and introduced Villiers to his first step in court-honor in the following manner:—On St. George's day her majesty (being with prince Charles in the privy-chamber) told the king that "She had a new candidate for the honor of knighthood, worthy of St. George himself." She then requested the prince, her son, to reach her his father's sword, which he did, drawing

¹ A long series of trials took place for poisoning and witchcraft, and a horrible effusion of blood ensued of the minor agents in the murder. The malice and folly of the countess of Somerset had set a great number of atrocious agents at work, and the lieutenant of the Tower, with some of the lowest servants of that prison, were executed; yet the countess was spared, though she pleaded guilty. Somerset never would acknowledge guilt; nor would any jury, in these days, have convicted him.

² Archbishop Abbott's Journal, quoted in Kennet.

it out of the sheath. She advanced to the king with the sword: he affected to be afraid of her approach with the drawn weapon; but, kneeling before him, she presented to him George Villiers, and guided the king's hand in giving him the accolade of knighthood. James, either being very awkward, or too powerfully refreshed at the festival of St. George, had nearly thrust out his new favorite's eye with the sword in the course of this ceremony.

Perhaps Villiers conducted himself more gratefully to the queen than she anticipated, for no traces exist of any quarrel between them. Some autograph letters are extant, in her hand, by which it appears she entered into a friendly compact with him, for the reformation of the king's unmannerly habits and personal ill-behavior.

*My kind dog, I have receaved
your letter which is verge well=
com to me you doe verie well in
lugging the sowes care, and I
thank you for it, and would
have you doe so still upon con=
dition that you Continue a
watchfull dog to him and be
atwaies true to him. So wishing
you all happines*

*To the account &
villiers &
& & &*

Anna R^o

The truth was, king Jamie, when his animal spirits overleaped the little discretion he possessed, was wont to com-

port himself according to the apt simile of sir Walter Scott, "exceedingly like an old gander, running about and cackling all manner of nonsense." His loving queen likened him, less reverently, to a sow; and her majesty charged her *protégé*, George Villiers, to give his royal master some hint, imperceptible to the by-standers, when he was transgressing the bounds of what she considered kingly behavior. Thus Villiers was established as a sort of monitor or flapper of Laputa, to recall the dignity of the monarch when it was going astray. He was compared, in the circle of the royal family, to a faithful dog who lugged a sow by the ear when transgressing into forbidden grounds, and the queen facetiously called the admonitions of the favorite, "lugging the sow by the ear;" without such coarse and quaint comparison, it is very likely these reproofs would not have been graciously received. The following letter, copied from the original autograph, was written in answer to a letter of Villiers, informing queen Anne that, "in obedience to her desire, he had pulled the king's ear till it was as long as any sow's." Some other notes by the queen, on the same subject, follow.¹ She seldom wrote a long letter.

"MY KIND DOGGE :—

"Your letter hath bin acceptable to me. I rest already assured of your carefulness. Yowe may tell your maister that the king of Denmark hath sent me twelve fair mares, which I intend to put in Byfield parke; where, being the other day a-hunting, I could find but very few deare, but great store of other cattle, as I shall tell your maister myself when I see him. I hope to meet you all at Woodstock at the time appointed, till when I wish you all happiness and contentment.

ANNA, R.

"I thank yow for your paines taken in remembering the pailing of *me* parke. I will doe yow anie service I can."

QUEEN ANNE TO KING JAMES.

"I am glad that our brother's horse does please you, and that my dog Stennie does well; for I did command him that he should make your ear hang like a sow's lug, and when he comes home I will treat him better than any other dog."

Sometimes these admonitions were to remind the king of certain promises he had made for the advancement of her majesty's pecuniary interests, for she was very extravagant, and always in want of money.

¹ Harleian MSS., fol. 6988.

English Costumes of the XVIIIth Century

GEORGE VILLIERS, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,
AND HIS FAMILY

*After the Painting by G. Honthorst now in Hampton
Court*



When the king was settled with a confidant of more personal respectability than Somerset, the queen ceased to interfere with state affairs; it was the only instance in which she had thrown her influence into the scale since her arrival in England. Her contemporaries gave her credit for considerable abilities, if she had chosen to plunge into the troubled sea of politics; she manifested more wisdom by avoiding it, and by amusing herself with her masks and festivals, which fostered the fine arts, and encouraged the talents of her two especial *protégés*, Inigo Jones and Ben Jonson. She was a good linguist, since, in addition to the French, German, and English languages, she was an Italian scholar, for cardinal Bentivoglio, then resident as nuncio at the court of Brussels, who had visited England, mentions that she possessed this accomplishment. He praises, too, her beauty excessively, but perhaps he was no great judge of female charms, and her pictures at Hampton Court will scarcely sustain the assertion; when he speaks of her knowledge of his own elegant language, it will be allowed that is a matter on which he was fully able to decide.

The queen's bad taste in dress led her to exaggerate, rather than banish, the hideous costume prevalent in all the courts of Europe for half a century. It was a style which would have caricatured the Venus de Medicis herself, had she assumed farthingale and *tête-de-mouton*. In fact, a farthingale must have been a habitation rather than a garment,¹ as troublesome to carry about as a snail-shell is to its occupant. The inconveniences attending this ridiculous dress at last exhausted the patience of king James, who issued a formidable proclamation² against the whole costume, declaring that no lady or *gentleman* clad in a far-

¹ In a trial for witchcraft in Lancashire, Margaret Hardman, a young lady who thought herself bewitched, thus described the sort of garment she chose her familiar to provide:—"I will have a French farthingale. I will have it low before and high behind, and broad on either side, that I may lay my arms on it."

² The proclamation was to his own court and guests. It was not a sumptuary law, ratified by act of parliament, like those in which Elizabeth set the fashions of her subjects.

thingale should come to see any of the sights or masks at Whitehall for the future, because "this impertinent garment took up all the room in his court." A most ridiculous incident had thus roused the legislative wrath of king James. At one of the masks performed by the gentlemen of Gray's inn, in Whitehall palace, there was great anxiety manifested by the ladies to obtain places, but unfortunately four or five were wedged in the passage by the size of their farthingales; others pressed on, and likewise stuck fast. Thus the way was utterly blocked up with ladies, pushing, squeezing, and remonstrating with no little din of eloquence, whilst the beautiful mask was played out to the king and queen seated almost alone. Next day the king issued his fulmination against farthingales, and it appears, from this proclamation, that the gentlemen, willing to be of as much consequence in the world as the ladies, had padded or wadded their garments in proportion. Mr. Chamberlayne, whose letters preserve the memory of this proclamation, expresses his satisfaction "that it would certainly cause the extirpation of this unbecoming costume." Greatly mistaken was he when he supposed it was in the power of a royal edict to banish a fashion before the ladies themselves were tired of it. If the king objected to farthingales, he should have commenced by regulating the attire of her majesty, the leader of fashion, but this was an experiment he was not very likely to try. In the very face of his proclamation the obnoxious garments continued to increase in amplitude for the remainder of his life, and very perversely went out of fashion at his funeral.

The king very early in the new year of 1616 visited Newmarket, but the severe weather prevented his favorite amusements. His majesty, therefore, having nothing better to do, vented his spleen in a humorous sonnet 'to January,' in which he says:—

"But now his double face is still disposed,
With Saturn's aid, to freeze us at the fire;
The earth, o'er covered with a sheet of snow,
Refuses food to fowl, to bird, and beast;

The chilling cold *lets*¹ everything to grow,
And surfeits cattle with a starving feast."

The queen stood godmother, the same summer, at Wimbledon, to the daughter of Thomas earl of Exeter (lord Burleigh's eldest son). She seems to have invented the name of Georgiana for the benefit of her god-daughter.² Court gossip affirmed that the queen was very anxious for the departure of her consort on his long-projected visit to Scotland, in order that she might reign as queen-regent over England in his absence. But this was scandal, since good proof exists that she was very anxious to have him home again before he was ready to return, and, withal, she was not appointed regent. King James set out from Theobalds, March 14, 1617. The queen bore him company as far as Ware: the king did not arrive in Edinburgh till May. The extravagant English nobles who accompanied him had much to say in scorn of the utter absence of pageantry in the welcome given to the long-absent king. But if sparing in pageantry, the Scotch were profuse in Latin orations and scholastic disputations, which infinitely comforted and refreshed the pedantry of his soul.

It is difficult to detail the usual proceedings of the royal humorist with gravity, yet it would be unjust not to put in a serious word of commendation in regard to the real good James effected, at this time, in the land of his birth. His primary object in this visit was to oblige the privy council of Scotland to establish schools in every parish; likewise parish registers.³ We do not scruple to affirm, boldly, that a king whose heart was set on such improvements for the lower orders was *not* the beast and fool which it has pleased

¹ Hinders. The word *let*, as well as *prevent*, has become the very reverse of its original meaning.

² The register of the parish says, "The ladie Georgi-Anna, daughter to the earl of Exeter and the honorable lady Frances, countess of Exeter, was baptized the 30th of July, 1616, in the afternoon; queen Anne and the earl of Worcester being witnesses, and the bishop of London administered the baptism."

³ Those who can read the quaint journal of council, written by the lord chancellor of Scotland, may be convinced, *if they choose*, that these beneficial improvements emanated from James himself. This document is printed by the Maitland Club, with letters to James VI.—Introduction, p. 63.

party calumniators to represent him ; three words, at least, might be uttered in reply to their railings,—these being, parochial-schools, registers, colonies. The benefits of these establishments are felt to this hour, and the paternal wisdom of their peaceful founder ought to be better appreciated now than in his own age of blood and crime.

But to turn to lighter matter, if the king's English train were discontented at the absence of the pageantry usual in England on all festive occasions, the Scotch were as much astonished that such trifles could give pleasure to grown men, and began to question among themselves whether the English worshipped these images, and whether they were really the idols they heard so much about from their Calvinist preachers. However, among the rest of the diversions prepared for king James, there was, to be sure, one red lion, made of plaster, at Linlithgow ; and, certainly, the address of this lion, in which was enclosed James Wiseman, school-master of the said town, was better worth attention than any other of the northern recreations :—

“Thrice royal sir, here I do you beseech,
Who art a lion, hear a lion's speech,—
A miracle, for, since the days of *Æsop*,
No lion till these times his voice dared raise up
To such a majesty. Then, king of men,
The king of beasts speaks to thee from his den,
Who (though he now be here enclosed in plaster),
When he is free, is Lithgow's wise school-master.”

Whilst his majesty was absent, the queen had a very fearful dream¹ respecting his personal safety, and despatched a special messenger with the particulars of it, begging him, withal, to hasten home to her. For once in his life king James paid no heed to the call of superstition ; perhaps, in regard to the supernatural, he attended to the crotchets of no brain but his own, for he did not particularly hasten his homeward progress.

Her majesty sojourned at Greenwich palace during the king's absence. The young gentlewomen of Lady's hall, a great boarding-school at the neighboring town of Deptford,

¹ Letter of archbishop Toby Matthews, dated Pocklington, May 17, 1617.

performed a mask for the diversion of her majesty. In the course of the prologue the queen was thus addressed:—

“The lovely crew
Of Lady’s hall, a pure academy,
Where modesty doth sway as governess,
These pretty *nimps* [nymphs], devoted to your grace,
Present a sport, which they do yearly celebrate
On Candlemas night, with due solemnity
And great applause.”

Hymen was the hero of the mask, but the instructors at Lady’s hall considered it only proper that so impertinent a god as Cupid should be banished from all association with that respectable divinity,—Cupids being contraband articles at the Deptford school patronized by her majesty queen Anne and the court at Greenwich. The piece was therefore entitled Cupid’s Banishment, and, being written under the immediate surveillance of Mr. Ounslo, tutor to Lady’s hall, ought to have been the very pink of propriety. Indeed, Cupid is railed at, in good set terms, from the beginning to the end of the mask; as, for instance:—

THE NIMPS’ SONG AND JOY THAT CUPID IS GONE.

“Hark, hark! how Philomel,
Whose notes no air can parallel;
Mark, mark her melody!
She descants still on chastity;
The diapason of her tone is, ‘Cupid’s gone!’
He’s gone, he’s gone! he’s quite exiled,
Venus’s brat, peevish imp, Fancy’s child!
Let him go! let him go! with his quiver and his bow.”

In the course of the mask a concert was performed, considered unrivalled. Twelve young ladies as nymphs entered, dressed all in white, their hair hanging down their necks, adorned with jewels, necklaces on their *heads*, and coronets of artificial flowers, with a puff of *tinsie* rising in the midst. They paced towards her majesty, and, after the first strain of the violins, commenced dancing *Anna Regina*, in letters; that is, as they stood or moved, linked hand in hand, they formed a figure, which constantly presented to the eyes of the beholder the queen’s written name. Their second dance was *Jacobus Rex*, in compliment to the king;

then *Carolus P.*, for prince Charles, "with many excellent figures falling off, devised by Mr. Ounslo, tutor to Lady's hall," who was doubtless a most exalted personage that night in his own opinion. The ballet having ended, master Richard Browne,¹ the heir of Sayes court,² Deptford, who had acted Diana in the mask, presented to her majesty, with a flourishing speech, her two god-daughters, young mistress Anne Sandilands, and young mistress Anne Chaloner, who had danced in the ballets, and were among the scholars at Lady's hall. They brought to the queen gifts of their needle-work, one offering a pattern of acorns, and the other of rosemary, the initials of which were the same as her majesty's name, *Anna Regina*. The girls then retired, making their honors and obeisances, two by two, squired by Master Richard Browne, otherwise Diana. Such is the earliest notice of a boarding-school to be found among the memorials of English costume. Schools of the kind had, at this epoch, succeeded the ancient convents, where the young females of this country were formerly educated. Lady's hall was evidently a very superior establishment; it was situated near the court at Greenwich, where the queen had her god-daughters, and perhaps her wards, educated under her own eye. There are some traces of the modern dancing-master's ball to be found in this description. In modern times, however, a whole boarding-school of young ladies, if honored by the patronage of majesty, would never have been chaperoned to the foot of the throne by a great boy dressed as Diana!

Sir Francis Bacon, who had been newly installed as lord keeper,³ was the person who governed England in the king's

¹ His daughter, the heiress of Sayes court, married the illustrious John Evelyn. There is reason to suppose, from a passage in Evelyn's Diary, that the parents or near relatives of sir Richard Browne kept this ladies' school.

² The MS. from which Mr. Nichols printed this mask was found in the library of Sayes court, written, it is supposed, by sir Richard Browne. (Nichols's Progresses of James I., vol. iii. p. 283.) Sir Richard was afterwards one of the most elegant cavaliers at the court of Charles I.

³ The lord chancellor is now a movable minister, who goes out of office with his party. Till the Revolution, he was seldom removed but by death or impeachment; if he pleaded infirmity, a *lord keeper* of the great seal was appointed to act for him as long as he lived.

absence. He excited great wrath among the nobility left at court by the regal airs he gave himself. Many ran to tell tales to the queen; but this was of no avail, for the great Bacon was very evidently a favorite with her majesty. They complained that he took possession of the king's own lodging, gave audience in the great banqueting-house, and if any privy councillors sat too near him, bade them "know their distance," to their infinite indignation. Secretary Winwood was so enraged that he left the court, and would not enter his presence; he complained, withal, to the queen, and wrote an angry despatch to the king, "imploing him to make haste back, for his seat was already usurped, and he verily believed Bacon fancied himself king." "I remember," continues sir Anthony Weldon, who relates this anecdote in his satirical gossip, "king James reading this letter to us on his progress, and both the king and we were very merry." As for queen Anne, she did her best to make peace between the belligerents, and asked Bacon, in a friendly manner, "Why he and secretary Winwood could not agree?"—"I know not, madame," replied the great philosopher, with simplicity, "excepting it be that he is very proud; and so am I."¹ The candor of this reply pleased the queen. As to the king, when he returned in September, he silenced all the tale-bearers who had made malicious observations on Bacon's conduct, by bearing witness "that he had, while exercising the power which had been viewed so invidiously, never spoken ill of any one, or endeavored, either by word or letter, to prejudice him or Villiers against a living creature."²

It was about the time of the king's return from Scotland that apprehensions were first entertained that the queen's life would be a short one, and the expression used would indicate that her loss would be felt as a serious one to the court and royal family. "The queen is somewhat *crazy*

¹ Letter of Chamberlayne to sir Dudley Carleton, October 11, 1617.

² James has been most unjustly charged with persecuting lord Bacon, by displacing him when his miserable dereliction from integrity in his office of lord chancellor was discovered. But those who look steadfastly into the facts of the case (see State-Trials) will be convinced that, if James was to blame, it was for over-indulgence to this "greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind."

[sickly] again; they say it is the gout, though the need of her welfare makes the world fearful." Soon after, "the queen continues still indisposed, and though she would fain lay all her infirmities upon the gout, yet her physicians fear an ill habit through her whole constitution."¹ In her notes written to the king at this period, she often alludes to bodily malady, yet, at the same time, she dwells on her favorite amusements of hunting or of hawking. The following seems written just before king James returned from Scotland:—

QUEEN ANNE TO KING JAMES.

"MY HEART:—

"I crave pardon that I have not sooner answered your m[ajesty's] letter. You shall not feare the paine in my fingers: you shall find them will [well] enough for you when you come home. I think it long to see my gerfaulkon flie, which I hope to see when I shall have the honore to kisse your m[ajesty's] handes.

Yours,

"ANNA, R."²

The next billet to her royal spouse was evidently written during her long sojourn at Oatlands, whither she went for the recovery of her health, in the autumn of the year that the king returned from Scotland:—

QUEEN ANNE TO KING JAMES.

"MY HEART:—

"I desire your majestie to pardon that I have not answered your majestie sooner upon your letters, because I would knowe the truth of the park at Otte-lands, as I understand there is near forty *grossi beastiami*, of divers kinds, that *devours* my deere, as I will tell your majesty at *mieting*. Whereas your majestie wolde have me to meete you att Witthall, I am content, but I feare som inconveniens in my leggs, which I have not felt hier. So, kissen your majestie's hands, I rest

Your

"ANNA, R."³

The court intelligence at the new year, 1617-18, spoke thus ominously of the queen's health:—"Her majesty is not well. They say she languisheth, whether with melancholy or sick-

¹ Letters of Chamberlayne to sir Dudley Carleton, October 18 and 25, 1617.

² Original in the Advocate's library, Edinburgh. It is printed here in the queen's orthography.

³ The original is in the Advocate's library, Edinburgh. This little familiar letter is transcribed, according to the queen's spelling, from the fac-simile published by the Maitland Club. Her *beastiami* were neat cattle, which devoured the grass of her deer.

ness, or what not; yet is she still at Whitehall, being scant able to remove.”¹ Three years previously her physicians had treated her for a confirmed state of dropsy, and now this disease made an attack which threatened to be fatal. She removed to Somerset house, to be out of the bustle of the carnival, Shrovetide being kept nearly as riotously at the court of James as it is at present on the continent. In the midst of the mad revelry, the king was taken ill with the gout in his knees. Some rantipole knights of his bedchamber, sir George Goring, sir Thomas Badger, sir Edward Zouch, and others, tried to amuse him by acting some little burlesque plays, called Tom-a-Bedlam, The Tinker, and The Two Merry Milkmaids; but the gout and the cold weather pinched the king, and nothing could put him in a good humor. “He reproved his knights for ribaldry,”—not without reason,—“called their little burlesque plays [probably the same as modern farces] mad stuff, and was utterly unmanageable by his masculine attendants.” The poor sick queen was forced to make several journeys from Somerset house to see him while he was confined to his bed, and at last took him away with her to Theobalds, where he had better nurses than his rantipole knights, and soon recovered the proper use of his limbs and of his temper.

Queen Anne continued to decline during the summer. As the autumn wore on she suffered much with a cough, accompanied by bleeding of the lungs, so that she was one night nearly suffocated in her sleep, and her physicians were sent for in great haste. She removed from Oatlands, and remained at Hampton Court, where illness made her more infirm. The king, when not confined by sickness himself, went to see her twice, and often thrice every week. She evidently had not the least idea of her danger, and did not lack flatterers to persuade her she was convalescent. Sick as she was, she was not so completely absorbed in her own sufferings as to forget her old *protégé*, sir Walter Raleigh, in his extremity, who made a last earnest appeal to her compassion in verse. The words he addressed to her are as follow :—

¹ Birch's MSS. 4174.

“Then unto whom shall I unfold my wrong,
 Cast down my tears, or hold up folded hands?
 To her to whom *remorse* does not belong;
 To her who is the first, and may alone
 Be justly termed the empress of Briton!
 Who should have mercy, if a queen has none?”

These lines conclude with a passionate exhortation to—

“Save him, who would have died for your defence!
 Save him, whose thoughts no treason ever tainted!”

This appeal induced the queen to make one of her last efforts in state affairs, by way of an earnest intercession to save him from the block. Even those who weigh the actual deeds of this brilliant man in the unerring scales of moral justice, and who fix their attention on the fact which occasioned the execution of his long-delayed sentence, will wish that the pleadings of Anne of Denmark had been heeded, and that the following letter had met with the attention it deserved:—

THE QUEEN TO THE MARQUESS OF BUCKINGHAM.¹

“MY KIND DOG:—

“If I have any power or credit with you, I pray you let me have a trial of it at this time, in dealing sincerely and earnestly with the king that sir Walter Raleigh's life may not be called in question. If you do it so that the success answer my expectation, assure yourself that I will take it extraordinary kindly at your hands, and rest one that wisheth you well, and desires you to continue still (as you have been) a true servant to your master,

“ANNA, R.”

Notwithstanding this intercession, Raleigh was beheaded on the 29th of October, 1618, soon after it was made. He suffered death ostensibly on the sentence which we have seen passed on him in 1603 (when he was respited through the entreaties of the queen and prince Henry). There was something extremely repulsive in thus putting him to death for a crime for which he had virtually been forgiven. His real offence (and one of great magnitude it certainly was) had been committed in the preceding year, when he had

¹ Birch's MSS. 4162, article 60. The original of the letter, entirely written in the sick queen's hand, is in the Advocate's library, at Edinburgh, and a facsimile may be seen in the elegant volume published by the Maitland Club, a copy of which has been most kindly presented to us by Alexander Macdonald, Esq., of the General Register house, Edinburgh.

employed an expedition, intrusted to him for the purpose of discovery, in a cruel attack on an unoffending colony belonging to a nation at peace with England. King James had not the moral courage to bring the perpetrator of this outrage to trial, because his people had not made a sufficient advance in moral justice to consider such piratical descents on struggling colonists in their true light. But James, whose peaceful policy had first opened for over-populated England those safety-valves called colonies, felt how severely Spain could retaliate Raleigh's aggression on the infant English settlements, beginning, under his auspices, to stud the coast of North America. The nineteenth century has made sufficient progress in moral rectitude and statistic wisdom to blame equally Raleigh's crime and the illegal and shuffling mode of inflicting his punishment.

How the queen received the news of the death of the man she had for so many years protected is not known. Her own life drew near its close. She was in great danger throughout the month of December, "Nevertheless," says a contemporary writer, "she cannot fail to do well who has every one's good wishes.¹ The king went to stay at Hampton Court with her on St. Thomas's day, when the physicians spoke doubtfully of her recovery; but I cannot think," adds the courtly correspondent, "the case desperate, as she was able to attend to a long sermon, preached by the bishop of London in her inner chamber. Yet I hear the greedy courtiers already plot for leases of her lands, and who shall have the keeping of Somerset house; and the rest, who shall share her *implements* and movables, just as if they were about to divide a spoil. I hope they may come as short as they who reckoned on dividing the bear-skin; yet we cannot be out of fear till we see her pass the top of May hill." She never saw the month of May. The king was very anxious that she should dispose, by will, of the immense property she had invested in jewels, which he was afraid would be transmitted out of the kingdom. It is probable she meant to bequeath some of it to her daughter Elizabeth, the wife of the count Palatine, who was involved in the deepest distress by the

¹ Birch's MSS. (British Museum) 4174.

assumption her husband had made of the crown of Bohemia. It is certain she had laid aside a casket full of most valuable jewels for the queen of Bohemia, and as she was anxiously expecting the arrival of her brother, the king of Denmark, he was probably the medium to whom she meant to consign them.

King James had travelled from London to Hampton Court, to see his dying wife, thrice every week during the winter. He was now laid up with a severe fit of illness at Royston, which many persons thought would have been fatal. His illness was aggravated by the prospect of losing a partner with whom he had spent the best days of his life, and though they had had, like most married persons, some matrimonial wrangling, yet he had never given her a rival, and was decidedly the most indulgent of husbands. He was very anxious that the queen should exercise her privilege of leaving a will, not on account of anything he might gain, because, if she died intestate, her property *must* have fallen to himself; but her majesty had two favorite attendants, Danish Anna and a Frenchman called Pierrot, who were objects of great suspicion and jealousy respecting her jewels. The desire of the king that his consort should make a will was, most likely, because such document would have been accompanied by schedules of her jewels, which remained at the mercy of these persons. The archbishop of Canterbury and the bishop of London had previously taken upon themselves to hint at the propriety of her majesty preparing a will, by exhorting her on the uncertainty of human life, and the necessity for all sick persons to set their affairs in order. The queen, however, would not take any hint that she was near death, and observed "that they spoke thus because their visit happened to be on Candlemas [February 2d], which," she added, "the English usually called 'the dismal day.'"¹ Charles prince of Wales was urged by the prelates to induce his mother to make her will; but, in a letter still extant, he positively refused any interference, pleading the impropriety of taking such a step.²

¹ Chamberlayne's letter to sir Dudley Carleton.

² Halliwell's Letters of the Kings of England.

Like many persons who have declined long, the queen was carried off suddenly at last. Notwithstanding all the jealousies regarding her attachment to the Roman Catholic faith, she died in edifying communion with the church of England, as distinctly specified by an eye-witness.¹ "She was reasonably well recovered to the eyes of all that saw her, and came to her withdrawing-chamber [drawing-room] and to her gallery every day almost; yet still so weak of her legs that she could hardly stand, neither had she any stomach for her meat for six weeks before she died. But this was only known to your countryman Pira [Pierre], and the Dutch [Danish] woman that serves her in her chamber." This was Danish Anna, of whom mention has been made at her Scotch coronation. "They kept all close from the physicians, and everybody else: none saw her eat but these two. Meanwhile, she was making preparation for a visit from the king of Denmark, whom she expected to receive at her house at Oatlands, when a cough, that often troubled her, suddenly took the form of a consumptive cough in February, while she was still at Hampton Court. She took to her bed, but first had the bed 'she loved best' set up." Her physicians were Dr. Mayerne, Dr. Atkins, and Dr. Turner; and it is a very curious circumstance, that they had all been recommended to her "by sir Walter Raleigh," because they knew his "secrets and medicaments of physics."²

The queen became worse after taking possession of her favorite bed, and desired her son to be sent for; the archbishop of Canterbury and the bishop of London preceded him, coming to wait on her accidentally. When she heard they were desirous of seeing her, she requested their presence; and they came in, and knelt by her bedside. "Madame," said one of them, "we hope that as your majesty's strength fails outwardly, the better part grows stronger." They said a prayer, and, word by word, she followed them. Then

¹ Abstracted from a letter to a French lady from one of the queen's attendants, printed in the Miscellany of the Abbotsford Club, pp. 81-83.

² Letter of Gerard Herbert to Dr. Ward.—Court of James, by bishop Goodman, vol. ii. p. 187.

the archbishop said, "Madame, we hope your majesty doth not trust to your own merits, nor to the merits of saints, but only to the blood and merits of our Saviour."—"I do," she answered, and, withal, she said, "I renounce the mediation of saints and my own merits, and only rely on my Saviour Christ, who has redeemed my soul by his blood." Which declaration gave great satisfaction to the prelates, and those who heard her.

Charles prince of Wales, her son, then arrived; he was conducted to her, and she welcomed him, and asked him "How he did?" He answered, "At her service," and a few trifling questions passed cheerfully. The queen, who seems to have dreaded the presence of the great crowds which, in those days, ever surrounded the death-beds of royal persons, implored him to go home. "No," replied Charles, "I will stay to wait upon your majesty."—"I am a pretty piece to wait upon, *servant*," replied the dying queen, calling her son by a pet name (derived from the code of chivalry) which she ever used in their affectionate intercourse.¹ She implored him to go to his own chamber, and she would send for him soon: he obeyed her unwillingly. The archbishop then said to her, "Madame, all I have to say to your majesty is, set your heart upon God, and remember your poor servants." She knew he meant to urge her to make a will, a measure, it seems, that the two domestics, to whom she utterly consigned herself in private, were most unwilling she should take, lest they should be forced to account for treasures in their rapacious hands. "I pray you," replied the queen, "to go home now, and I will see you on Wednesday." This was Monday afternoon, and all about plainly discerned that, by the time she named, she would be with the dead. The archbishop left

¹ It was etiquette for Anne of Denmark's correspondents to style themselves her *servants*, not her subjects. Lord Carlisle said, that at her first coming to England, a courtier had termed himself her subject at the end of a letter, on which king James either put himself into a great passion, or affected to be in one, and vowed "he would hang the writer." The circumstance seems to have passed into a household jest in the royal family; indeed, a great many stories of James I., gravely told by historians as portentous truths, indicative of cruelty and tyranny, were merely dry gibes of the royal humorist.

the royal chamber, but the bishop of London, "a very good man," still lingered, as loath to depart. "Madame," he said, "heed not the transitory things, but set your heart on God." "I do," she answered; yet still bade him "Go home, and come again on Wednesday night."—"No," he answered; "I will stay and wait upon your majesty *this* night." Her desire to have them gone, she said, was because she knew there were no proper lodgings for them prepared, and she felt no symptoms of dissolution.

After the prince had retired to his chamber, the archbishop returned home, but the bishop of London remained at Hampton Court. The lords in attendance went to supper, and all the queen's ladies, among whom the principal in waiting were the countesses of Arundel and Bedford, and lady Carey. The countess of Derby arrived that afternoon, and earnestly entreated to see the queen, who declined the interview; yet, on lady Derby's extreme importunity, admitted her, and after asking her two or three *merry* [cheerful] questions, begged her to go to her supper. When supper was over, the prince entered his mother's chamber, and spoke to her; but, at her earnest request, retired soon. All her attendants were most desirous for her to make her will, but she prayed them to let her alone till the morrow, when she would. She was cold and pale, but her voice was strong; none durst come into her chamber for fear of offending her, it being against her wishes; yet all stayed in the antechamber till she sent a positive command for it to be cleared, and all to go to bed, forbidding any watch to be held. Her physicians paid her their nightly visit at twelve o'clock: when they had withdrawn, she called to her maid, Danish Anna, that sat by her bed, and bade her fill some drink to wash her mouth: she brought her a glass of Rhenish wine. The queen drank it all out, and said to her woman, "Now have I deceived the physicians." She bade Danish Anna lock the door, and keep all out that were out.¹ "Now," she said, "lay down by me, and sleep; for in seeing you repose, I shall feel disposed to sleep." Scarcely a quarter of an hour had passed, when she roused her

¹ Sir Dudley Carleton's letter. Abbotsford letter.

woman, and bade her bring some water to wash her eyes. With the water, Danish Anna brought a candle; but the darkness of death had invaded the eyes of the queen, and she saw not the light, but still bade a candle be brought. "Madame," said Anna, there is one here: do you not see it?"—"No," said the queen. Then her confidential attendant, finding that death was on her royal mistress, was terrified lest she should die locked up alone with her. She opened the doors, and called the physicians: they gave the queen a cordial, and sent for the prince, and the lords and ladies of the household. Hampton Court clock then struck one.

The queen distinctly gave the prince of Wales her blessing as he knelt by her bedside, her hand being guided and placed on his head. The lords presented a paper to her, which she signed as she could. It was her will, in which she left her property to her son; likewise rewards to her servants. The bishop of London made a prayer, and her son, and all who were about her bed, prayed. Her speech was gone, but the bishop said, "Madame, make a sign that your majesty is one with your God, and long to be with him." She then "held up her hands; and when one hand failed, held up the other, till both failed. In the sight of all, her heart, her eyes, her tongue was fixed on God; while she had strength, and when sight and speech failed, her hands were raised to him in supplication. And when all failed, the bishop made another prayer; and she laid so pleasantly in her bed, smiling as if she had no pain, only at the last she gave five or six little moans, and had the happiest going out of the world that any one ever had. Two days after, the queen's corpse looked better than she had done at any time within two years. Her loss was almost absorbed by dread of a greater loss,—the king was extremely ill, and never king bewailed more than he; but, praise be to God, on Good-Friday he began to recover, and now, thank God, is past fear!"¹

The royal funt was brought by water-procession from

¹ Letter in the collection of the Abbotsford Club, dated March 27, 1619.

Hampton Court to Somerset house, where she lay in state till the 13th of May, when she was attended to the grave by most of the nobility then sojourning in London. An eye-witness observed of the burial, "that it was but a drawling tedious sight, and though the number of the lords and ladies was very great, yet they made but a poor show, being all appparelled alike in black; they came lagging, tired with the distance between Somerset house and Westminster abbey." The weight of the mourning itself was a great fatigue, every private lady having twelve yards of broad-cloth about her, and the countesses sixteen yards of the same,—no trifle to carry at a walking funeral in May. The countess of Arundel was chief lady mourner, being supported by the duke of Lenox and the marquess of Hamilton (both relatives of the royal family of Stuart); the other ladies who followed had some one to lean on, or they could not have borne up, on account of the weight of their garments. Charles prince of Wales came after the archbishop of Canterbury, who was to preach the funeral sermon, and went before the corpse, which was drawn by six horses. The queen's palfrey was led by her master of horse, sir Thomas Somerset. The banners of the Goths and Vandals were borne by the heralds among the banners of Denmark's German and northern alliances. The coffin was carried to the grave by sir Edward Bushel and nine other knights of the queen's household.¹

Anne of Denmark had never visited Scotland since she left it, but her death was duly commemorated there. Lord Binning wrote to king James, "that when the sorrowful news of his blessed queen's death came to Edinburgh, he had sent to the magistrates, and to Mr. Patrick Galloway and the other ministers, that honorable remembrance might be made in their sermons of her majesty's virtuous life and Christian death."² The poets in England offered many tributes to her memory. Camden has preserved two elegiac epitaphs, which possess some elegance of thought:—

¹ Camden's MS. in Harl. MSS., 5176.

² Melros Papers, p. iii.

EPITAPH ON ANNE OF DENMARK.¹

“March, with his winds, hath struck a cedar tall,
 And weeping April mourns that cedar’s fall;
 And May intends no flowers her month shall bring,
 Since she must lose the flower of all the spring:
 Thus March’s winds hath caused April’s showers,
 And yet sad May must lose her flower of flowers.”

Another, which was written by king James himself,² contains an allusion to the comet, supposed to forebode her death:—

“Thee to invite the great God sent a star;
 His nearest friend and kin good princes are,
 Who, though they run their race of man and die,
 Death serves but to refine their majesty.
 So did my queen her court from hence remove,
 And left this earth to be enthroned above;
 Then she is changed, not dead,—no good prince dies,
 But like the sun, doth only set to rise.”

The king arrived at Greenwich a few days after his queen’s funeral. “All her coffers and cabinets were brought from Somerset house in four carts, and delivered, by inventory, to his majesty by sir Edward Coke and the queen’s auditor. The king examined all. He found that the queen had received from Herrick, her jeweller,³ 36,000*l.* worth of jewels, of which no vestige appeared. The jeweller produced the models, and proved the delivery of the property. Pierrot, the queen’s French attendant, and her favorite maid, Danish Anna, were suspected of the embezzlement of these jewels, and of a vast mass of ready money which their royal mistress was supposed to have hoarded. Both were examined, and afterwards committed to the custody of justice Doubleday, to be privately imprisoned in his house; but it does not appear that any trace was ever gained of the missing treasure.”⁴

Anne of Denmark’s hearse remained standing over the place of her interment at Westminster abbey the whole of

¹ Camden’s Remains, 397.

² Cole’s MSS.

³ Father of the elegant poet, Robert Herrick, one of the ornaments of that brilliant literary era.

⁴ Birch’s MSS., Brit. Museum.

the reign of James I. It was destroyed during the civil wars, with many a funeral memento of more durable materials. She had no other monument. Her death occurred in the forty-sixth year of her age: she left but two living children, Charles prince of Wales, afterwards Charles I., and Elizabeth queen of Bohemia, both of them singularly unfortunate. James I. survived his consort seven years. He never encouraged the idea of a second marriage, but the manners of his court became extremely gross and unrefined, for ladies no longer came there after the death of Anne of Denmark.

HENRIETTA MARIA,

QUEEN-CONSORT OF CHARLES THE FIRST, KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER I.

Henriette Marie, princess of France—Her baptism—Assassination of her father—Infancy—Education—First lover—Charles prince of Wales visits Paris—His engagement to the infant—He proposes for the princess Henriette—She borrows his picture—Pope Urban objects to the marriage—Accession of Charles I.—Henriette married to him—Her splendid progress towards England—Farewell letter of her mother—Arrival at Dover—Remarried at Canterbury—Residence at Hampton Court—Queen's alleged penances—Dismissal of her confessor—Jealousies regarding her French household—Prayed for by the name of queen *Henry*—Her obstinacy—Refuses to be crowned—Her angry dialogue with the king—Expulsion of the French household from Whitehall—They leave England—Her hatred to Buckingham—Bassompierre's embassy from France—Her interview with him—Quarrels with the king—Her grievances redressed—Personated by an impostor—Birth of a second son (Charles II.)—Letters from the queen—Birth of the princess-royal (Mary)—Birth of prince James (James II.).

WHEN the beautiful daughter of Henry the Great became the bride of Charles I., two centuries had elapsed since France had given a queen-consort to England. The last was Margaret of Anjou,—that queen of tears. Perhaps the regal miseries of Margaret had offered an alarming precedent to her countrywomen of high degree, for though several French princesses had been wooed by English monarchs, not one had accepted the crown-matrimonial of England, till, in 1625, Henrietta Maria wedded Charles, and at the same time became the partaker of a destiny so sad and calamitous that she, in the climax of her sorrows, sur-named herself *la Reine malheureuse*.

The father of this princess was the most illustrious sovereign in Europe: she was the youngest child of Henry IV. of France, and of his second wife, Marie de Medicis. Un-

fortunately, the mind of her mother was by no means congenial with that of the royal hero of France; she was weak, bigoted, and petulant, and to the failings in her character most of the future misfortunes of her children may be traced. Neither was Marie de Medicis well treated by her husband, and perpetual jealousy and flagrant wrongs did not improve her disposition. One great point of dispute between the royal pair was, that Henry IV. had never permitted his wife to be crowned, although she had brought him a beautiful family, consisting of three living sons and two daughters. He used to say to himself, "that his children were the prettiest creatures in the world, and that his happiest moments were passed in playing with them;"¹ nevertheless, a weak superstition prevented this great monarch from settling some disputes regarding his marriage with their mother by consenting that her coronation should take place.²

The queen obtained this concession just before she added to his family a sixth child and third daughter, by the birth of the subject of this biography. The princess was born at the Louvre, November 25, N.S., 1609. The king, his ministers and council, with all the princes of the blood, were as usual present at the birth of the royal infant, who was, according to custom, presented to her father before being dressed. Henry took the babe, held it up, acknowledged her as his offspring, and then delivered her to the royal governess, madame de Monglat, who had thus received all her brothers and sisters³ at the time of their births: this lady then retired to dress the little princess. The babe was reared in the same nursery with her brother Gaston, who was at that time an infant about fifteen months old.

While the queen kept her chamber after the birth of this child, by her tears and importunities she induced her royal

¹ See a quotation from one of his letters in the *Mémoires de Sully*.

² *Mémoires de Sully*, vol. ii. The disputes arose from his pre-contract with his insolent mistress Verneuil.

³ Official memoir of the births of the children of Henry IV., by the medical attendant.

husband to give orders¹ that her coronation should take place directly after her recovery. Meantime, the infant had a grand baptism; she was presented at the font by the cardinal Maffeo Barbarini,² the papal nuncio at Paris (afterwards the celebrated pope Urban VIII.), who was one of the most learned men in Italy, and an elegant poet. He gave the princess the name of Henrietta Maria, called in France Henriette Marie. She was the most lovely of a lovely family; she was the darling of her illustrious father, being the child of his old age, his name-child; and his subjects and contemporaries considered that she resembled him in features and disposition more than any other of his family. Henriette was just five months old when all the preparations for the long-delayed coronation of her mother were completed at the abbey of St. Denis. Henry IV. still put off this ceremonial as long as he could, for some fortune-tellers, who were most likely bribed by his audacious mistress, madame de Verneuil, had predicted that he would not survive his queen's coronation one day.³ Strange it is that the mind of a great man should be liable to such weakness, but so it was. It is probable that the rumor of this prediction, and of the importance the king placed on it, first excited the insane fanatic who murdered him to fulfil it, and thus it brought its own accomplishment.

The fatal coronation at last took place, on May 13, 1610. Notwithstanding her tender age, the infant Henriette was present at St. Denis. She was held in her nurse's arms on one side of her mother's throne,⁴ and was surrounded by her elder brothers and sisters, who likewise assisted at the grand ceremonial, and were, with her, recognized as the children of France. These were, Louis the dauphin, who became a few hours after Louis XIII.; Elizabeth (afterwards the wife of Philip III. of Spain); Henry duke of

¹ Bossuet, Funeral Oration on Henrietta Maria.

² Madame de Motteville.

³ Sully, in his memoirs, mentions repeatedly the prediction, and Henry's reluctance to the queen's coronation. Sully was quite as superstitious as his master; but this is a weakness they shared with queen Elizabeth, and all the leading characters of their day.

⁴ Life of Henrietta Maria, 1671.

Orleans (who died young); Christine (afterwards married to the duke of Savoy); and the infant Gaston duke of Anjou, so well known in history afterwards as duke of Orleans. The king and his children returned to Paris after the coronation, but the queen remained at the abbey, in order to make her grand entry into Paris on the following Monday.

The next day the mind of Henry IV. was utterly overwhelmed and depressed by the remembrance of the prediction which threatened him; and to divert his thoughts, he ordered his youngest son, Gaston, in whose infant frolics he took the greatest delight, and the baby-princess Henriette, to be brought to him, and in the wholesome relaxation of playing with these dear ones, the hero recovered his usual hilarity. Despising his superstitious fears, he went out as usual on the Sunday afternoon in his coach,¹ through the streets of Paris: he was brought home, pierced to the heart by the knife of the maniac regicide, Ravalliac. Thus was our Henriette, with all France, rendered fatherless. The whole of the dreary night of the 14th of May, the melancholy and terrified inmates of the Louvre kept watch and ward over the body of their murdered king and his little children. At first it was believed that the blow was struck by some political enemy, and that a great insurrection would follow. The royal little ones, the eldest of whom, Louis XIII., was but nine years old, were barricaded in the guard-room of the Louvre, and the king's guards, in armor and with their partisans crossed, surrounded them.² During this awful vigil all hearts beat high with anxiety, and no eyes closed except those of the infant Henriette, whose peaceful slumbers in her nurse's arms formed a contrast to the alarm around her. It was soon discovered that the murder of Henry the Great arose from private malice or madness, and that all the French people mourned his loss as much as his family; on which the royal children were restored to their mother, and returned to their usual apartments. There the little Henriette remained secluded till the 25th of June following

¹ Mémoires de Sully.

² L'Etoile.

the day she was six months old, when her great father's obsequies took place. She was carried forth in the arms of madame de Monglat, and made one in the long, doleful procession from Paris to St. Denis. She was required personally to assist in the sad solemnity. An asperge being put into her innocent hand, she was made to sprinkle his murdered corpse with holy water,¹ in that part of the funeral ceremony where the nearest relatives and friends of the deceased walk in procession round the bier, and perform this picturesque act of remembrance. It is still a national custom in Normandy for infants to be thus carried.

The next public appearance of the royal babe was at the coronation of the little king, her brother, Louis XIII., which took place in the cathedral of Rheims, October 17, 1610, when she was little more than ten months old. Henriette was carried, at this ceremony, in the arms of the princess of Condé,² herself an historical character of no little interest. The princess of Condé had just returned with her high-spirited husband from exile in Flanders, whither the lawless passion of the late king had driven them. Since the death of Henry the Great, his widow had been appointed to the regency of France, during the minority of the little king. Then the folly and weakness of her character became manifest, by her conduct in dismissing her husband's popular ministers, and exalting her own unworthy countryman and domestic, Concini, to the head of the French government. This outrage produced the natural consequence of a violent insurrection, led by the princes of the blood: the little Henriette and the rest of the royal children were hurried from Paris to Fontainebleau, till the faction was appeased.³ Blois and Fontainebleau were the two palaces where Henriette resided chiefly in her infancy.

¹ *Memoirs of the Life and Death of Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I.*; dedicated to Charles II., 1671. A very scarce and valuable private history of this queen. We have been favored with the copy, by the kindness of sir George Strickland, M.P., from the library of his learned and lamented brother, Eustachius Strickland, Esq., of Cork.

² *Ibid.*

³ L'Etoile.

A great outcry was raised against M. le Maitre, the physician who attended on the royal infants, when, about twelve months afterwards, Henry duke of Orleans died, for no one connected with royalty was believed, in that age of slander, to die by the visitation of God, but all by the malice of man. The consequence was, that the queen-regent was forced to effect a temporary reconciliation with the relatives of her royal husband, and invite all the princes and princesses of the blood to see the five surviving children; ¹ at which family visitation the little Henriette was scarcely two years of age. Before she had completed her third year, she was carried to the nuptial festival of her eldest sister, Elizabeth, with the king of Spain, which was kept with the utmost splendor at the palace of the Place-Royale.

Henry IV., from the first moments of their existence, had with his own hands severally consigned his infants to the care of madame de Monglat, a lady who was distantly related to the queen. The beautiful daughter of madame de Monglat, who was about the same age with the elder princesses, superintended the personal attendance on Henriette. The young king (who was treated with great severity by the queen-regent) was excessively fond of madame de Monglat; he called her 'Mamanga,' and the princess Henriette called mademoiselle de Monglat by the same tender appellation, as we shall see in her letters. The word is an Italian amplification of endearment, meaning mamma: the children of France had probably learned it from the lips of their Italian mother. Meantime, the love of the infant Henriette for her own mother amounted to passion, for, with the partiality often noted in weak parents, the queen indulged her not a little, and probably spoiled her. Of all persons that ever reigned, Marie de Medicis was the worst calculated to train a future queen-consort for England, and the sorrows of her daughter in future life, doubtless, were aggravated by the foolish notions of the infallibility of sovereigns which had been instilled into her young mind. Henriette and her young brother Gaston received the prac-

¹ Life of Henrietta Maria, 1671.

tical part of their education from M. de Brevis, a very learned man, who had been attached to several embassies. How this nobleman managed the princess is not known: he controlled her brother Gaston by tying a rod to his sash when he deserved punishment.

There is a miniature oil-painting, in beautiful preservation, to be seen at this hour, with other curiosities, in the hôtel de Cluny, at Paris, which quaintly represents the princess and her brother Gascon in their childhood. Their mother, queen Marie de Medicis, is seated at dinner in a chamber at the Louvre, or perhaps the Place-Royale. The *croissée* windows open on a garden with orange-trees and embroidered parterres; to the left of the royal dinner-table is a state-bed of scarlet velvet, with a scarlet velvet counterpane: the queen sits at the head of the table in a grand velvet *fauteuil*. Madame de Monglat is at dinner, seated at her left hand, and in an angle, screened from general observation by the draperies of the queen and their governess, are seated, both in the same low chair, very near the ground, the *petite Madame* (princess Henriette) and the *petit Monsieur* (Gaston duke of Orleans). They are about the ages of three and four, but their costumes are, according to the usages of the era, grotesque miniatures of the reigning fashions. The little Henriette wears the ruff, the hood-cap, and puffed sleeves of that era; and her childish brother has the broad beaver hat, looped up, and is clad in scarlet velvet hose and cloak. The conduct of this infant cavalier is by no means in unison with his mature garb. The queen has just given her little ones "somewhat from the dinner-table." Henriette holds on her lap the dish, out of which both are eating; she looks askance on Gaston, somewhat disdainfully, without condescending to turn her head, for he has abstracted a large piece, more than his share, from the dish, and is devouring it greedily. The little princess seems shocked at his gluttony. She is in the act of raising her elbow to admonish him: the expression of her face is most amusing. The queen, in profile, slyly notes the proceedings of her infants. Two beautiful maids of honor wait behind them. The whole gives a lively picture of the

queen-regent's court, in home life. No male attendant is present in this scene.¹

The religious education of the princess Henriette was guided by an enthusiastic Carmelite nun, called mère Magdelaine. She visited this votary at stated times during her childhood, and consulted her constantly respecting her conduct in life.² It is possible that the Carmelite might be sincere and virtuous, and yet not calculated to form a character destined to a path in life so difficult as that of a Roman Catholic queen in Protestant England. The taste for solid learning in the education of princesses was somewhat on the decline in the seventeenth century; and in the place of the elaborate pedantry which had prevailed in the preceding age, the lighter acquirements were cultivated. Henriette, and her playfellow duke Gaston, had inherited inclinations for the fine arts from their Medician ancestors: they were distinguished by their passionate love of painting, practical skill in architecture, and by their scientific knowledge of music. In after-life, the princess Henriette lamented her ignorance of history to madame de Motteville, declaring that she had had to learn her lessons of human life and character solely from her own sad experience, which was acquired too late when the irrevocable past governed her destiny. Marie Antoinette made nearly the same observation, when educating her children in the doleful prison of the Temple. The ancient pedantry had at least the advantage of introducing its pupils to the startling facts contained in the pages of Tacitus and Livy. In place of such acquirements the youngest daughter of France learned to dance exquisitely in the court ballets, and to cultivate a voice which was by nature so sweet and powerful that, if she had not been a queen, she might have been, as Mr. Disraeli truly observes, *prima donna* of Europe.

The education of the young princess was perpetually interrupted by the recurrence of some gorgeous state-pageant or other, in which her presence was required. When she was but six years old her mother took her to Bourdeaux,

¹ Royal personages in France were always waited upon by women, even when the king dined in public. Bossuet.

to be present at the imposing ceremonial of delivering her eldest sister Elizabeth to the young king of Spain, as his wife, and receiving in exchange Anne of Austria, infanta of Spain, as the bride of Louis XIII.¹ The family intercourse between Henriette and her sister-in-law, Anne of Austria, thus began at a very tender age: she was domesticated with her most intimately for ten years before she left France. The political position of the princess Henriette, as a younger daughter in a country where the Salic law prevailed, did not seem to authorize her mother in thus perpetually bringing her before the public. Perhaps the queen-regent used her infantine beauty, and the passionate tenderness with which it was well known the people of France regarded this child of their great Henry, as a means of counteracting her own deserved unpopularity. With this view the young princess formed one in the grand entry of Paris, which took place at the pacification between queen Marie and the princes of the blood, May 11, 1616; which peace proved but a short respite to the civil war that desolated France during the regency of Marie de Medicis. Her reign was, however, soon after brought to a conclusion by the slaughter of her favorite Concini and the assumption of power by the boy-king of France and his boy-minister, the duke of Luyes. The queen-mother was sent under restraint to the castle of Blois, where her captivity was softened by the society of her favorite daughter. Nearly three years of the life of the princess Henriette were passed in this seclusion, till she was drawn from her mother's prison to be present at the wedlock of her second sister, Christine, with the duke of Savoy. Henriette was not suffered to return to her mother after this ceremony. She was the only unmarried daughter of France, and her own union now became matter of consideration by her brother's ministry. A reconciliation was effected between the queen-mother, Marie de Medicis, and her son, Louis XIII., in 1620, by means of her almoner, who afterwards obtained such notoriety as cardinal Richelieu. The royal mother soon after acquired more influence in the government of

¹ Life of Henrietta Maria, 1671.

France than she had ever possessed, and of course took a decided part in the disposal of her daughter. The count of Soissons, a younger prince of the Condé branch of the royal family, pretended to the hand of the princess very pertinaciously; his addresses were not discouraged, although hopes were entertained that the young princess would become queen of Great Britain.

The early youth of Charles has already been detailed in the biography of his mother, Anne of Denmark: we left him in 1619 by her death-bed. Since that time he had become the most elegant and accomplished prince in Europe, both in mind and person. Deeply impressed with the idea that a man's affections must be possessed by his wedded partner, whether he were prince or peasant, if he had any hopes of leading a virtuous and happy domestic life, he had early set his mind on wooing in person the bride to whom his hand was destined. The Scottish princes, since the time of their high-spirited ancestor James IV., had shown consideration to the feelings of the princesses they had married seldom known in the annals of royalty. Instead of receiving a bride as a shuddering victim, consigned to the mercy of a perfect stranger, James V. and James VI. had encountered considerable dangers to make acquaintance with their wives, and induce some friendship and confidence before the nuptial knot was tied.¹ The custom of his ancestors was implicitly followed by Charles when he undertook the romantic voyage *incognito* to Spain, accompanied by the duke of Buckingham, in order to woo the infanta, Maria the second daughter of Philip III. of Spain, and the sister of the young sovereign Philip IV. On this expedition, as they passed through Paris, the prince of Wales and Buckingham, disguised in perukes, and attired in dresses which they considered in keeping with their travelling names of Tom Smith and John

¹ The manner in which James IV. met and wooed his bride before her marriage is a curious page in their histories, and Melville mentions, in his *Memoirs*, that while the second marriage of James V. was debated in his council, that prince secretly departed from his palace in the disguise of a court-page; after he had arrived at the court of France he rejected the princess of Vendôme, to whom he had been destined, and chose the charming widow of the duke of Longueville for his queen.

Brown, obtained a view of the royal ladies of the French court. The duke de Montbazon, grand-chamberlain to the queen of France, seeing two Englishmen among the Parisian crowd, which thronged as usual to gaze on the royal family, gave them places without recognizing their persons. The prince and his friend witnessed the rehearsal of a ballet, in which the beautiful young queen of France danced, accompanied by her sister-in-law, the princess Henriette, who was childish in person, and had scarcely attained her fifteenth year. Although she had not seen the prince in his disguise, yet when she heard of his adventures, so captivating to the female heart, she was heard to say, with a sigh, "The prince of Wales need not have gone so far as Madrid to look for a wife."¹

Some contemporary French memoirs, surmising causes by events, affirm that Charles was struck with love for Henriette at this view, which passion occasioned the whole failure of his purpose in Spain; and that, in consequence, he entered that country resolved to break his engagement with the infanta. But we must go a little nearer to the fountain-head for truth in this matter. Anne of Austria, the young queen of France (sister to the one lady, and sister-in-law to the other), spoke differently. Forgetting her sisterly interest in the infanta out of zeal for her new country, she said, "She regretted that when the prince of Wales saw her and *Madame* [Henriette] practise their mask, that her sister-in-law was seen to so much disadvantage by him, afar off and by a dim light, when her face and person have most loveliness considered nearer."² The attention of Charles was assuredly wholly absorbed in surmising whether the infanta he was going to woo bore any resemblance to her eldest sister, the beautiful young queen of France; which feeling is apparent in a letter he wrote to his father after this adventure, in which he says:—

"Since the closing of our last, we have been at court again (we assure you we have not been known), where we saw the young queen of France, little

¹ Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1671.

² This remark was again repeated to madame de Motteville by queen Henrietta Maria herself.—See her Memoirs, vol. i.

Monsieur [Gaston duke of Orleans], and *Madame royale* [Henriette Marie], at the practising of a mask; and in it danced the queen and madame, with as many as made up nineteen fair dancing ladies, amongst whom the queen of France is the handsomest, which hath wrought in me a greater desire to see her sister."

It is useless to follow the future husband of Henriette of France through the delusive mazes of his imaginative passion for the infanta Maria. The woful matrimony of the Spanish princess, Katharine of Arragon, with Henry VIII. had filled the Spaniards with distrust of an English alliance on the one hand; and the horrid persecution of the Protestants during the wedlock of Philip II. with Mary I. had given the English people still greater cause for disgust at Spanish marriages. The treaty with the infanta was broken off by reason of the extreme unpopularity of the union in both countries, although the court-poet of Madrid, Lope de Vega, composed verses on the wooing which have obtained an historical celebrity, and the following quatrain was sung to many a guitar at Madrid:—

"Carlos Estuardo soy,
Que siendo amor mi guia,
Al cielo d'Espana voy,
Per ver estrella Maria."

Charles himself translated the lines:—

"Charles Stuart I am,
Love guides me afar,
To the heavens of Spain,
For Maria, my star."

It was in vain that poetry, romance, and mutual preference impelled the marriage. Charles had his heart returned on his hands. Some authors assert that the infanta, after she lost the hope of becoming his wife, resolved to devote herself to a religious life; she, however, lived to be empress of Germany.

The first idea of a marriage taking place between Henriette of France and Charles prince of Wales was suggested to him by her eldest sister Elizabeth, the young queen of Spain, wife of Philip IV. He wished to converse with her, but she was so sedulously guarded by the jealousy of the

Spaniards, that it was with the greatest difficulty he obtained the opportunity of addressing to her a few words in French. Although a Frenchwoman, the young queen dared not be heard to answer in her native language. She said, however, in a very low voice, "I must not converse with you in French without permission, but I will endeavor to obtain it." She succeeded, and made use of the opportunity to tell him that "she wished he would marry her sister Henriette, which, indeed, he would be able to do, because his engagement with the infanta would be certainly broken." Charles, in the course of this conversation, expressed a hope that he might again renew it at the theatre, where, in the royal box, it appears, the interview took place. But she warned him, very kindly, "never to speak to her again, for it was customary to poison all gentlemen suspected of gallantry towards the queens of Spain." After this charitable intimation, which was perhaps rather premature, the prince of Wales never saw the queen again, for when she went to the theatre, she sat secluded in a latticed box. This incident was related by Charles himself to his wife after his marriage.¹

The Spanish wooing certainly smoothed the way for the marriage of Charles and Henriette: it had accustomed the English people to the idea of a Roman Catholic queen. Moreover, the alliance with the daughter of the Protestant hero, Henry IV. of France, was not by many degrees so offensive as that with the grand-daughter of the persecutor of their faith, Philip II. Before the engagement with the infanta was formally broken off, James I. sent Henry Rich, lord Kensington, to France on a secret mission, to ascertain whether the hand of Henriette Marie of France could be obtained for his son.² Marie de Medicis, the queen-mother, since the early death of her enemy Luynes, had governed the state with greater power than in her ostensible regency, and with her lord Kensington was directed to discuss the alliance. When the Spanish ambassador resident in Paris guessed the errand of lord Kensington, he endeavored to raise distrust at the court of France, by exclaiming to some of the French

¹ Madame de Motteville, vol. i. p. 285.

² Cabala.

courtiers, "How! does the prince of Wales, then, mean to wed two wives, since he is nearly married to our infanta?" After some diplomatic manœuvring on both sides, Marie de Medicis drew from the English envoy an admittance that the Spanish engagement was wholly broken, and that king James was desirous of matching his heir with her daughter. The queen-mother observed, "That however agreeable such union might be to all parties, yet as no intimation of such desire had been sent to the court of France, she could not consider the matter seriously;" adding, significantly, "the maiden must be sought; she may be no suitor."¹ The ambassador then owned that he was authorized in what he said; and that his mission, though at present secret, was direct from his king and the prince of Wales.

The object of lord Kensington's visit to the French court soon became public there. Of course it occasioned very earnest discussion among the ladies of the royal household, who eagerly crowded round the handsome Englishman, and questioned him regarding the person and acquirements of the prince of Wales. The ambassador wore a beautiful miniature of Charles enclosed in a gold case, hanging from a ribbon at his bosom. Often when he entered the circle at the Louvre, the French ladies used to petition him to open the miniature, that they might look at the resemblance of the future husband of their young princess. Charles's portrait had been seen by every one excepting the lady most interested in it; but Henriette of France was forbidden by the laws of etiquette to mention a prince who had not yet openly demanded her hand. She complained "That the queen and all the other ladies could go up to the ambassador, open the miniature, and consider it as much as they liked; while she, whom it so nearly concerned, could hardly steal a glance at it afar off." In this dilemma she recollected "that the lady at whose house the English ambassador sojourned had been in her service; and she begged of her to borrow prince Charles's picture, that she might gaze on it as much and as long as she chose." This was done, and when the lady brought it to her, Henriette

¹ Correspondence of Lord Kensington, printed in the Cabala.

retired to her cabinet, and ordered her to be called in, and to be left alone with her; "where," continues the ambassador,¹ "she opened the case in such haste as showed a true indication of her passion, blushing at the instant at her own guiltiness. She kept it an hour in her hands, and when she returned it, gave many praises of your person. Sir, this is a business so fit for secrecy, as I know it shall never go farther than unto the king your father, my lord duke of Buckingham, and my lord of Carlisle's knowledge. A tenderness in this is honorable, for I would rather die a thousand times than it should be published, since I am by the young princess trusted, who is, for beauty and goodness, an angel."

It was the intention of lord Kensington to promote favorable inclinations between the prince of Wales and the princess of France before they met, by dwelling on their fine qualities to each other. This course he pursued very successfully, by the means of his prettily-written letters addressed to Charles, and by his eloquent discussions on the beauty, graces, and accomplishments of that prince during his interviews with the queen-mother and her ladies, and subsequently with Henriette herself. He says, in one of his letters to the prince at this period, "She is a lady of as much beauty and sweetness to deserve your affections as any woman under heaven can be; in truth, she is the sweetest creature in France, and the loveliest thing in nature. Her growth is little short of her age, and her wisdom infinitely beyond it. I heard her, the other day, discourse with her mother and the ladies about her with extraordinary discretion and quickness. She dances—the which I am witness of—as well as ever I saw any one; they say she sings most sweetly: I am sure she looks as if she did."² In the course of a few days he heard this wonderful voice, and adds to his information, "I had been told much of it, but I found it true, that neither her singing-master nor any man or woman, either in France or Europe, sings so admira-

¹ Correspondence of Lord Kensington (afterwards the earl of Holland) with Charles; printed in the *Cabala*, February, 1623–24.

² *Memoir of Henrietta Maria*, 1671.

bly as she doth. Her voice is beyond all imagination, and that is all I will say of it.”¹ The musical and vocal powers of the queen-mother, Marie de Medicis, were likewise of the first order, and her daughter inherited from her gifts so lavishly bestowed on the children of Italy.

While lord Kensington was thus negotiating between the affections of the young royal pair, without having any ostensible responsibility regarding a marriage-treaty between them, he experienced very uncivil behavior from the disappointed suitor of the princess, her cousin, the young count of Soissons. When lord Kensington made his obeisance to him as one of the princes of the blood, he received the salute very scornfully, turning away his head. Count de Grammont, his friend, advised him not to make his displeasure so manifest. Upon which Soissons declared, that “The negotiation for the hand of Henriette went so near to his heart that, were it not carried on in behalf of so great a prince, he would cut the ambassador’s throat. Nay,” continued he, “were it any prince of Savoy, Mantua, or Germany here in person, soliciting for themselves in this marriage, I would hazard my life against them.”²

When it was ascertained, by the means of lord Kensington, that the marriage would be agreeable to both royal families, James I. sent over an ambassador-extraordinary in the foppish person of one of his favorites, Hay earl of Carlisle, a courtier chiefly distinguished for his ingenuity in hanging 40,000*l.* worth of finery on his dress. Carlisle being a mere state-puppet, the diplomatic part of the marriage-treaty was still carried on by the agreeable and elegant Kensington, who was now ostensibly joined with him in the mission. When Marie de Medicis and her daughter gave audience to the English ambassadors, letters and a portrait of Charles were offered by them, in form, to the princess, who, turning to her mother, requested permission to receive them. Leave being granted by the queen-mother, Henriette took the portrait she had so earnestly desired to possess, and, according to the testimony of the ambassadors,

¹ Memoir of Henrietta Maria, 1671, p. 8; Cabala, February 24 to 28, 1624.

² Ibid.

read the letter of the prince with tears of joy; and when she had perused it twice, put it in her bosom, and placed the epistle of the king, his father, in her cabinet. When James I. read this account, he said, in his jocose manner, "The young princess means by this proceeding to intimate that she will trust me and love my son. Yet I ought to declare war on her, because she would not read my letter without her mother's consent; but I suppose I must not only forgive her, but thank her, for lodging Charles's letter so well."¹ In return, a beautiful miniature of the princess was sent to Charles, who was transported at the contemplation of those charms which, though at present in the bud, when fully developed, rendered her renowned as one of the loveliest queens in history. The only fault that could be found in the person of Henriette at fifteen was, that she was diminutive in stature; but, as the contemporary memoir states, "the wooing ambassador" assured the king and prince "that the princess Christine, her sister, was not taller at her age, and was at present grown into a very tall and goodly lady."²

Lord Kensington requested the queen-mother to authorize a private interview between the princess and him, because he had a message from his prince which he wished to deliver in person. The queen-mother, perhaps for the purpose of eliciting a lively dialogue with the handsome ambassador, appeared to demur as to whether the interview ought to be granted. "She would," writes lord Kensington,³ "needs know what I meant to say to her daughter. 'Nay, then,' quoth I, smiling, 'your majesty would needs impose on me a harder law than they in Spain did on his highness' [alluding to the visit the prince made to court the Spanish infanta]. 'But the case is now different,' said Marie de Medicis, 'for the prince was in person there; here you are but his deputy.'—'Yet a deputy,' answered I, 'who represents his person.'—'For all that,' returned the queen, 'what is it you would say to my daughter?'—'Nothing,' I answered, 'that is not fitting the ears of so virtuous a prin-

¹ Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1671, p. 10.

² Ibid.

³ Cabala, pp. 293, 294.

cess.'—'But what is it?' reiterated the queen-mother. 'Why then, madame,' quoth I, 'if you will needs know, it shall be much to this effect: That your majesty having given me liberty of freer language than heretofore, I obey my prince's command in presenting to your fair and royal daughter his service, not now out of mere compliment, but, prompted by passion and affection, which both her outward and her inward beauties have so kindled in him, that he was resolved to contribute the uttermost he could to the alliance in question, and would think success therein the greatest happiness in the world.' Such, with some little more amorous language, was to be my communication with her highness. '*Allez, allez!*' smilingly exclaimed the queen-mother of France, 'there is no great danger in that. *Je me fie en vous,*' she continued, 'I will trust you.' Neither did I abuse her trust," continues the elegant ambassador, "for I varied not much from what I said in my interview with madame Henriette, save that I amplified it a little. She drank it in with joy, and, with a low courtesy, made her acknowledgments, adding, that 'She was extremely obliged to my prince, and would think herself happy in the occasion that would be presented of meriting a place in the affections of his good grace.'" The flattering courtier had previously informed Charles, "that his reputation, as the completest prince in Europe in manners and person, had certainly raised in the heart of the sweet princess, madame Henriette, an infinite affection."¹

Notwithstanding this propitious commencement, difficulties, which appeared almost insurmountable, beset the arrangement of every article of the marriage-treaty. It even seemed impracticable to agree on a marriage ceremony which should be considered legal and binding both by the Protestants and Catholics. Pope Urban was extremely averse to the union, which he predicted would be a disastrous one, and the most dangerous step that his young god-daughter could take. The opinion of the pontiff was founded on his knowledge of the temper of the English people, derived from the information of the seminary priests, actively employed on

¹ Cabala, p. 287.

proselyting missions. He rightly anticipated that if the royal family of Stuart relaxed the bloody penal laws against the Roman Catholics, their people would not suffer them to long reign. If, on the other hand, king James or his son continued those persecutions, how could the princess enjoy one moment's happiness in her wedlock? Thus arguing, pope Urban delayed the dispensation, in hopes of frustrating the marriage of Charles and Henriette.¹

The queen-mother of France was, however, determined to expedite the marriage, whether pope Urban approved or not. After great debate, the English procurators agreed that the princess and her attendants, with their families and followers, should enjoy the free exercise of their religion in England. To this end she should be provided with chapels, oratories, and chaplains, in the same manner and with the same privileges as those conceded to the infanta; that her portion should be 800,000 crowns, one moiety to be paid on the day preceding the marriage, the other within twelve months afterwards; and that she should, for herself and for her descendants, solemnly renounce all claim of succession on the French crown.² Yet one clause, fraught with evil consequences to both countries, and with ruin to the house of Stuart, was inserted; this was, "that all the children of Henriette should be brought up under her care till their thirteenth year," thus giving to the Roman Catholic mother the opportunity of infusing into their infant minds a bias towards the faith she professed. It is often asserted in history that, by the marriage-articles, the children of this union were to be brought up Roman Catholics till they arrived at their thirteenth year; this was not expressed, but all reasoning persons will agree that facilities were allowed for it: this clause was broken by Charles I., but of course considered valid by his queen whenever she had an opportunity. The treaty was solemnly ratified December 12, 1624. One of the marriage-articles secretly stipulated for a relaxation of

¹ Dodd's Church History, edited by Tierney, vol. v. p. 154.

² This clause was inserted to prevent a renewal of such fatal wars as arose from the marriages of Isabella of France and Katherine of Valois, which made France desolate and England bankrupt.

the persecution against the Roman Catholics ; and, in proof that king James meant to observe his promise, he issued instructions, ordering all persons imprisoned for religion to be released, and all fines levied on recusants to be returned ; likewise commanding all judges and magistrates to stop the executions of papists convicted under the penal laws. From this moment may be dated the origin of the direful dissensions between the English parliaments and the Stuart monarchs.

Pope Urban still delayed delivering his dispensation for Henriette's marriage. He required that the toleration on which James had acted should be confirmed publicly ; and he forbade his nuncio at Paris to deliver his *breve* of dispensation till this article was ratified. King James died before the nuncio, Spada,¹ delivered the *breve* of dispensation to the queen-mother of France, and Henriette's betrothed spouse ascended the throne of Great Britain under the title of Charles I. He immediately renewed the marriage-treaty on his own authority. Pope Urban's reluctance to grant his dispensation greatly displeased the queen-mother of France, who resolved to follow the precedent of the marriage of Margaret of Valois with Henry of Navarre, and to celebrate the marriage without the license of Rome. When pope Urban found such was the case, he ordered Spada to deliver the *breve* to the French ministers. "Yet Urban," says one of the Barbarini MSS., "still presaged misery to this marriage. After delaying the *breve* as long as possible, he only granted it to avoid the greater scandal of the princess being wedded without the papal benediction."² The duke de Chevreuse, a prince of the house of Guise, and (through the mother of Mary queen of Scots) a near kinsman of Charles I., on that account was appointed to represent his person, and give his hand by proxy to Henriette. The ancient custom of marrying at the church-door was practised on this occasion. The formula drawn up at Rome for the direction of the infant's wedlock with Charles was ob-

¹ Dodd's Church History, vol. v. ; and Disraeli, vol. i. p. 241.

² The original Italian, from which the above is translated, is printed in Dodd's Church History, vol. v. p. 159.

served. This ordained "that the bride, as soon as the ceremony was over, should enter the cathedral and assist at the mass. Meantime, the English prince should, on the threshold of the cathedral, recognize her as his wife according to the rites of the Catholic church, and with the authority and benediction of the whole pontificate."¹

The description of the fiancelles and marriage of Henriette is given by a French writer,² an eye-witness, in the pompous style which the Spanish tastes of Anne of Austria had made fashionable:—"Louis XIII., on May 8th, appeared in his chamber like the bright sun outshining the other stars, having his queen with him his second light, the monsieur prince Gaston his only brother, the duke de Nemours, d'Elbœuf, the marshals Vitry and Bassompierre, and the other lords of his court. His majesty sent to seek madame [the lady Henriette] his sister, who came, assisted by the queen her mother, and the princesses of Condé and Conti, the duchesses of Guise, Chevreuse, and d'Elbœuf, and a glorious train of ladies of the court. The bridal robe of madame the princess Henriette was cloth of gold and silver, all passamented with the lilies of France, and enriched with showers of diamonds and other precious stones. Her train was borne by mademoiselle de Bourbon. At the moment when madame [Henriette] entered the presence of her royal brother, with a majesty worthy of her birth, the ambassadors of the king of Great Britain arrived, also very splendidly attired. The king of France was given the marriage-contract, which was read aloud by the chancellor of France. Louis XIII. having signified his approval, the English ambassadors withdrew to the chamber appointed for the duke de Chevreuse, the proxy and kinsman of Charles I., and made known to him the approbation of the king and his sister. Forthwith the duke, as king Charles's representative, entered the presence-chamber attended by the English ambassadors and many lords of note, being dressed in black, banded with diamonds, and with aiguillettes of the same.

¹ Translated from the Barbarini MS., edited in the Italian by Mr. Tierney; Dodd's Church History, vol. iii. p. 160.

² Collection from the Somers Tracts; printed 1751, from the French, p. 273.

“When he had arrived before the majesty of France, Chevreuse presented the procuration and power given him by Charles I., which was then sealed and affixed to the marriage-contract. The king of France signed and sealed the contract, his example being followed by madame the bride, the queen of France, and the queen-mother, young Gaston duke of Orleans, Chevreuse the representative of the royal bridegroom, and the English ambassadors. When this was done, the cardinal de la Rochefoulcault was commanded to prepare for the celebration of the nuptial ceremony, which took place May 11th. Nôtre Dame was chosen for the purpose, and that stately fabric was hung with rich tapestry and tissues of gold, silk, and silver. A temporary gallery was raised for the purpose, commencing from the palace of the archbishop of Paris to the court of Nôtre Dame. It was lofty and long, sustained on many pillars, draped with violet satin figured with gold fleurs-de-lis. Through this arcade passed the marriage procession, which proceeded from the palace. Without enumerating the long list of dignitaries that led the procession from the Louvre to the archbishop’s palace, there marched, first, the representative of Charles I., who had thrown over his black velvet habit a scarf that dazzled all beholders, being literally covered with diamond roses. The English ambassadors followed him, and then came the bride, wearing a splendid crown, and led by the right hand of her royal brother; on the other side she was supported by her second brother, young Gaston, the duke of Orleans. Her mother, queen Marie de Medicis, followed; then the queen-consort of France, in a robe all broidered with gold and precious stones, her long train carried by two princesses of the blood, Condé and Conti. Mademoiselle de Monpensier, the great heiress of the blood-royal, afterwards married to Gaston duke of Orleans, preceded the other ladies of the royal family.

“When the procession arrived at the porch of Nôtre Dame, before which a grand platform was raised for the celebration of the marriage ceremony, the king of France and the duke of Orleans delivered their sister Henriette into the hands of her cousin of Chevreuse, the proxy of

Charles I., when the cardinal de la Rochefoucault performed the marriage ceremonies. There was a withdrawing-room, constructed on purpose for the duke de Chevreuse and the English ambassadors to retire to while the rest of the religious rites were finished; that is, while the mass was going on, Chevreuse acting, in regard to religious ceremonies, just as if he were really the church of England monarch he represented. The bridal procession then returned in the same order to the palace of the archbishop, where the court had a splendid banquet. Henriette, now become queen-consort of England,¹ sat at the left hand of Louis XIII., and her husband's proxy, Chevreuse, at her left hand. She was served at dinner by marshal de Bassompierre as her carver, by Vitry as her grand panetier. Her royal mother, Marie de Medicis, sat at the right hand of Louis XIII., and the queen-consort, Anne of Austria, sat at the right hand of the queen-mother, served by the dukes d'Aluin, Brissac, and de Choune."

The duke of Buckingham arrived, quite unexpectedly, before the nuptial-day had closed, in order to escort the young queen of Great Britain home, attended by a splendid train of the insular nobility. The whole court and royal family of France prepared to accompany the bride of Charles I., in magnificent progress, to the coast opposite to England, during which they were entertained with all the pageantry ingenuity could devise. These diversions, suited as they were to the semi-barbarous magnates of the middle ages, who, fierce as they might be, were in intellect like grown-up children, had begun to be tedious in an age which had produced Sully, Bacon, and Shakspeare. The only pageant of historical interest was one in which the young queen was greeted by representatives of all the French princesses that had ever worn the English crown.² They certainly formed a group distinguished by calamity; one

¹ The date of Henrietta's marriage is stated by a contemporary letter (Chamberlayne to sir Dudley Carleton, May 1, O.S. 1625), "The fiancelles were performed on Thursday, the marriage on Sunday, our May-day." Thus, in England the anniversary of Henrietta's marriage was celebrated May 1st, old style; in France, May 11th.

² Disraeli's Commentaries, vol. i. p. 133.

was wanting to complete that tableau of beauty and sorrow, and that one, when she took her place on the historic page, is found to be Henriette.

The young king of France was attacked with an illness so violent that he was forced to give up his intended journey to the coast. The queen-mother, Marie de Medicis, was struck with a dangerous malady on the route at Compeigne, which seems to have occasioned a delay in the arrival of the young queen in England, who was detained by the alarming illness of her mother a whole fortnight at Amiens.¹ Different reports were circulated, assigning secret reasons for this delay. The puritan party invented one, which has taken its place in history; this was, that the pope had imposed a fortnight's penance on Henriette, to punish her for wedding a heretic king! The dangerous illness of her mother was the simple, and therefore the more probable cause. At length the queen-mother was convalescent in health, and had acquired sufficient firmness of mind to take leave, as she thought forever, of her favorite child. As she bade her farewell, she placed in her hand the following letter, the composition of which had been the occupation of her sick chamber:—

“THE QUEEN-MOTHER, MARIE DE MEDICIS, TO THE YOUNG QUEEN OF ENGLAND, HENRIETTE MARIE.

“MY DAUGHTER:—

“1625, June 25.

“You separate from me, I cannot separate myself from you. I retain you in heart and memory, and would that this paper could serve for an eternal memorial to you of what I am; it would then supply my place, and speak for me to you when I can no longer speak for myself. I give it to you with my last adieu in quitting you, to impress it the more on your mind, and give it to you written with my own hand, in order that it may be the more dear to you, and that it may have more authority with you in all that regards your conduct towards God, the king your husband, his subjects, your domestics, and yourself. I tell you here, sincerely as in the last hour of our converse, all I should say to you in the last hour of my existence, if you should be near me then. I consider, to my great regret, that such can never be, and that the separation now taking place between you and me for a long time is too probably an anticipation of that which is to be forever in this world.

¹ Madame de Motteville.

"On this earth you have only God for a father; but as he is eternal, you can never lose him. It is he who sustains your existence and life; it is he who has given you to a great king; it is he who, at this time, places a crown on your brow, and will establish you in England, where you ought to believe that he requires your service, and there he means to effect your salvation. Remember, my child, every day of your life, that he is your God, who has put you on earth intending you for heaven, who has created you for himself and for his glory. The late king, your father, has already passed away; there remains no more of him but a little dust and ashes, hidden from our eyes. One of your brothers has already been taken from us, even in his infancy; ¹ God withdrew him at his own good pleasure. He has retained you in the world in order to load you with his benefits; but as he has given you the utmost felicity, it behooves you to render him the utmost gratitude. It is but just that your duties are augmented, in proportion as the benefits and favors you receive are signal. Take heed of abusing them. Think well that the grandeur, goodness, and justice of God are infinite, and employ all the strength of your mind in adoring his supreme puissance, and in loving his inviolable goodness. Fear his rigorous equity, which will make all responsible who are unworthy of his benefits.

"Receive, my child, these instructions of my lips; begin and finish every day in your oratory with good thoughts, and in your prayers ask resolution to conduct your life according to the laws of God, and not according to the vanities of this world, which is for all of us but a moment, in which we are suspended over an eternity, which we shall pass either in the paradise of God, or in hell with the malign spirits who work evil. Remember that you are daughter of the church by baptism, and that this is, indeed, the first and highest rank which you have, or ever will have, since it is this which will give you entrance into heaven. Your other dignities, coming as they do from the earth, will not go farther than the earth; but those which you derive from heaven will ascend again to their source, and carry you with them there. Render thanks to heaven each day, to God who has made you a Christian; estimate this first of benefits as it deserves, and consider all that you owe to the labors and precious blood of Jesus our Saviour: it ought to be paid for by our sufferings, and even by our blood, if it requires it. Offer your soul and your life to him who has created you by his puissance, and redeemed you by his goodness and mercy. Pray to him, and pray incessantly, to preserve you by the inestimable gift of his grace, and that it may please him that you sooner lose your life than renounce him.

"You are the descendant of St. Louis. I would recall to you, in this my last adieu, the same instruction that he received from his mother, queen Blanche, who said to him often, 'That she would rather see him die, than to live so as to offend God, in whom we move, and who is the end of our being.' It was with such precepts that he commenced his holy career; it was this that rendered him worthy of employing his life and reign for the good of the faith and the exaltation of the church. Be, after his example, firm and zealous for the Christian religion which you have been taught, for the defence of which he, your royal and holy ancestor, exposed his life, and died faithful to him among the infidels. Never listen to, nor suffer to be said in your presence, aught in contradiction to your belief in God, and in his only Son, your Lord and Redeemer. I entreat

¹ Henri duke of Orleans; his brother Gaston took his title.

the holy Virgin whose name you bear, to deign to be the mother of your soul; and in honor of her who is mother of our Lord and Saviour, I bid you adieu again, and many times. I now devote you to God for ever and ever; it is what I desire for you from the very depth of my heart.

“Your very good and affectionate mother,

“MARIA.¹

“From Amiens, the 10th of June, 1625.”

The maternal tenderness, and even the sublime moral truths conveyed in this elegant letter, ought not to mislead the judgment from the fact that the spirit of the concluding section was a very dangerous one to instil into the mind of the inexperienced young girl who was about to undertake the station of queen-consort in a country where the established religion differed from her own. It was calculated to exaggerate and inflame those differences, for wherever the word ‘Christian’ occurs, ‘Roman Catholic’ is exclusively meant; and the queen-mother evidently wishes to imply, that in any country where the Host was not worshipped, the deity of Christ was blasphemed, and that her daughter was going among a people whose creed was similar to deists or Jews, a reproach which no one can bring against the reformed Catholic church of England. Part of the letter clearly urges the young queen to enter England as if she were a missionary from the propaganda, about to encounter the danger of martyrdom, and a comparison is drawn, in most eloquent language, between Henriette and the English, and her ancestor St. Louis and the heathens; thus, instead of inculcating a wise and peaceful tolerance, the utmost zeal of proselytism is excited in a young and ardent mind. To this letter may be attributed the fatal course taken by the youthful queen in England, which aggravated her husband’s already difficult position as the king of three kingdoms, each professing a different religion.

The original plan of the progress of the bride to England was by way of Calais; but she was obliged to embark at Boulogne, because Calais was infected with the plague. At Boulogne another detention occurred, owing to the

¹ This letter is among the Stuart Papers in the secret archives of France, hôtel de Soubise. It has been copied by one of the children of James II., at St. Germain’s, and is much worn with being often read and unfolded.

whims of the duke of Buckingham, who, having previously amazed the French court by the extravagances of his insolent passion for the beautiful young queen of France, Anne of Austria, took it into his head that he would see her once more. Buckingham pretended that he had received despatches of great importance from his court, and rushed back to Amiens, where the young consort of Louis XIII. remained with the queen-mother, and conducted himself there with unparalleled absurdity.¹ The young queen of England took no little affront at being detained, while her escort was amusing himself with these freaks. Charles I., meantime, had travelled to Dover, where he was waiting impatiently the arrival of his queen. Instead of which, he received intelligence of her mother's dangerous illness, and the wish of his bride for a few days' delay, which he granted courteously, and requested that she would not come till she could feel perfectly at ease in her mind. During this interval the king retired to Canterbury.

The discharge of ordnance from the opposite shores of France announced the embarkation of the royal bride, June 23d. After a stormy and even dangerous passage, she arrived before Dover on Sunday evening, at seven o'clock, where she stepped from her boat on "an artificial bridge" the king had ordered to be constructed on purpose for her accommodation. Charles was still at Canterbury, where he remained out of a point of delicacy, that the queen might be somewhat recovered from the fatigues of her voyage before the agitating circumstance of a first introduction took place between them. A gentleman of the royal household, one Mr. Tyrwhitt, brought the tidings of the queen's arrival to Charles I. with extraordinary speed; it is said he was but thirty-six minutes riding from Dover to Canterbury. The king came to Dover castle to greet his bride at ten o'clock the following morning. His arrival was unexpected. She was at breakfast: she rose hastily from table, although he wished to wait for the conclusion of her repast. "The young queen hastened down a pair

¹ Madame de Motteville, who affirms she had all particulars relating to Henrietta Maria from her own lips.

of stairs to meet the king, and then offered to kneel and kiss his hand; but he wrapt her up in his arms, with many kisses."¹ The set speech that she had studied to greet the royal stranger, whom she had to acknowledge as her lord and master, was "*Sire, je suis venue en ce pays de votre majesté pour être commandée de vous.*"—"Sire, I am come into this your majesty's country to be at your command.' But her firmness failed her; she finished the sentence with a gush of tears,—and very natural it was that they should flow. The sight of her distress called forth all the kindness of the heart of Charles. He led her apart, he kissed off her tears, protesting that he should do so till she left off weeping; he soothed her with words of manly tenderness, telling her "That she was not fallen into the hands of enemies and strangers, as she tremblingly apprehended, but according to the wise disposal of God, whose will it was that she should leave her kindred and cleave to her spouse;" adding, "that he would be no longer master himself, than while he was a servant to her."² This mingled softness and gallantry reassured the weeping girl; her dark eyes brightened anew, and she soon fell into familiar discourse with the royal lover. In the course of conversation, he seemed surprised that she appeared so much taller than she had been represented to him; for, finding she reached to his shoulder, he glanced downward at her feet, to see whether her height had not been increased by artificial means. With her natural quickness of perception she anticipated his thoughts, and showing him the shoes she wore, she said to him in French, "Sire, I stand upon mine own feet: I have no help from art. Thus high am I; neither higher nor lower."

At the conclusion of this interview the young queen presented all her French servants to his majesty, recommending them to him particularly by name. Madame St. George, the daughter of madame de Monglat, the queen's governess, was the principal of her ladies, and to her king Charles took a very early antipathy.³ That beautiful coquette the

¹ Contemporary news-letter.

² Life of Henrietta Maria, 1671.

³ Ibid.

duchess de Chevreuse¹ was of the party, but she seems to have arrived in the quality of guest; she was the wife of the king's cousin, the duke de Chevreuse, who had represented his royal person by proxy at the recent marriage ceremony, and completed his trust by escorting the royal bride to England. The absence of madame de Chevreuse from Paris was, in fact, a species of banishment inflicted on her, as penance for some of the vagaries with which, from the pure love of mischief, she had been bewildering all the heads and hearts she could captivate at the French court. Nor did she lack English admirers, for the "wooing ambassador," lord Kensington, was passionately in love with her. Charles I. received the duke de Chevreuse graciously, and greeted him as a kinsman. The king personally conducted him to the presence-chamber in Dover castle, where the fair duchess de Chevreuse had already arrived, who was welcomed by her royal host.² The king's own handwriting bore witness to the satisfaction he felt at the conduct of his bride on the trying occasion of her arrival. In a letter to her mother, subsequently written, he thus alludes to it:—

"At my first meeting her at Dover, I could not expect more testimony of love and respect than she showed me; to give you one instance, her first request in private was, 'That she, being young and coming to a strange country, both by her years and ignorance of the customs might commit many errors; therefore she entreated that I would not be angry with her for her faults of ignorance, before I had, with my instructions, learned her to avoid them, and desired me in these cases to employ no third person, but to tell her myself, when I found she did anything amiss.' I both granted her request and thanked her for it, but desired she would treat me as she asked me to treat her."³

¹ Madame de Motteville. The duchess was a princess of the house of Rohan, married portionless, for love, by the favorite of Louis XIII., the duke de Luynes. Her husband died in early life, and left her rich and in the bloom of her beauty. She bestowed her wealth and charms on Claud de Lorraine, the duke of Chevreuse, who died 1657.

² Sir John Finett's Observations touching Foreign Ambassadors.

³ Memorial of Charles I., sent to the queen-mother of France, July 12, 1626, a copy of which was taken in his cabinet at Naseby, and published in Edmund Ludlow's Memoirs, at Vevay, 1699, ostensibly for the purpose of showing the heinous crimes of Charles I.; by some strange obliquity in moral justice, there is not a passage quoted but is as replete with manly tenderness and rectitude as

The bridal party left Dover the same eventful day that saw the king introduced to his queen: on the road to Canterbury, a halt was made at Barham downs, where there were pavilions and a banquet prepared. All the English ladies of the queen's household were assembled, and were waiting to be presented to their royal mistress. The king assisted her to alight from her carriage. On the green-sward that June morning the royal bride held her first court, and was introduced to her English ladies. At Canterbury a magnificent feast awaited them, at which Charles served his beautiful bride at table, performing the office of carver to her with his own royal hands. The queen, that she might not refuse the viands he offered her, ate both of the pheasant and venison he laid on her plate, although her confessor stood by her, and reminded her it was a fast, being the vigil of St. John the Baptist, and entreated her "not to give cause of scandal, by eating forbidden food in a strange land at her first arrival;" but the young queen, either determined to conciliate her new subjects, or being very hungry with her journey, paid no heed to these injunctions, but ate, without scruple, the meat the king had carved for her.¹

The same evening the king and queen were married, according to the rites of the church of England, in the great hall of St. Augustine, at Canterbury.² No particulars of the ceremony have been preserved, excepting that the great English composer, Orlando Gibbons, performed on the organ at the royal nuptials.³ The manner has, however, been remembered in which the king prevented the absurd mummary in the bridal chamber, which was then a national custom. All the follies of breaking bridecake, presenting possets, and throwing stockings were of course odious to the refined taste of Charles I.; directly he entered, he suddenly fastened the door against the profane route

the above. Polemic controversy must have utterly perverted the appreciation of right and wrong in that country.

¹ *Memoirs of Henrietta Maria*, 1671, pp. 11, 12.

² *Ibid.*, p. 12; and Dr. Lingard, last edition, vol. ix. p. 238.

³ The fact is recorded on his tomb in Canterbury cathedral.

who expected to follow, and, turning out his immediate attendants, bolted seven doors with his own royal hands.¹ He laughed heartily at his disappointed household next day, and told them he had outwitted them; yet it may be surmised, his gentle, manly conduct, in abjuring these coarse and uncivilized customs, was taken amiss, as if he despised the national usages of the English, for the old buffoonery was actually renewed at royal bridals, and practised until the marriage of George the Third with queen Charlotte.

Charles I. chose to enter the metropolis by the old state highway of the river Thames, and for this purpose took the ancient route from Canterbury to Gravesend. Ostensibly, he wished to show his bride that magnificent navy which was always the pride of the Stuart sovereigns; but the chief motive was to avoid passing through the narrow and infected streets of the city of London, then reeking with the plague. At Gravesend the royal bride was escorted to a state barge by the king; hundreds of beautiful barges, belonging to the nobility and merchants of London, floated around ready to fall into the royal procession, which was greeted by the thundering salutes of the noble navy riding at anchor near the town.

Newspapers were then in their infancy; their places were supplied by news-letters, which were manuscript epistles, written by professed intelligencers to the different nobles distant from court who could afford to treat themselves with such luxuries. Some of these letters are extant,² and contain minute particulars of the queen's progress to London from her embarkation. "Yesterday, betwixt Gravesend and London, our queen had a beautiful and stately view of that part of our navy which is ready to sail, which gave her a volley of fifteen hundred shot." It required firm nerves to stand a royal salute in those days, for all the guns fired were shotted, and some awkward accidents happened now and then in consequence. At five o'clock, in a hot,

¹ News-letter of June 27, 1625, printed in the Court and Times of Charles I., from the original MS., vol. i. p. 30.

² Historical Letters, edited by sir Henry Ellis.

thundering June afternoon, the queen drew near the metropolis: a heavy shower was falling at the time, but thousands of boats and ornamental vessels followed or surrounded her royal barge. "Fifty good ships discharged their ordnance as the gay floating pageant passed up the river, and last of all the Tower guns opened such a peal as, I think, the queen never heard the like. The king and queen were both in green dresses; their barge windows, notwithstanding the vehemence of the shower, were open, and all the people shouting amain. The queen put out her hand, and shook it to them. She hath already given some good signs of hope that she may, ere long, by God's blessing, become ours in religion." One of these signs was the rather doubtful one of eating the wing of a pheasant on the vigil of St. John the Baptist; and another, more hopeful, in the answer she made to one of her English attendants, who venturing to ask, "If her majesty could endure a Huguenot?"—"Why not?" replied the queen; "was not my father one?"¹ It had been well for her majesty if she had remembered whose daughter she was more frequently; but this speech, uttered in the course of her progress to the metropolis, comprehends the whole of the religious toleration she was ever known to practise, though the utmost moderation was required from her, both as a wife and queen, professing a different religion from her husband and his people.

The royal barge, after shooting London bridge, made direct for Somerset house, the queen's dower-palace; before the procession arrived there, an accident happened which caused great alarm. The banks of the river were literally lined with spectators, who stood on barges, lighters, and ships' hulls; one of these vessels capsized for want of ballast, and immersed above a hundred persons in the Thames, but the boats that were shooting about in all directions soon picked up the unfortunate sight-seers, with no other damage than a thorough ducking. Public rejoicings for the queen's entry prevailed throughout London. That evening the bells rang till midnight, bonfires blazed on

¹ *Historical Letters*, edited by sir Henry Ellis.

every side, and as much revelling was kept up as the plague-smitten state of the city would permit.¹

The sweetness and urbanity with which the queen had at first captivated the hearts of her new subjects ever and anon gave way before stormy fits of temper. Perhaps the earliest of these indications took place the first time she kept court at Whitehall, and was perceived by a by-stander, Mr. Mordaunt, who wrote the following description of her majesty:—"The queen, howsoever little in stature, is of a most charming countenance when pleased, but full of spirit, and seems to be of more than ordinary resolution. With one frown, divers of us being at Whitehall to see her, she drove us all out of the chamber, the room being somewhat overheated with fire and company. I suppose none but a queen could have cast such a scowl."² In the winter the court returned to London. The king opened his parliament, at which his royal bride appeared seated on a throne by him.³ The queen's confessor, father Sancy, very early gave offence to king Charles, who sent him back to France for officiously insisting on the performance, to the very letter, of every article in the queen's marriage contract respecting the establishment of her Roman Catholic chapel. An extraordinary reason was given for his expulsion. "No longer ago than on St. James's day," says our authority,⁴ "these hypocritical dogs made the poor queen walk afoot from her

¹ The state of the metropolis, at this juncture, may be gathered from the description of judge Whitelock, father to the parliamentary historian. It was needful for the judge to go to Westminster hall, to adjourn the Michaelmas term to Reading. He arrived, early in the morning, at Hyde park corner (which he spells 'High Park'), where he and his retinue dined, spreading the provisions they had brought with them in the coach on the ground, in the park. He was then driven to Westminster hall as fast as his coach could go, through the streets overgrown with grass, and forsaken by the people. He went straight to the King's bench, adjourned the court, and then quickly left the infected metropolis. In London, nearly 2000 persons died weekly of the plague that summer.

² Letter from Mr. Pory to the Rev. J. Mead, dated July 1, 1626.

³ Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1671, p. 13.

⁴ Sir Henry Ellis's Historical Letters; first series. The king, who mentions the same in one of his letters to France, dates his letter July 12, 1626; therefore he must likewise be speaking of the preceding St. James's day of 1625, which was July 15th, new style, July 25th, old style.

house at St. James's [the palace], thereby to honor the saint of the day in visiting that holy place, where, forsooth, so many martyrs had shed their blood in defence of the Catholic cause." The incident is quoted far and wide in history; no date, however, is given, or some readers might have discovered that Henrietta, when she obeyed the fanatic directions of her spiritual instructors, had arrived at the sage age of fifteen years, seven months, and five days. The queen always denied the charge, but it is certain the king believed it.

The infected state of the metropolis deprived it of the presence of the court, and all the public rejoicings concomitant to a new reign and royal marriage were postponed till the summer heats had abated. The king and his bride, after finding that the pest followed them to Richmond, Hampton Court, and Windsor, bent their course to the New Forest, and made some stay at the antique palaces of Beaulieu and Titchfield. The usual troubles of having two religions in one family soon became manifest. The king's chaplain and the queen's confessor contested every day when the royal party dined together in public, which was to say grace. The queen's confessor succeeded in his attempts, and returned thanks after dinner one day at Titchfield: the king, offended at the sign of the cross, which was part of the ceremonial, rose up, took the queen by the hand, and abruptly left the table and company. Then the clergyman of the town preached a sermon in the open court of the queen's side of the old monastic pile of Titchfield, for the benefit of her Protestant servants: in the middle of the lecture, her majesty, handed by her French lord chamberlain, and followed by all her retinue chattering and making a great noise, came out of her apartments. It was Sunday afternoon; the preacher stopped, and demanded whether he was to proceed? In all likelihood, neither the queen nor her French domestics knew what he said, or understood what he was about; for in a little time the whole train came back again through the congregation, and again auditors of the sermon were scattered to the right and left. The queen and the priests were suspected

of raising the disturbance on purpose;¹ but it seems that the sermon was not preached in a place of worship, and had established itself in the thoroughfare to the queen's lodgings. The king had left Titchfield the day before to visit his fleet at Plymouth. Alarming reports were raised of his death by the plague, and great lamentation made by the populace; he returned, however, safe and well, and took the queen to Salisbury. The French ambassador followed them there, his errand being to know when the queen's income was to be settled.

The court returned in November to Hampton Court, the king's arrangements being to spend Christmas at Whitehall: one day in December, the queen came to London, *incognita*, and visited the new Exchange, a sort of bazaar, where Exeter hall now stands. "Here she went very nimbly from shop to shop, and bought some knacks; till being discovered, she made off with all the haste she could, and went that night again to Hampton Court. This was a French trick," adds our authority, ill-naturedly,² "like to washing in the Thames last summer." The duchess de Chevreuse had, in the course of one of the bathing parties alluded to, astonished the English by swimming across the Thames and back again. Bathing seems to have been an innovation, regarded at that time with horror by the English.

The queen had grown considerably since her arrival in England: she had completed her sixteenth year at Hampton Court, and was now embarked in all the cares and responsibilities of royalty. One of her contemporaries, the historian Howell, has thus graphically drawn her portrait, as she then appeared at her court of Whitehall:—"We have now a most noble new queen of England, who in true beauty is much beyond the long-wooded infant. The Spanish princess had fading flaxen hair, was big-lipped, and somewhat heavy-eyed; but this daughter of France, this youngest flower of the Bourbon,—being but in her cradle when her sire, the great Henry, was put out of the world,—is of a more lovely and lasting complexion, of a clear brown, with eyes that sparkle like stars." The pens of all writers were

¹ Letter of Rev. J. Mead to sir Martin Stuteville, October, 1625. ² Ibid.

eloquent in praise of the brunette beauty of the queen, even before the pencil of Vandyke had made it indisputable. "She is black-eyed and brown-haired," declares another writer;¹ "in truth, a brave lady." A more finished and intellectual description of the queen has been preserved by her countrywoman, the accomplished La Fayette.² "At the epoch of her marriage she had only attained middle height, but she was extremely well proportioned. Her complexion was perfectly beautiful: her face was long, her eyes large and black,—now touchingly soft, and now brilliant and sparkling. Her hair black, her teeth fine; her forehead, nose, and mouth all somewhat large, but well formed; her air *spirituelle*, with an extreme delicacy of features, and an expression grand and noble throughout her whole person. Of all the princesses of her family she most resembles her great father: like him, she has true greatness of mind, full of tenderness and charity, of a sweet and agreeable temper, entering into the griefs of others, and willing to alleviate all the sorrow in the world. Charles I. loved her with passion, and well she reciprocated his tenderness, as he found in the hour of peril and misfortune." The picture is, perhaps, sketched with too partial a hand: the writer evidently loved the original, yet the power of inspiring gratuitous love, which endures through changing fortune, is one proof that the fine traits here drawn were not altogether fictitious. However, if we are guided entirely by the conclusions drawn from facts, the young queen must be considered at this time as a lovely and vivacious child, who had been previously somewhat spoiled by her mother and her flattering female court.

The king's first admiration of his wife soon assumed the feelings of deep and intense passion, full of disquietudes: he was annoyed at the influence her French attendants had over her. In whatsoever country a regal marriage

¹ Pory to Mead.

² Madame de la Fayette was, like madame de Motteville, a lady in the household of Henrietta's sister-in-law, Anne of Austria, queen of France, and was, like her, intimately acquainted with Henrietta, both in her prosperity and adversity.

may take place, the native attendants of the bride are invariably dismissed in a few days, for they are always objects of suspicion, either to the king or to his people. Charles I. knew it was against his agreement to remove the large colony the queen had brought with her; but he was not for that the less anxious to get rid of them, nor could his people hate them more intensely than he did. Among other grievances was the mass at Whitehall,¹ where the queen claimed permission for the celebration of the rites of her religion, which was granted with reluctance. Instead of a chapel according to the marriage articles, the most retired chamber in the palace was assigned for the purpose. The first mass that was celebrated in an English royal palace since the winter of queen Elizabeth's accession, is thus described in the words of an angry news-writer:—² "The queen, at eleven o'clock, came out of her chamber in a petticoat, and with a veil over her head, supported by the count de Tilliers, her chamberlain, followed by six of her women, and the mass was mumbled over her. Whilst they were at mass, the king gave orders that no Englishman or woman should come near the place. The priests have been very importunate to have the chapel finished at St. James's, but they find the king slow in doing that. His answer was, 'That if the queen's closet, where they now say mass, be not large enough, let them have it in the great chamber; and if the great chamber be not wide enough, they may use the garden; and if the garden were not spacious enough to serve their turn, then was the park the fittest place.' With all their stratagems, they cannot bring him to be the least in love with their fopperies. They say there came some English papists to hear the queen's mass on Sunday, but that she rebuked them, and caused them to be driven out."

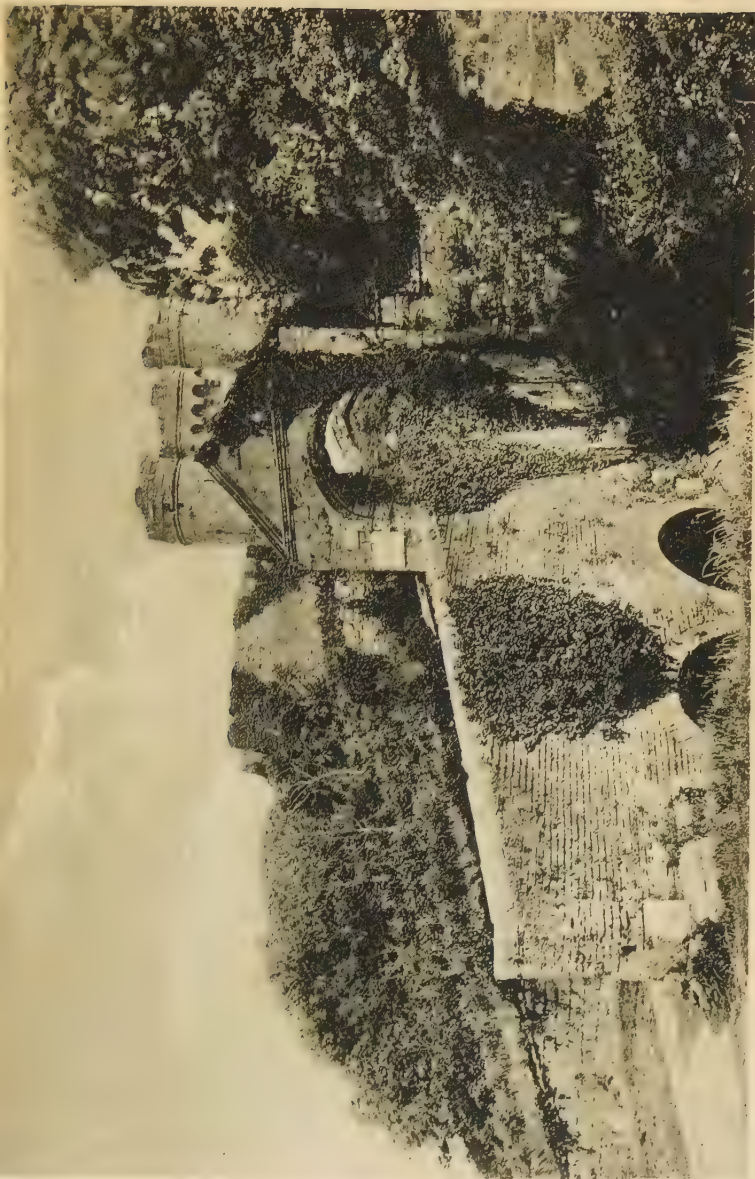
The queen of Charles I. is known to all readers of history by the name of Henrietta Maria; but she was not called so by her husband, or at her own court. It is true that, as soon as her marriage was announced in England, she was prayed for in the royal chapel by the strange appel-

¹ Madame de Motteville.

² Ellis's Historical Letters.

Carisbrooke Castle

Where Charles I was held prisoner on the Isle of Wight



lation of 'queen Henry,'¹ the French pronunciation of 'Henriette' being unintelligible to English ears, and, perhaps, unattainable to English organs. The next Sunday the king ordered the name of 'queen Henry' to be changed to 'queen Mary;' and when those in his household remonstrated with him that this name, owing to the Marian persecutions, had become very unpopular in England, he still persisted in calling his bride 'Mary,' declaring that the land should find blessings connected with her name that would counteract all previous evils.² Most persons will agree with Charles in his tasteful appreciation of the name of Mary; but his feelings, as lover and poet, ought to have yielded to the good policy of the above suggestion, for popular prejudice is governed by a mere breath, and the slightest association of ideas will raise the fury of the multitude. Yes; history will prove Shakspeare's aphorism, "that there is magic in a name," especially for the working of evil. The political agitators who give nicknames are guided by this aphorism. How many martyrs have fallen victims to the ridiculous or ill-sounding epithets of Lollard, Papist, or Quaker!

The influence of the French household over the mind of the queen became daily more intolerable to Charles, for she lived among them, and thought and spoke according to their direction. He considered that they interfered between her heart and his, and that she never would become attached to him while they remained in England. The king himself wrote an account of his disquietudes to his consort's mother, Marie de Medicis. He attributes them to madame de St. George, "who," he says,³ "taking in distaste because I would not let her ride with us in the coach (when there were many women of higher quality), claiming it as her

¹ Letter of J. Chamberlayne to sir Dudley Carleton, May 14th.

² Mrs. Hutchinson's Memoirs. This admirable lady, though the wife of one of the regicides, always speaks with the utmost respect of the great abilities of Henrietta Maria; neither does she censure her for anything but "haughty temper and papistry."

³ Memorial of Charles I., sent to the queen-mother of France July 12, 1626, the copy of which was taken in his cabinet at Naseby. Published in Ed. Ludlow's Memoirs, at Vevay, 1699.

due (which in England we think a strange thing), set my wife in such a humor against me, as from that very hour to this no man can say she has behaved two days together with the respect that I have deserved of her. As I take it, it was at her first coming to Hampton Court I sent some of my council to her, with the regulations that were kept in the court of the queen my mother, and desired the count de Tilliers that the same might be kept." The answer of queen Henrietta to this deputation was, "I hope I shall be suffered to order my own house as I list."—"Now, if she had said," continues the king, "that she would speak with me herself, not doubting to give me satisfaction, I would have found no fault in her, for whatsoever she had said, I should have imputed it to her ignorance of business; but I could not imagine her affronting me so by refusal publicly. After this answer, I took my time, when I thought we had leisure to dispute it out by ourselves, to tell her both her fault in the publicity of such answer, and her mistakes in the business itself. She, instead of acknowledging her mistakes, gave me so ill an answer that I omit to repeat it. When I have anything to say to her, I must manage her servants first, else I am sure to be denied. Likewise I have to complain of her neglect of the English tongue, and of the nation in general. I will omit the affront she offered me before my going to this last unhappy assembly of parliament, because there has been talk enough of that already: the author is before you in France."¹ He was probably father Sancy, who was dismissed the first summer of Henrietta's marriage.

Such were the occurrences which disgusted Charles I. with his wife's French household, and led him to form an early determination of dismissing them. He notified this intention to the duke of Buckingham, who was then at Paris as ambassador-extraordinary, requiring him to break this matter to the queen-mother, Marie de Medicis:—

¹ Memorial of Charles I., sent to the queen-mother of France July 12, 1626. Published in Ed. Ludlow's *Memoirs*, at Vevay, 1699. The occurrences thus described by the king took place in the summer of 1625, as he mentions them as occurring when the queen first went to Hampton Court. He wrote them in the succeeding year, when Henrietta was little more than sixteen.

KING CHARLES TO THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.¹

(Private.)

"Nov. 20, 1625.

"STEENIE:—

"I writ to you by Ned Clarke, that I thought I should have cause enough, in a short time, to put away the *monsters*² [monsieurs], either by [their] attempting to steal away my wife, or by making plots with my own subjects. For the first I cannot say certainly whether it was intended, but I am sure it is hindered; for the other, though I have good grounds to believe it, and am still hunting after it, yet seeing daily the maliciousness of the *monsters*, by making and fomenting discontentments in my wife, I could tarry no longer from advertising you that I mean to seek for no other grounds to cashier my *monsters*, that you may (if you think good) advertise the queen-mother [Marie de Medicis] of my intention; for this being an action which may have a show of harshness, I thought it was fit to take this way, that she [the queen-mother], to whom I have had many obligations, may not take it unkindly. And likewise, I think I have done you no wrong in my letter, though in some place of it I may seem to chide you.

"I pray you send me word, with what speed you may, whether ye like this course or not, for I shall put nothing of this in execution *while* [till] I hear from you. In the mean time I shall think of convenient means to do this business with the best mien; but I am resolved it must be done, and that shortly. So, longing to see thee, I rest,

"Your loving, faithful, constant friend,

CHARLES, R.

"Hampton Court."

This letter was accompanied with one meant to be shown to the mother of the young queen, commencing, like the former, with "Steenie," but written in a very sensible and reasonable style, which is not exactly the case with the first; for the idea that his wife would be stolen from him is more like a boy jealous of the possession of a new plaything than a king of the personal dignity of Charles. However, he was a young husband, passionately in love with his own wife, and he must be allowed his share in the excuses made for the irrationality of lovers in general. Buckingham assuredly communicated to the queen-mother of France the king's last letter, and by that means broke to her the intention of dismissing the French household, since Henrietta afterwards gave him all the credit of that measure, and hated him as if he had been the author of it. Yet Charles found no feasible excuse for "cashiering his monsters," as he calls them, till full six months after.

¹ Edited by the learned translator of Bassompierre's Embassy, p. 123. The orthography is here modernized.

² The queen's French retinue.

Another letter to Steenie occurs soon after the foregoing, in which the king makes the following rather ungracious comment on his queen's conduct:—"As for news, my wife begins to mend her manners. I know not how long it will continue; they say she does so by advice."¹ He was, meantime, seriously annoyed with the persistence of madame St. George, who, by virtue of her office as first lady of the bed-chamber, continued to take a place in the queen's coach, even when the king was there. One day his majesty put her back with his own hand,² as she was following the queen into the royal carriage; he likewise prevented her from taking precedence of the English ladies of his queen's household: all which produced strife between the queen and himself, and sometimes between her and madame St. George. It was, we may suppose, after one of these wrangles, that Henrietta Maria wrote the following familiar note to her friend:—

THE QUEEN TO MADAME ST. GEORGE.³

"MAMANGAT:—

[No date of any kind.]

"I pray you excuse me if you have seen my little *vertigo* [vertigo], which held me this morning. I cannot be right all of a sudden, but I will do all I can to content you meantime. I beg you will no longer be in wrath against me, who am and will be all my life, Mamangat,

"Your affectionate friend,

"HENRIETT."

The most serious cause of displeasure that Charles I. had against the French domestics of his young wife was, that they prompted or strengthened her refusal to share his coronation. This piece of bigotry was at once most injurious to the king, and of mischievous consequences to the queen herself, since it gave occasion for her enemies afterwards to affirm "that she had never been recognized as the consort of Charles I.,"⁴ so dangerous is it to neglect or

¹ Hardwicke State-Papers, vol. ii. p. 12.

² Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1671, p. 17.

³ Inedited letter, Imperial Library, St. Petersburg, with which we have been favored by permission of his imperial majesty the emperor of Russia, through the kindness of the lamented sir Robert Kerr Porter, and of Miss Jane Porter.

⁴ Madame de Motteville.

scorn the ancient institutions of a country, while they continue to be revered by the great body of the people.

Charles I. was crowned in Westminster abbey *solus*, for no representations of his, nor the temptation of being the admired of all beholders, and the *belle des belles* in a scene of surpassing splendor, could induce his young and lovely partner to share in it, or to conquer her religious prejudices sufficiently to be consecrated by the prelates of the church of England. Henrietta presents the first instance of a queen of England who refused to be crowned. This foolish obstinacy gave the death-blow to her popularity in England, for her people never forgave the contempt she had manifested for their crown. She stood at the bay-window over the portal in the gate-house at Whitehall,¹ King street, where she had a view of the procession going and coming, and it was observed that her French ladies were all the time dancing and frisking in the room before her. The queen's absence from the coronation caused likewise the absence of the count de Blainville, the French ambassador. He declared, "That he would have risked a small strain to his conscience, which forbade him to be present at the prayers of the English church; but it would be incongruous that he should be a spectator where the queen, his master's sister, not only refused her participation, but even her presence, at the solemnity of crowning." Thus, in consequence of Henrietta's perverse bigotry, an affront, both personal and national, was offered to her husband by the representative of her brother, who ought to have been wiser than to have followed the lead of a spoiled, wilful child. King Charles had endeavored to persuade his queen to be present in the abbey during his coronation, were it only in a latticed box, but she positively refused even that small concession.

The coronation of Charles took place on February 2d;² being Candlemas-day, a high festival of the Roman Catholic church, and it was kept as such by Henrietta and her French household. This circumstance, doubtless, strengthened her aversion to be present at a ceremony with which

¹ News-letter; Mead to Stuteville, dated February 4, 1625-16.—Ellis's Letters.

² Historical Letters, edited by sir Henry Ellis; first series.

the liturgy of the English church was connected. Had she attended her husband's coronation, and listened to the oath imposed on him, she would have found that this ceremonial, which she loathed as Huguenot, obliged him to keep the church of England in the same state as did Edward the Confessor!¹ The most liberal manner of construing this oath must have been that the English people required that whatsoever monarch they invested with the power of king and head of the church, he should use that power to keep the church of England as near to the model of the Anglo-Saxon church as possible.² The marriage of Charles with a Roman Catholic queen naturally aggravated his difficulties; nor was Henrietta of an age and temper likely to afford him aid in steering dexterously between the adverse currents which beset his course. The parliament believed that the king spared twenty priests condemned to death through his wife's influence. Henrietta was assuredly unable to influence him in much smaller matters; and if the most thorough annoyance and vexation could have led a good man to have immolated every priest in England, in hopes of including his wife's domestic establishment of chaplains among them, Charles was angry enough at this crisis to have done so.

Henrietta was so far from meeting with any extraordinary indulgence from her husband at this juncture, that his mind was wholly bent upon a step which he knew would overwhelm her with grief. He resolved to break that part

¹ Sandford. Arthur Taylor's *Glories of Regality*. Family Papers of George V.; King's MSS., Brit. Mus.

² Lest readers should actually consider the coronation-oath taken by all the Anglo-Stuart sovereigns (till the era of Mary II.) as a positive act of insanity, both as regards the sovereigns and their people, it is needful to remind them that the primitive church of England, under Edward the Confessor (cited in the oath as the model for the guidance of the British sovereigns in the seventeenth century), allowed of the marriages of the secular clergy, and of the translation of the Scriptures in the vernacular tongue. It must be remembered, too, that James I. took the oath as he found it, and as his predecessor had taken it. If the people of England had desired the alteration or modification of this oath, never could Providence have presented a fairer opportunity, since James entered England unarmed, and was utterly in the power of the nation,—no great proof of his cowardice, it must be owned.

of her marriage-articles which stipulated that her household and ecclesiastic establishment should be composed of people of her own country. The commencement of the contest was detailed by Charles himself in a letter to France, in justification of his proceedings. Henrietta had determined to grant the principal places of profit connected with her revenue-lands to the Frenchmen attached to her household, a proceeding which her husband very properly opposed in the following dialogue, after the royal pair had retired to rest:—"One night," wrote king Charles, "after I was a-bed, my wife put a paper in my hand, telling me 'It was a list of those that she desired to be officers of her revenue.' I took it, and said that 'I would read it next morning;' but, withal, I told her 'that, by agreement in France, I had the naming of them.' She said, 'There were both English and French in the note.' I replied, that 'Those English, which I thought fit to serve her, I would confirm; but for the French, it was impossible for them to serve her in that capacity.' She said, 'All those in that paper had breviatees from her mother and herself, and that she would admit no other.' Then I said, 'It was neither in her mother's power, nor hers, to admit any without my leave; and if she relied on that, whomsoever she recommended should not come in.' Then she plainly bade me 'take my lands to myself, for if she had no power to put in whom she would into those places, she would have neither lands or houses of me;' but bade me 'give her what I thought fit by way of pension.' I bade her 'remember to whom she spoke,' and told her 'she ought not to use me so.' Then she fell into a passionate discourse, 'how she is miserable, in having no power to place servants; and that business succeeded the worse for her recommendation.' When I offered to answer, she would not so much as hear me, but went on lamenting, saying 'that she was not of such base quality as to be used so!' But," continues Charles, "I both made her hear me, and end that discourse."¹

A stormy scene at court occurred soon after the royal curtain-lecture; the bishop of Mantes, a young ecclesiastic at the head of Henrietta's Catholic establishment, actually

¹ Edited by Disraeli, in his *Commentaries of the Life and Reign of Charles I.*

contested publicly with the earl of Holland (late lord Kensington) which of them was to act as steward of her dowry. The bishop showed the queen's warrant, and the earl that of the king. Lord Holland is the same person as lord Kensington, who negotiated the queen's marriage. The resistance the queen made to his appointment as steward of her household is no great corroboration of the malicious stories of her partiality to him, which party historians have invented. The origin of these reports seems to have been the praises he bestowed on her in his letters to the court at the time of her marriage; but after she was queen, this nobleman showed all the indications of a disappointed courtier.

The king's discontent at the conduct of the French colony established within his gates reached its climax in June, 1626, before he had been married a twelvemonth. As his wrath effervesced on a very small provocation, or none at all, it is natural to suppose that the quarrel was rather a forced one on his part. "Monday last,¹ about three in the afternoon, the king, passing into the queen's side [the queen's suite of apartments at Whitehall], and finding some Frenchmen, her servants, *unreverently* curveting and dancing in her presence, took her by the hand and led her into his *lodgings* [apartments], locking the door after him, and shutting out all, save the queen. Presently lord Conway signified to her majesty's French servants that, young and old, they must all depart thence to Somerset house, and remain there till they knew his majesty's pleasure. The women howled and lamented as if they were going to execution, but all in vain; for the guard, according to lord Conway's orders, thrust them all out of the queen's apartments, and locked the doors after them." While this scene was transacting in her own apartments, the queen, who was detained by the king in his chamber, became very angry, and when she understood that her French train were being expelled from Whitehall, she flew into an access of rage. She endeavored to bid them a passionate farewell from the window, whence the king drew her away, telling her "to be satisfied, for it

¹ News-letter from John Pory to Joseph Mead.—Historical Letters, edited by sir Henry Ellis; first series.

must be so." However, the queen contrived to break the windows, as she was prevented from opening them. Charles was obliged to use all his masculine strength to control his incensed partner, by grasping her wrists in each hand. "But since," adds the news-letter, "I hear her rage is appeased, and that the king and she went to Nonsuch, and have been very jocund together."

The French servants of Henrietta were kept at Somerset house, while the king detained their royal mistress at his country palaces; a few days after he had separated them from her, he came in person to Somerset house, attended by Buckingham, Holland, and Carlisle, and addressed the French household in a set speech, informing them of the necessity of dismissing them to their own country. The young bishop requested to know his fault, and madame de St. George passionately appealed to the queen. "I name none," replied Charles; but he peremptorily ordered their return to France. He gave his promise that they should receive their wages with gratuities, to the amount of 22,000*l.*, and then withdrew with his attendants. "I can no longer suffer those that I know to be the fomenters of disturbance to be about my wife," wrote Charles I. to his ambassador in France,¹ "were it but for one action they made her do; which is, to go to Tyburn in devotion to pray, which action can have no greater invective made against it than its narration." Thus it is evident that the king believed the Tyburn story, which the queen earnestly denied.

By various pretences, the French retinue delayed their departure, from day to day, throughout the whole of the month of July. They retained possession of the queen's clothes and jewels as perquisites,—they actually left her without a change of linen, and with difficulty were prevailed on to surrender an old satin gown for her immediate use; they brought her immensely in debt to them for purchases, which she (notwithstanding her partiality in their favor) allowed to the king were wholly fictitious. At last Charles, exasperated by their struggles to remain in Eng-

¹ Dated July 12, 1626; taken in the king's cabinet at Naseby.—Appendix to Ludlow's *Memoirs*, printed at Vevay, 1699.

land, wrote to Buckingham the following angry letter to expedite their expulsion :—

“STEENIE :—

“I have received your letter by Dick Græme. This is my answer : I command you to send all the French away to-morrow out of the town,—if you can by fair means, but stick not long in disputing ; otherwise force them away, driving them away like so many wild beasts, until you have shipped them, and so the devil go with them. Let me hear of no answer but of the performance of my command.

“So I rest your faithful, constant, loving friend,¹ C. R.

“Oaking, on the 7th of August, 1626.”

Although a numerous collection of coaches, carts, and barges were waiting the next day at Somerset house, the royal suite unanimously resolved not to depart, saying, “they had not been discharged with the proper punctilios.” On which the king sent a large posse of heralds, trumpeters, and a strong body of yeomen. The heralds and trumpeters having formally proclaimed his majesty’s pleasure at the gates of Somerset house, the yeomen then stepped forward to execute his majesty’s orders, which were no other than that “if the French still continued refractory, to thrust all out, head and shoulders.” This extremity was not resorted to, as they departed the same tide. A great mob had been gathered in the Strand by these proceedings, and, withal, most riotously disposed. As the beautiful madame de St. George was departing, gesticulating with the utmost vivacity, and pouring forth a torrent of eloquence on the atrocity of tearing her from the queen, one of the leaders of the mob threw a large stone at her head, which knocked off her cap. An English noble of the court, who was leading the aggrieved fair one to the barge, drew his sword, and ran the man through the body on the spot.² A person who could assault a woman thus murderously deserved little sympathy ; but surely the people, of all classes, in the last century but one, had little reason to consider themselves as civilized beings. The only French attendants left with the queen were her nurse, her dresser, and madame de la Tremouille. The king sent his orders to the housekeeper at St. James’s, to prepare suitable apartments for the residence

¹ Ellis’s Historical Letters.

² Ibid.

of the latter lady; the official returned answer, "That her majesty's French retinue had so defiled that palace that it would be long before it could be purified."¹

Somerset house was the queen's private residence in London: she was as partial to it as her predecessor, Anne of Denmark. Henrietta frequently came thither from Greenwich by way of the Thames. Early in the spring of 1627 she was one morning "rowed to Blackwall, and dined on board the earl of Warwick's fair ship, called the 'Neptune.' It pleased the queen then to pass over to her Greenwich palace. From thence she rode on horseback to her palace of Somerset house, the earl of Warwick and forty or fifty gentlemen riding before her majesty with their heads uncovered, all but her four priests, who wore their black caps. The queen herself was masked, as were her ladies; they all wore little black beaver riding-hats, but her majesty was distinguished from her attendants by the addition of a fair white feather in her hat."²

The metropolis was in an infected state with the plague, and the royal family made a progress that autumn in search of salubrious springs; perhaps in imitation of the fashion of the continent, where it had become the custom to frequent watering-places and spas. The king and queen came to Wellingborough this year for the benefit of drinking at the 'red well' there, and actually resided some days in tents, that they might drink the waters at the fountain-head. The queen frequented this strong chalybeate for several seasons.

The whole summer the young queen was restless and unhappy; she attributed her troubles, perhaps unjustly, to the malign influence of Buckingham. She wrote perpetually home, stating how wretched she was, deprived of her French household, and talked of visiting her native country. The resident ambassadors, Tilliers and Blainville, who appear to have been the most formal fools ever sent on missions of delicate diplomacy, fomented her griefs. At last the

¹ Ellis's Historical Letters.

² Court and Times of Charles I., p. 206: News-letter to Dr. Joseph Mead, March 16, 1626-27.

queen-mother of France appointed a man of sense and spirit to mediate this matrimonial difference. The duke de Bassompierre, one of the old friends and fellow-soldiers of Henry IV., was sent to England to inquire into the wrongs of Henrietta, and hear, from her own lips, a recapitulation of her injuries, which her banished household had represented to her mother as most flagrant. One outrage was offered to king Charles, which was, no doubt, to be attributed to the incorrigible folly of Marie de Medicis. Father Sancy, whose fanaticism had caused him to be dismissed from Henrietta's train on her first arrival in England, was now thrust back to this country as the chaplain to the embassy, as if no one could be found to perform such an office but a person who had made himself personally odious to Charles and his people. Before Bassompierre entered into any other discussion, there was a lengthy controversy regarding this obnoxious person. Charles insisted that he should be sent out of his dominions before he would discuss any point with the French ambassador; nevertheless, Sancy remained, and did his best to embroil the king and queen irreconcilably.

Bassompierre was certainly the most sensible and honorable person that France had sent to England since the embassy of the great duke de Sully. His notation of his interviews with the young queen prove that he neither flattered nor spoiled her.¹ He found her at open hostility with her husband's favorite and prime-minister, Buckingham, of whom she made the most bitter complaints; they had quarrelled violently, and perhaps their enmity was aggravated by the fact that the queen knew no English, and Buckingham very little French: no doubt their angry dialogues were amusing enough. Buckingham, nevertheless, made the queen understand a speech which she never forgave: she quoted it, long years after his death, in confidence to madame de Motteville. He insolently told her "To beware how she behaved, for in England queens had had their heads cut off before now." Henrietta averred that Buckingham, jealous lest she should possess influence with the king, made mischief perpetually between them, and

¹ Bassompierre's Embassy in England, written by himself.

was the cause of all the unhappiness of the early days of her married life. Bassompierre found this feud between the young queen and the favorite of Charles I. at its very height.

Although four months had passed since her separation from her French retinue, the mind of the queen was in so great a state of excitement regarding it, that Charles I., just before he gave the audience of reception to Bassompierre at Hampton Court, sent Buckingham to him, to direct that nothing relative to this subject might be mentioned or alluded to at the public interview; "for I cannot," said king Charles, "help putting myself in a passion when discussing these matters, which would not be decent in the chair of state, in sight of the chief persons of the realm; likewise the queen, my wife, seated close to me, grieved at the remembrance of the dismissal of her servants, might commit some extravagance, and would at least cry in the sight of every one." Bassompierre, when he found this representation was no diplomatic *ruse* of Buckingham, concerted with him a plan to defer the discussion of the grievance till he had a private audience with the queen, in London. "The duke of Buckingham," pursues Bassompierre, "then introduced me to the audience. I found the king and queen seated on two chairs raised on a stage of two steps. They rose at the first bow I made. The company was magnificent, and the order exquisite." After answering inquiries regarding the health of the queen's brother and mother, Bassompierre, as had been concerted previously, was told by the king, "that her majesty was impatient to inquire after them more particularly, and to receive their remembrances and greetings in a private interview with him; therefore, in consideration of her feelings, he would delay the communication of his state mission till after that conference had taken place." The queen then added a few words, saying, "that the king had given her leave to go to London, where she would see him and speak to him at leisure." But these few words overcame her spirits; she rose, and was obliged to retire with madame de la Tremouille, or the tears which filled her eyes would

have been seen to overflow her cheeks, and king Charles had sternly forbidden weeping in public.

Subsequently, the queen, the king, and Buckingham discussed their grievances severally, in long private interviews with Bassompierre. A quotation or two from his journal gives a pretty clear view as to which side found most favor in his eyes. "Oct. 24th: I was with the queen when the king came in, with whom *she picked a quarrel*. The king took me to his chamber and talked a great deal to me, making me complaints of the queen, his wife." The next day, Sunday, was the time on which Bassompierre resolved to bring about the reconciliation he had prepared between the king and queen, and the queen and Buckingham. "I went for the duke, whom I took to the queen, who made his peace with her, which I had brought about with infinite trouble. The king came in afterwards, and he also was reconciled to her," on account, it may be supposed, of the quarrel the fair tyrant had picked with his majesty the day before. "Then," resumes the ambassador, "the king caressed her very much; he thanked me, as he said, for reconciling the duke and his wife, then took me to his chamber, and showed me his jewels, which are very fine." Her majesty, nevertheless, considered that her father's old friend had not evinced sufficient partiality to her cause; for the very next day, after dinner, he went to see the queen at Somerset house, "and she fell out with him." The reconciliation which poor Bassompierre had effected with such waste of time and eloquence, and so many journeys between Whitehall, Somerset house, and Hampton Court, was all null and void in a fortnight, and the parties more belligerent than ever. The cause of wrath was, that the king found that the temper of the times would not permit him to fulfil his engagement of granting to his wife the indulgence of her domestic worship so openly as the marriage-contract specified. He had left her three chaplains when he expelled her French ecclesiastics, and he was reluctant to permit more. At sixteen, Henrietta was no judge of the state of her husband's affairs; it is not an age when the faculties which produce foresight are much developed in any class of human

beings: those who placed a petulant child in a situation that required all the calm temper and clear judgment of which a woman of twenty-five is capable were responsible for the whole of the mistakes she committed as queen. Unfortunately, the effects of her childish errors in judgment weighed heavily against her in after-life. Yet there was no moral wrong in the conduct of the young queen; her errors merely proceeded from a fervent attachment to her religion, manifested without wise calculation on the prejudices of her new country. Alas! in political history, crimes committed with tact are often viewed with complacency, but small mercy is shown to blunders, even if they may be traced to the virtuous affections. It may be noticed, too, that false chronology has occasioned a very great deal of calumny on Henrietta; for instance, the crime more particularly charged against her was the fanatic penance she is said to have performed at Tyburn. This, if ever done, was limited within the first month after her arrival. If it were, as she averred, a fabrication, it must have originated with her husband's most intimate friends and trusted counsellors, perhaps with Buckingham himself; for a notable quarrel broke out between the queen and him while this matter was discussed in council before Bassompierre.

That nobleman acted throughout with impartiality; unawed by the title of queen borne by the petulant little beauty, who was the youngest child of his old friend, Henry IV., he sharply reprov'd her for picking quarrels with her husband, and threatened to tell her friends in France of her perversity. With the same spirit of independence, he pointed out to his own government their errors in judgment in his letter to Herbault, the French minister. "You know," wrote he,¹ "the extraordinary manner in which the domestics of the queen of Great Britain were sent back to France. It was said that she lived very ill

¹ The whole of this despatch, in French, may be consulted in Mr. Croaker's *Journal of Bassompierre*, p. 148. The wisdom of Bassompierre, and the real desire he evinced for the happiness of Henrietta and to reconcile parties, proves him to have been an honest statesman. Very different is the manner in which this noble soldier speaks of Charles and England to those evil agents of Richelieu who called themselves ambassadors.

with her husband, and that there seemed no way but open war to enforce the terms of the marriage-treaty. At first I proved what I had expected, that the company of father Sancy would do little good, and a very great deal of harm to my design : you have seen how much I have suffered and been impeded on this head. You know the principal objects which my king had in sending me hither were, to render the queen, his sister, content, the state of her conscience easy, her personal attendants agreeable to her health and convenience, and the union and intelligence between her majesty and her royal husband perfectly cemented ; likewise to obtain better treatment for the English Catholic priests.”¹

The young queen, when in a calm temper, did full justice to the exertions of her countryman in her behalf. The following letter of apology to him is written in a frank spirit :—

HENRIETTA MARIA TO BASSOMPIERRE.²

“MY COUSIN :—

“Understanding that you have been vexed regarding a letter I wrote to the queen, my mother, and that you think I distrust you, I pray you to dismiss that idea, and believe that I am not so ungrateful for the services which you have rendered me as to avoid you. M. le duc³ will tell the whole affair as it happened ; and as for myself, I can assure you that my intention never was to offend you, for I should be most blameworthy to act thus against persons who testify affection to me,—particularly against you, whom I honor, and to whom my obligations are so great, that I shall forever remain

“Your affectionate cousin,

“HENRIETTE MARIE.

Endorsed, “*A mon Cousin, Monsieur le
Marechale de Bassompierre, Oct. 12.*”

In the course of this negotiation, Bassompierre, in a cabinet-council, was given a memorial of the causes of complaint that king Charles brought against the queen’s

¹ Bassompierre’s Journal, p. 112. Bassompierre took seventeen Catholic priests, under condemnation of death for saying mass, away with him to France, thus commuting their sentence to banishment, to the indignation of Charles’s parliament. New victims soon accumulated, whose deaths and tortures were points of dispute between the king and his parliament. In the present times, all sects will rejoice that England was spared the disgrace of butchering the priests that Bassompierre carried away. He says, by mistake (as supposed), that he carried away *seventy* of these victims.

² Bethune MS., 9327, fol. 112 ; holograph.

³ Probably the duc de Chevreuse.

French domestics. M. du Plessis, bishop of Mantes, Henrietta's almoner, was accused therein "of fomenting plots in England;" moreover, it declared "that the queen's French domestics discovered all that passed between the king and her majesty, and labored to create in the gentle mind of her majesty a repugnance to all that the king desired or ordered, and they fomented discords between their majesties as a thing essential to the welfare of their church. They endeavored to inspire her with a contempt for England, a dislike of its habits, and made her neglect the English language, as if she neither had nor wished to have any common interest in the country. They subjected the person of the queen to a monastic obedience, in order to oblige her to do many base and servile acts beneath the majesty of a queen, and very dangerous to her own health. Witness what has befallen a person of distinction among her attendants, who died thereof, and complained at her death that that was the cause of it!" It is needful to explain, the queen's French lady died of the severities of the discipline inflicted on herself, not on her royal mistress; the narrative is not very luminous on this point. As to the penances, an indignant newsmonger thus enumerates them:—"Had they not also made her, on St. James's day,¹ dabble in the dirt, in a foul morning, from Somerset house to St. James's, her Luciferian confessor riding by her in his coach? Yea, they have made her spin, to eat her meat out of *treen*² dishes, to wait at table, and serve her servants; and if these rogues dare thus insult over the daughter, sister, and wife of great kings, what slavery would they not make us, the people, undergo?"

Bassompierre spent the beginning of November in conferences respecting the above statements between the queen, the king, and Buckingham, and in each conference they had a separate quarrel. He inquired of the queen, "How he

¹ The queen would have kept this festival, 1625, July 15th, new style. As king Charles dates his letter complaining of the same fanatic act, July 12, 1626, it is clear that it refers to St. James's day of the preceding year.

² Dishes made of 'tree,' *i.e.*, wooden trenchers. Ellis's Letters; Pory to Mead, dated July 1, 1626.

was to answer the various particulars which had been offensive to the king, as to the wooden trenchers, and other trifling matters?" She either disdained to reply to them, or admitted them by silence; but in regard to the pilgrimage to the gallows at Tyburn, she most earnestly denied it. Bassompierre made so animated an harangue before the privy council, when he defended Henrietta from having committed this absurdity, that he lost his voice for some days,—a very serious privation for this vivacious foreigner, who, however, in his journal, expresses himself dubiously as to whether his affliction was owing to his exertions in behalf of the queen, or to a London fog in November, to which, poor man, he was not accustomed. In his speech he declared that the queen had instructed him to say, that "The king her husband had permitted her to gain her jubilee¹ in the chapel of the fathers of the oratory at Saint *Gemmes* [St. James] within a month of her arrival in England, which devotion had terminated with vespers; and as at that time the heat of the day was passed, she had walked in the park of St. *Gemmes*, and in the *Hipparc*² which joins it, a walk she had often taken in company with the king her husband; but that she made it in procession, or that she ever approached within *fifty paces* of the gallows, or that she made there any prayers, public or private, or that she went on her knees there, holding the hours or chaplets in her hands, is what those who impose these matters on others do not believe themselves." Bassompierre's oration lasted an hour, "And when I came out," says he, in his journal, "I showed the queen the fine statement they had made to me, and what I had replied and protested, with which she was much obliged."³

¹ This is some kind of indulgence granted by the pope in reward of a certain number of prayers performed at a particular place of worship. Queen Mary and her sister Elizabeth are described by Noailles as very earnestly engaged in gaining one of these jubilees at the chapel of Greenwich palace, in the absence of Philip II.

² Hyde park, often called High park in old books, probably because St. James's park was much lower ground.

³ Bassompierre's Journal, collated with the Minutes of the Privy Council, November, 1626.

It is proper here to observe, that out of the numerous witnesses who must have beheld Henrietta performing such extraordinary genuflexions at the gallows-tree, not one was examined before the privy council ; therefore the statement is utterly without evidence. Indeed, every person who reads this well-known accusation against the queen of Charles must have wondered how her majesty could have arrived on a summer's evening at the gallows, barefoot, without being followed in such a public place by a vast mob of gazers. But it seems the gibbet, with all its foul and ghastly garniture, was a perennial ornament abutting on Hyde park ; and there it stood, near where the fashionable throng now turn into the ring at Cumberland gate,—a horrid terminus to the vista,—assuredly always within the view of their Britannic majesties when they chose to enjoy the cool of the evening by taking their accustomed walk from St. James's park to Hyde park. The national gibbet, fed as it was from the era of Henry VIII. with almost daily food, was marvellously convenient for Henrietta's pilgrimage, had she ever taken it, but she indignantly repelled the idea. She acknowledged she had often walked that way with her husband, but she denied that she ever approached the gibbet *nearer* than fifty paces !¹ What times ! what an admission ! To us it appears still more abhorrent that a fair royal bride, in her honeymoon, leaning on the arm of her loving lord, should take a summer stroll for pleasure within fifty paces of a gibbet, than that she should approach it in sorrow and humiliation, to meditate on the agony, sin, and grief that throbbed at the hearts of the miserable fellow-creatures who had perished on the horrid spot. The circumstance that such an appendage abutted on the royal parks more than ever marks the brutality of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which had much receded in common decency from the era of the early Plantagenets. Probably the young queen, when she first beheld the grim object so near her courtly promenade, crossed herself in a fright, and repeated some Latin prayer or adjuration, and from

¹ Bassompierre's Journal, collated with the Minutes of the Privy Council, November, 1626.

thence the whole story grew,—perhaps she did so whenever she saw it; who can wonder? This circumstance occasioned the removal of the gibbet, with general approbation, to the vicinity of Paddington.¹

The zealous Bassompierre remained for some time an unwilling mute, having, by his own account, lost his voice in her majesty's vindication.² But this vindication only set the belligerent parties quarrelling again, with greater vivacity than ever. The pains-taking ambassador had to commence anew his series of separate visits, and his course of suitable exhortations to the queen, the king, and Buckingham. "I came," continues Bassompierre,³ "in the morning to Somerset [house] to meet the queen, who had arrived there to see the lord mayor go on the Thames [on his way to Westminster, to be sworn in] with a magnificent display of boats. There the queen dined, and afterwards got into her coach, and placed me at the *same door* with her." The royal carriages were huge fabrics, gaudily ornamented; they had no glass as yet, but were sheltered with leather curtains: they were capable of holding eight inside passengers, two of whom were perched in niches, called boots, at each door,—places usually reserved for some favored guest or friend of the king or queen. "The duke of Buckingham, by the queen's commands, likewise got into her coach," observes Bassompierre, "and we went into the street called *Shipside* [Cheapside] to see the ceremony, which is the greatest made for the reception of any officer in the world. While waiting for the lord mayor to pass, the queen played at *primero* with the duke, the earl of Dorset, and me. Afterwards the duke of Buckingham took me to dine with the lord mayor; and after the lord mayor's dinner I went to walk in Moorfields."⁴ The early hour of the lord mayor's dinner may be judged by Bassompierre finishing this festival-day (November 9th,) with an evening walk in Moorfields, then a sort of garden or park of recreation for the citizens.

¹ Hence it is called 'Paddington tree,' and its precincts 'Paddington pound,' in the songs of the seventeenth century.

³ *Ibid.*, pp. 80–82.

² Bassompierre's Journal.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 83.

In the course of a few days, Bassompierre considered that he had arranged all the disputed points, and made a fair agreement for the future comfort of the queen, the particulars of which he details thus in his letter to the French government, addressed to M. d'Herbault :—¹ " You will now find, monsieur, that the satisfaction is complete, and that the queen, his majesty's sister, rests infinitely obliged with what I have done for her ; and deeming herself content and happy, she lives now with the king in perfect amity. First, she has re-established—and this is for her conscience—a bishop and ten priests,² a confessor and his coadjutor, and ten musicians for her chapel ; that at St. James's is to be finished, with its cemetery, and another is to be built for her at Somerset [house] at the expense of the king, her husband. In attendance on her person she will have, of her own nation, two ladies of the bedchamber, three bedchamber-women, one *lingère*, and a clear-starcher. In regard to her health, two physicians, an apothecary, and a surgeon. For her house, a grand chamberlain, a squire, a secretary, a gentleman usher of the privy-chamber, one of the chamber of presence, a valet of the privy-chamber, a *baxter-groom* [*i.e.*, a baker]. All her officers of the mouth and the goblet are to be French." Here were foreign domestics sufficiently numerous to cause Henrietta to be the most unpopular queen-consort that ever shared an English throne in the best of times ; the establishment was, however, scanty in comparison with the army of impracticable people located at the English court on the strength of the first treaty, when they amounted to more than four hundred.

The queen was not really in quite so complacent a state of mind as her father's old friend hoped : a more stormy scene took place than had yet occurred. Bassompierre, out of all patience at seeing Henrietta continue to play the vixen after all her grievances had been redressed, told her his mind without caring for her rank. In his brief journal he notes :—" Nov. 12. Came to the queen's, where the king came, *who* fell out with one another, and I afterwards with the queen

¹ Bassompierre's Journal, p. 150. French document.

² The priests were Capuchins, he observes, who concern themselves less in politics than other orders.

on this account. I told her, plainly, that I should next day take leave of king Charles and return to France, leaving the business unfinished, and should tell his majesty [Louis XIII.] her brother, and the queen her mother, that it was all her fault." This was the best way of settling Henrietta's mind and affairs. She had been told by her flattering retinue, that all her little tyrannies and lovers' quarrels with Charles were entirely becoming to a queen, and what (as Napoleon truly said) was far better, a pretty woman; but the few plain words of her father's comrade informed her that she behaved unlike a wife, and that he should so report her to her own family. And this honest dealing secured the lovely queen nearly eighteen years of conjugal happiness, with undisputed possession of a true heart, that adored her till it ceased to beat,—a rich reward for listening to a few words of truth from a real friend.

The sagacity of Bassompierre had fathomed the real cause of Henrietta's perverse conduct. He has left an observation, showing the imprudence of her confidences. "When I had returned home, father Sancy, to whom the queen had written about our falling out, came to make it up with me," that is, to bring an apology for the queen's conduct, "but with such impertinences, that I got very angry with him." But whether the impertinences originated with the queen or her messenger, Bassompierre deposes not. Henrietta had, however, a most imprudent habit of giving confidence without due consideration; she herself told madame de Motteville, "that her hastiness in telling her mind to all about her had been of infinite injury to herself and to the political affairs of her husband." Bassompierre had returned to France, carrying with him this father Sancy, who certainly always kept the queen's mind in a most mischievous state of agitation while he was near her. One would have thought that Bassompierre's exertions would have been repaid, with the utmost approbation, by his own country. Far from it; he had behaved too honestly, and told every one the truth too plainly, and had avoided extremes in his mediatorial capacity too decidedly, to give satisfaction. The learned and dignified

king of England could admire the calm majesty of this ambassador's reply, when he asked him, in the course of the recent dispute, "Whether he had come to declare war on him?"—"I am not a herald, to declare war," was the noble retort of Bassompierre, "but a marshal of France, to make it when declared." Even the spoiled royal beauty, Henrietta, listened to the blunt reproofs of her old friend, and was grateful when her anger was over; but the queen-mother of France and her son, the young king, were enraged because every article of the original marriage treaty was not carried into effect, and Bassompierre was frowned upon at his own court.

Louis XIII., animated with the desire of nullifying the wise toleration his great father had given to the French Protestants, pressed on the siege of Rochelle, and war between England and France was the result. It is very doubtful whether the modified arrangement of Henrietta's French household was carried into effect till after the peace with France, since it is certain that the ten Capuchin friars were not appointed for her chapel till the year 1630.¹ Charlotte de la Tremouille, lady Strange,² who, having married the heir of Derby, had become naturalized as an English subject and Protestant, filled the place of one of Henrietta's ladies of the bedchamber. The relationship of this lady to the heroic deliverer of Holland, William prince of Orange, rendered her less offensive to the English people than any other foreign attendant of the queen. Her mother, the duchess de la Tremouille, had returned to France a few days before the ambassador departed.

Notwithstanding the war with her country, queen Henrietta enjoyed more tranquillity than when her French household was about her. The king wrote, on occasion of the capture of the Isle of Rhé, to Buckingham, who commanded on that expedition, the following remarkable postscript at the end of a familiar letter:—"I cannot omit to tell you that my wife and I were never on better terms; she, upon

¹ MS. of Père Cyprian Gamache, one of those Capuchins.

² Charlotte de la Tremouille, afterwards so renowned as the heroic defender of Latham house.

this action of yours, showing herself so loving to me by her discretion on all occasions, that it makes us all wonder at and esteem her.”¹ Meantime, great enmity against king Charles prevailed in France, originating in the dismissal of Henrietta’s French retinue, and the most sinister reports were circulated among the populace, which were fostered by the servants of the cashiered officials. All classes of the French people thought that their beautiful young princess was the victim and martyr of the heretic king. The state of the public mind in France caused belief to be given to a very strange imposture. A girl—who was, without doubt, a monomaniac—took it into her head that she was the persecuted queen of England, and, while Louis XIII. was carrying on the siege of Rochelle, presented herself at a convent at Limoges, and claimed the hospitality of the nuns as such. She declared that she had fled from king Charles, and from England, because she was persecuted on account of the true faith. She spoke and carried herself with remarkable dignity. When she was questioned, she gave a very plausible description of the English court, and of the great lords and ladies who composed the household of Henrietta Maria. The good people of Limoges flocked to see the distressed queen, thoroughly persuaded of her identity. Louis XIII. was exceedingly enraged at what he considered the impudence of this imposition, being attempted at a time when his sister was in comfort and prosperity, surrounded by her own court. He sent orders to the lieutenant-general of Limoges to bring the girl to public trial. During the whole of this process, the representative of queen Henrietta abated not a jot of her assumed majesty, answered all questions with great presence of mind and cleverness, and very coolly signed her legal examination “Henriette de Bourbon.” She was condemned to make the *amende honorable*; that is, to confess her delinquency, at the end of a public religious procession, with a lighted taper in her hand, and to be imprisoned during the pleasure of the king of France. What further became of her is not known.²

¹ Hardwicke State-Papers, vol. ii. p. 14.

² Causes Célèbres, vol. ii. p. 204.

While this self-constituted double was assuming the character of Henrietta in her native land, the queen herself was experiencing the sweet hopes of maternity, but unfortunately she could not rest contented without endeavoring to read the future destiny both of her unborn infant and herself. The prophetess to whom she had recourse on this occasion was no juggling gipsy or sordid witch, but a high-born lady of her court,—one of the most extraordinary characters of her day. This was lady Eleanor, the daughter of the earl of Castlehaven, and wife to the king's attorney-general, sir John Davys. The study of the original scriptural languages, and a mystical and fanatical belief of her own devising, had turned this noble dame's brain, so as to cause her to believe that a prophetic mantle of no little power had descended upon her. Under its influence she had foretold the death of her first husband, to the infinite indignation of Charles I.¹ How she ever obtained a second, her curious autobiography does not explain; regarding her inspirations she was more communicative. The idea that she was a prophetess arose from finding that the letters of her name, twisted into an anagram, might be read in this line,—*Reveal, O Daniel*. Her prophetic pride was, however, somewhat rebuked by one of the king's privy council, who, having occasion to reprove her for venting some mischievous political predictions by a suitable exordium in the Star-chamber, very wittily attacked her with her own weapons, by assuring her that the letters which composed her name had not been rightly construed by her, for the real anagram should be read thus:—*dame Eleanor Davys, Never so mad a lady*.

Such was the prophetess to whom queen Henrietta applied to read the destiny which was in mercy withheld from her. The odd dialogue that passed between her majesty and the prophetess is best given in lady Eleanor's own words:—"About two years after the marriage of king Charles I., I was waiting on the queen as she came from mass or evening service, to know what service she was pleased to require from me. Her first question was, 'Whether she

¹ Ballard's Celebrated Women.

should ever have a son?" I answered, 'In a short time.'"¹ The queen was next desirous to know what would be the destiny of the duke of Buckingham and the English fleet, which had sailed to attack her brother's realm and relieve the siege of Rochelle. "I answered," lady Eleanor continued, "that the duke of Buckingham would bring home little honor, but his person would return safely, and that speedily." This reply gave little satisfaction to the duke's enemies, who would have been best pleased to have heard of his death. "The queen then returned to her hopes of a son, and I showed that she should have one, and that for a long time she should be happy. 'But for how long?' asked the queen. 'For sixteen years,' was my reply. King Charles coming in at this instant, our discourse was interrupted by him. 'How now, lady Eleanor,' said the king, 'are not you the person who foretold your husband's death three days before it happened?' to which his majesty thought fit to add, 'that it was the next to breaking his heart.'"² And probably most husbands will be of the opinion of Charles I.

Although the king had thus successfully cut short the conference with lady Eleanor, he could not prevent the maids of honor from crowding round that prophetess, and assailing her with the questions which their royal mistress had intended to ask. Lady Eleanor informed these ladies, "It was indeed true that the queen would shortly have a son, but it was no less true that it would be born, christened, and buried all in one day." Perhaps this vexatious prophecy was made on purpose to plague the king for his interruption and sharp reproof; however, the evil prediction of this mad gentlewoman dwelt on the mind of the young queen. Other causes are assigned for the indisposition of the queen and the loss of her first-born son, being by some attributed to her vehement desire to eat some mussels: although the utmost research was made to procure that indigestible shell-fish, she was disappointed.² It is certain

¹ This was on All Saints' day, November 1, 1627. The queen's son was born seven months afterwards.

² Mead to Stuteville, 1627.

that her accouchement was hastened by terror, for two great dogs were fighting in the gallery of Greenwich palace, one of which, belonging to lord Dorchester, made a snatch at her majesty's gown, who happened to be passing, and seized and pulled it.¹ The queen had neither physician nor other professional aid near her; and when her terrified attendants brought the good old woman who usually officiated at Greenwich, that functionary, overcome by the idea of the exalted rank of her patient, swooned away with fear the moment she approached the queen, and was obliged to be carried out of the royal chamber. Amidst the confusion and alarm into which the palace of Greenwich was thrown, Henrietta gave birth to a son, May 13, 1628. A contest followed between Charles I. and the queen's confessor, whether the heir of Great Britain should be baptized according to the church of England or the church of Rome; but the king carried his point, and the boy was named Charles James by Dr. Webb, the chaplain in attendance. As the royal babe had been born a little before its time, it was in a languid state, and died the day of its birth, an hour after its baptism, and was buried just before midnight by Dr. Laud.

The king forbade the queen to consult dame Eleanor any more on the destiny of their offspring; but, if we may believe the testimony of the sybil herself, and the reports of the day, this prohibition only made her majesty the more eager for the forbidden conference, when, in a short time after, she again had hopes of maternity. Lady Eleanor plumed herself very much on the fulfilment of her divination regarding the death of the queen's first-born, and forthwith vented such a tirade of impertinent prophecies on politics, religion, and affairs in general, which did not concern her, that king Charles, much annoyed at her proceedings, sent Mr. Kirke, one of the gentlemen of his bedchamber, to complain to her husband, and desire him "to make her hold her tongue." But this was a piece of discretion seemingly beyond her own power; neither could

¹ Letter of Mr. Beaulieu to sir Thomas Puckering. Printed in the Court and Times of Charles I., p. 355, vol. ii.

her husband ever succeed in controlling that unruly member. Nevertheless, as the king's dutiful law-officer, sir John Davys did all he could to impede the promulgation of his lady's prophecies, by throwing a large bundle of them in manuscript behind the fire. The king's messenger proved a very unfaithful one, for after delivering his royal master's message, he added a request on his own account, to know "if the queen's second child would be a son?"—"And I," says lady Eleanor, "unwilling to send him empty away, assured him of a prince, and a strong child; which he not sparing to impart, the news was solemnized with bonfires." This last is a piece of perversity almost too ridiculous for belief. How thoroughly tormented must the king have been with the absurdity of his messenger, who, when sent to reprove lady Eleanor's conjuring spirit, took the opportunity of exciting her to exercise it anew by the request of his queen.

The principal circumstance which concerned queen Henrietta regarding the war with France was the fact that the first national exchange of prisoners without ransom was effected out of consideration to her. Lord Mountjoy, who had been taken prisoner at the siege of Rochelle, having commenced his treaty for ransom, Louis XIII. refused to accept it, and sent him and the other English prisoners home free, as a present to his sister queen Henrietta, paying all their expenses as far as Calais.¹ The courtesy was returned by Charles I., and the incident formed the precedent for the best amelioration of the horrors of war which has taken place since the institution of Christianity.

Notwithstanding the king's distress for money, his parliament refusing him supplies for the war unless the bloodiest of the penal laws against the Roman Catholics were carried into operation, he continued to assist his important colony of Virginia. About the same time he founded that of Maryland, named after the queen, who was called queen Mary by the king and her court. Fifteen hundred homeless children were collected from the streets,

¹ Letter of Mead to Stuteville, December 15, 1627, and of Beaulieu to Puckering,—Court and Times of Charles I., vol. i. pp. 304–313.

and were sent by the king to help colonize these beautiful settlements, where the church of England was planted,¹ and where it has prevailed until this day. Moreover, and the fact deserves noting, most of the presidents of the United States of America, with the heroic Washington at their head, have been natives of the royal Stuart colony.

The sudden death of Buckingham, by the stroke of a fanatic's dagger, August, 1628, removed one to whose influence the queen attributed all the differences which had occurred between herself and her husband. It is certain that the matrimonial happiness of the royal pair improved after the decease of this powerful minister. The queen was little more than eighteen; her reason had not been cultivated, and her tastes were as yet childish. Among other frivolities, she had a great fancy for dwarfs, and was a noted patroness of those manikins: one of them proved something like an historical character, and about this time stepped out of a cold pie into her majesty's service. This incident occurred in one of the royal progresses, when Charles and Henrietta were entertained by the duchess of Buckingham. The queen was induced to partake of a noble venison pasty in the centre of the table; when some of the crust was removed, the little man Jeffrey Hudson rose out of the pie, and hastened to prostrate himself before her majesty's plate, entreating to be taken into her service. She was greatly diverted with this odd addition to her retinue, especially at the mode of his appearance. He was then but eighteen inches high, a Gulliver among the Brobdignagians, and almost as accomplished a character. The queen entertained him as her dwarf *par excellence*, although, according to the taste of her era, she was already provided with a pair of these little people, whose marriage was celebrated by the courtly strains of Waller.² Master Jeffrey proved a very valiant and sensible modicum of humanity, fit to be employed in state messages of small import; for instance, he was despatched to France by the queen to

¹ Court and Times of Charles I., vol. i. p. 262.

² These married dwarfs, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, both attained celebrity as miniature-painters, according to Granger.

escort over the Channel the French *sage femme* her royal mother deemed the best to preside over her approaching accouchement. The homeward voyage was disastrous: a Dunkirk privateer, being no respecter of persons, captured both the *sage femme* and master Jeffrey, plundered them of all the rich presents they were bringing to the queen from her mother, Marie de Medicis, and, what was worse, the *sage femme* was detained in captivity till her office was no longer needed by the royal patient.

The loss of the queen's first-born had been attributed by her remaining French attendants to some accident connected with the rude construction of the vehicles in which she took exercise, called by the courtesy of England coaches; but however gaudily ornamented the royal carriages might be, they were more dislocating in their jolting than the worst of the covered carts of the present day. On which account, after Henrietta had communicated to her mother her hopes that the loss of her first-born¹ would be repaired, she received from her the present of a wheel-chair. In the letter of acknowledgment written by Henrietta to her mother, she declares that she meant to take the air daily in it. Her gratitude likewise overflows, in the same letter, for the additional present of a jewelled heart, and the beautiful little case enclosing it. She promised her mother to hang this trinket about her neck, and never to part with it.² Evidence of more consequence than the pretty *naïve* letters of Henrietta exists in the expression of the manly tenderness of Charles, who, in one of his letters to the mother of his queen, fully proves that the serene atmosphere of conjugal affection had permanently succeeded the storms which had accompanied his first years of passionate love for Henrietta. Our king wrote in French: his diction in that language is far more elegant than that of his Parisian-born partner:—"I take as a particular obligation," says Charles I. to his mother-in-law,³ "the care you are pleased to continue for the preservation of your daughter's health, and for this new hope which God has been pleased

¹ Bethune MS., 9310, fol. 43: holograph.

² Ibid., 9010, fol. 35: holograph.

³ Ibid., 9310, fol. 57: holograph.

to give us, on which depends my prosperity. You have found a true expedient to obviate the danger of coaches, for my wife takes the utmost pleasure in going out in the beautiful chair you have sent her. God be thanked, she is so careful of herself that I need exert no other authority than that of love. The sole dispute now between us being, which shall vanquish the other by affection; each deeming the victory is gained when the wishes of the other are discovered and followed. Both are happy when we can find occasion to offer you obedience as your children. In particular, I wish to show myself, madame, your very affectionate son and servitor, CHARLES."

The prospect of the royal line being continued by a Roman Catholic queen excited party rage in a violent degree, and political pamphlets were published full of reviling epithets against her. In these she was termed "a daughter of Heth, a Canaanite and an idolatress, whose hopes of progeny could give no general joy, God having provided much better for England in the hopeful issue of the queen of Bohemia,"—an idea which had thus taken possession of the Calvinistic party in England previously to the birth of Charles II.¹ This prince was born on the morning of May 29, 1630, at the palace of St. James. He was a strong, fine babe, but by no means remarkable for his infantine beauty. The king rode in great state that very morning to return thanks for the birth of his heir, and the safety of his queen, at St. Paul's cathedral. During the royal procession a bright star appeared at noonday, to the great astonishment and admiration of the populace. An accident so poetical was immediately seized by one of the learned gentlemen in the king's retinue. A Latin epigram, with the following elegant translation, was presented to him, as a congratulation on the birth of the prince:—

"When to Paul's cross the grateful king drew near,
A shining star did in the heavens appear.
Thou that consultest with bright mysteries,
Tell me what this bright wanderer signifies?
'Now there is born a valiant prince i' the West,
That shall eclipse the kingdoms of the East.'"²

¹ Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1671, p. 20.

² Ibid., p. 21.

Prince Charles was baptized the Sunday before the 2d of July, the same year, "in the chapel at St. James's, but not the queen's chapel," as one of the news-letter informants¹ especially notes; and not without reason, for Henrietta Maria's chapel was a retired apartment in the palace, fitted up as a Roman Catholic place of worship. The ceremony of the royal baptism was the first time performed in this country for an heir to the throne after the form prescribed in our book of Common Prayer; Laud, bishop of London, dean of the royal chapel, officiated, assisted by the bishop of Norwich, royal almoner. The sponsors were the zealous Roman Catholic Louis XIII., his bigoted mother, Marie de Medicis, and that Protestant champion the unfortunate Palgrave, who joined in answering that the heir of Great Britain should be brought up in the tenets of the church of England, which neither of them professed. The duke of Lenox, the old ostentatious duchess of Richmond, and the marquess of Hamilton were the proxies for these incongruous sponsors. The duchess's gifts on the occasion outwent her usual boastful profusion, for she presented the prince with a jewel worth 7000*l*. A wet-nurse from Wales² was provided for the infant, probably to keep up the old custom and promise to the principality,—that the first words of every prince of Wales should be uttered in Welsh. To this nurse the ostentatious duchess presented a gold chain worth 200*l*.; to the midwife and dry-nurse, a quantity of massy plate; and each of the rockers received from her a silver cup, salt, and a dozen of spoons. The queen had, with a little feminine policy, sent her own state-carriage, attended by two lords, many knights and gentlemen, preceded by six running footmen and drawn by six horses with plumes on their heads and backs, to fetch this bountiful dowager to the christening from her house in the Strand. The old lady paid dear for her ride in the queen's carriage that short distance, for she gave to the knights fifty pounds each, to the coachman twenty pounds, and to each of the footmen ten pounds. The state dresses at this baptism were white satin trimmed with crimson, and crimson silk

¹ In a letter to Mr. Joseph Mead.

² News-letter.

stockings. The lady to whom the personal charge of the prince was committed was Mrs. Wyndham, who, throughout his life, had extraordinary influence over him.¹

The queen possessed, in a high degree, that talent of writing charming little letters for which Frenchwomen have always been admired. One of the earliest letters from her pen, which is extant, is replete with the fascination of playful *naïveté*: it is addressed to her old friend madame St. George, with whom she constantly corresponded, notwithstanding the uncereemonious dismissal of that lady by king Charles. This letter proves that Henrietta, despite of the proverb which affirms that even the crows think their own nestlings fair, was not blind to the fact that her boy was a fright. The likeness of some tawny Provençal ancestor of Henri Quatre must have revived in the person of the prince of Wales, for the elegant Charles I. and the beautiful Henrietta had no right to expect so plain a little creature as their first-born. It is amusing enough to read the queen's description of the solemn ugliness of her fat baby:—

[No date, but written in the first year of the life of Charles II.²]

“M'AMIE ST. GEORGE:—

“The husband of the nurse of my son going to France about some business of his wife, I write you this letter by him, believing that you will be very glad to ask him news of my son, of whom I think you have seen the portrait that I sent to the queen my mother. He is so ugly that I am ashamed of him; but his size and fatness supply the want of beauty. I wish you could see the *gentleman*, for he has no ordinary mien; he is so serious in all that he does, that I cannot help deeming him far wiser than myself.

“Send me a dozen pairs of sweet chamois gloves; and also I beg you send me one of doeskin, a game of *joncheries*, one of *poule*, and the rules of any species of games now in vogue. I assure you, that if I do not write to you so often as I might, it is not because I have left off loving you, but because—I must confess it—I am very idle: also I am ashamed to avow that I think I am on the increase again; nevertheless, I am not yet quite certain. Adieu! the man must have my letter.”

Henrietta wrote another letter to her friend as follows,³ when her boy was four months old:—

¹ Clarendon Correspondence: Appendix.

² Inedited letter, Imperial Library, St. Petersburg, by favor of his imperial majesty, the emperor of Russia.

³ Bethune MS., 9293, fol. 5. Bib. du Roi: holograph, French.

"M'AMIE ST. GEORGE:—

"If I have been such a long time without writing to you, it has been on account of the progress, from which we have only just returned a week ago; being far away from any opportunity of writing. You know the place; it is at Tichefield. Now we are at Hampton Court, where we shall stay six weeks. I think you have heard of the illness of Rautelet: she has been very near death, but now she is well again. As for me, I am in very good health, which is no small matter, for more than half the people in the house have been ill of a new sort of fever which is prevalent here. If my son knew how to talk, he would send you his compliments. He is so fat and so tall, that he is taken for a year old, and he is only four months. His teeth are already beginning to come. I will send you his portrait as soon as he is a little fairer, for at present he is so dark that I am ashamed of him.

"I have ordered Piu to be written, to learn whether he is willing to return to England for my service, but only to make my petticoat bodices. I beg you to speak to Germain, for it is him whom I commanded to write to him, and learn what answer he has had. I also entreat that you would yourself speak to Piu, or write to him, that it is only concerning my bodices. Should he raise any difficulty about it, say that if he will take a voyage and make me only one, he may return and make them afterwards at Paris; that which you sent me last is so heavy and narrow that I have not been able to put it on. I have still my velvet one, the same which I had two years ago; but it has got so short for me, and so worn, that I have great want of another.

"I entreat you to answer me as soon as possible, and to believe that I shall never forget you, as you will find by the results. Praying God to hold you in his holy keeping,

"HENRIETTE MARIE."

The third note occurred just before the birth of the princess royal:—

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA TO MADAME ST. GEORGE.¹

"M'AMIE ST. GEORGE:—

"Barbereau having asked leave to go to France for his particular affairs, I would not let him depart without assuring you of the continuation of my friendship, and also to complain a little that I have been so long without hearing news of you. I know well you may retort the same thing, but at this time I am out of London, and have no opportunities; also, I am not a little incommoded with my size, which renders me indolent. But assure yourself that I fail not to remember you on all occasions, and that I hope you will always find me

"Your affectionate friend,

"HENRIETTE MARIE, R.

"Make my commendations to my *niece*.² I am having the portraits of my children and of myself done, which I shall send to you very soon."

¹ Imperial Library, St. Petersburg: inedited MS.

² Mademoiselle de Montpensier, the eldest daughter of her brother Gaston, duke of Orleans. The beautiful madame de St. George, who played so impor-

The queen gave birth to her eldest daughter at St. James's palace, November 4, 1631; this infant was baptized Mary by Dr. Laud, in St. James's chapel. The queen committed the little princess to the care of Katharine lady Stanhope, who served her with the most attached fidelity through life.

When Charles could no longer delay his Scottish coronation, the queen was invited to share this northern inauguration, which she as firmly refused as she did the ceremony of the English consecration, and she suffered her husband to depart on his northern progress alone. It is here necessary to mention, that the attachment of Charles I. to domestic life had caused him to neglect the royal duty of occasional progress towards distant portions of his dominions. Queen Elizabeth had carried this usage to an abuse; yet, if we closely trace the causes of her popularity, it will be found that it owed much to her progresses. King Charles probably considered that the queen's religion excited unpleasant remarks if she visited the Protestant magnates of the land, and the furious jealousy of the whole community if she visited any of the old Catholic families. Scotland had been suffering all the pains and penalties of absenteeism since the union of the kingdoms, and these were never alleviated by the circulation of a portion of the

tant a part in the historical comedy of the dismissal of queen Henrietta's French suite, was the daughter of madame de Monglat, governess of the children of Henry IV. and his queen. She was the wife of a noble of the house of Clermont-Amboise. It has been shown that Henrietta had been reared from childhood with her when she was mademoiselle de Monglat, which accounts naturally for the excessive love she bore her as madame de St. George. After her return from England, madame de St. George was appointed state governess to mademoiselle de Montpensier, daughter to Gaston duke of Orleans. Mademoiselle de Montpensier, in her autobiography, displays more feeling in her description of the death of madame de St. George than in any other instance. This lady left several little children, and her pupil gives a very touching account of the manner in which she gave them her last blessing on her death-bed. She begged mademoiselle de Montpensier to permit her to include her in it. The princess received this blessing kneeling, and weeping passionately. "Directly after," says mademoiselle, "madame de St. George entered into her last agonies, and expired a quarter of an hour afterwards. This dear friend of queen Henrietta died February 13, 1642, just before the deaths of Marie de Medicis, Louis XIII., and cardinal Richelieu."—*Mémoires de Mad. de Montpensier*, vol. i. p. 70.

royal revenue in that direction. Assuredly, the Stuarts had little reason, since the Gowry conspiracy, to be forward in paying a visit unarmed to one of their northern lords. The extreme poverty of the crown, owing to the refusal of the parliament of Charles to grant him the usual tonnage and poundage unless he put in force the penal laws against the condemned Roman Catholic priests, had limited his expenses to the most rigid economy, and royal progresses cannot be made without a certain degree of royal expenditure.

The following occurrence, which took place in September, 1632, increased the unpopularity of the queen to an alarming degree:—"On Friday, at eleven in the forenoon, her majesty, with her own hands, helped to lay the two first square corner-stones, with a silver plate of equal dimensions between them, in the foundation of her Capuchin's church, intended to be built in the tennis court-yard of Somerset house; which stones, in the presence of upwards of 2000 persons, were consecrated with great ceremony, having engraven upon the upper part of that plate the portraits of their majesties as founders, and of the Capuchins as consecrators."¹ Another chapel for the queen was commenced at St. James's. The service of the Roman Catholic church was, in the course of about two years, celebrated at these chapels with a splendor and publicity most injurious to the prosperity of Charles I. The approaching revolution ripened and strengthened as these establishments for the Roman Catholic church approached completion; at the same time, the personal libels on the queen became frequent and furious. The court kept a dull Christmas at the close of 1632, on account of the indisposition of the queen, which confined her to her chamber at Whitehall. She was convalescent a day or two after the new year; and to make amends, she invited the king and his courtiers to Twelfth-night revels at Somerset house. The elegant dramatic poem of *The Faithful Shepherd*, by Fletcher, was acted before their majesties on this occasion by the king's players, the queen having presented them with the dresses in which

¹ Pory's news-letter; Ellis's *Original Letters*, new series, vol. iii. p. 271.

she and her ladies had performed a pastoral the year before.¹

The attachment of Charles I. to the Church of England occasioned his attempt to establish it in his northern kingdom. This fatal step appears to be connected with his Scottish coronation; probably the oath which the constitution of the country required him to take was not consistent with the popular religion. Henrietta remained at Greenwich palace during the king's absence in Scotland; it was the first separation which had occurred between the royal pair. Charles showed no little impatience at its duration; he hurried the latter part of his journey of return, and to avoid entering the metropolis, lest he should be delayed by tedious greetings, he rode across the country almost alone from Waltham cross to Blackwall, where he was ferried over the river, and gave his queen a loving surprise. The queen's delicate situation probably occasioned the homeward haste of the king. Within a few weeks of his return was born, at St. James's palace, their second son, October 14,² 1633. The child was baptized in St. James's chapel by the name of James, in memory of his grandfather, James I. The new archbishop, Laud, officiated on this occasion. Charles I., according to a custom prevalent in the royal family of England since the accession of the line of York, created the child duke of York. The queen committed him to the care of lady Dorset. His infantine beauty, and fair and blooming complexion, somewhat atoned to his mother for the ugliness of his elder brother: he was her best-beloved son.³ King Charles destined him for the marine service of his country, and caused his education to tend to everything naval. He was named lord high-admiral in his infancy, and the fleets of England sailed

¹ Warton's *History of Poetry*, vol. ii. p. 401. This obscure passage is the only instance parallel to the custom of the French court. The actors of the king's theatre at Paris were always presented with the old court-dresses; a custom which contributed, for two centuries, to keep the theatres of Europe in the most absurd contradiction of historical costume.

² Autograph Memoirs of James II. Evelyn. History always quotes Oct. 13th.

³ This was the assertion of the queen's niece, mademoiselle de Montpensier, in her *Memoirs*.

under his flag. No one could at that time tell that he was to be one of the greatest naval warriors the British islands ever produced.

The queen's name was involved, about this time, in a desperate quarrel which took place between lord Holland and the resident ambassador at Paris, lord Weston. The dispute merely related to some letters which the queen had written to her mother and relatives in France. Lord Holland had undertaken to convey them; but they fell into the hands of the English ambassador, who sent them to the king. Great jealousy existed regarding the queen's correspondence with France, especially on the subject of religion. The king justified the proceedings of lord Weston, and placed lord Holland under arrest, for offering "to fight this ambassador to the death." The vague scandals regarding the queen and lord Holland have misrepresented this circumstance.¹ It was almost the last difference that ruffled the wedded happiness of the royal pair, for during their future years the fondest attachment succeeded to the gusty passion which prompted them to a series of lovers' quarrels in the first days of their marriage. An increasing and lovely family cemented their conjugal union. Henrietta was a fond mother, and devoted much of her time to her nursery. Occasionally her divine voice was heard singing to her infant as she lulled it in her arms, filling the magnificent galleries of Whitehall with its enchanting cadences. Queenly etiquette prevented her from charming listeners with its strains at other times.

Sometimes little flaws of anger overclouded the serenity of her temper, which all her countrywomen mention as being usually a very happy one. Dean Swift, in his history of his own times, makes a malicious use of the following anecdote, which he, only, has preserved; but it was no great crime, either on the side of Charles or Henrietta:—"Charles I., in gallantry to his queen, thought one day to surprise her

¹ Howell, in one of his letters, mentions the circumstance as it really was, and adds, "My lord of Holland takes this in such scorn that he has defied lord Weston and demanded the combat of him since his return, for which he is confined to his house at Kensington" [Holland House].

with the present of a diamond brooch ; and, fastening it to her bosom with his own hand, he awkwardly wounded her with the prong so deeply, that she snatched the jewel from her bosom and flung it on the ground. The king looked alarmed and confounded, and turned pale, which he never was seen to do in his worst misfortunes." Then follows a long tirade against the uxoriousness of the king, which, in the eyes of the cynical dean, was the deepest of crimes. Alas ! Charles's enemies were wofully at a loss to discover his personal faults, when forced to place *this* at the head of the list.

HENRIETTA MARIA,

QUEEN-CONSORT OF CHARLES THE FIRST, KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER II.

Happiness of the queen—Poems in her praise—Her portrait by Vandyke—Queen's want of sleep—Her pastoral festival—Prynne's abuse of the queen—She intercedes for him—Birth of the princess Elizabeth—Queen's reception of her mother—Her grief for Strafford—Queen's letters to the king in Scotland—Her conduct till his return—Betrayed by lady Carlisle—Invents the name of Roundhead—Forced from London by tumults—Her voyage to Holland—Obtains stores for the king—Adventures on her return—Lands at Burlington—Great dangers—The queen's pledge—Her march to York—Queen at Newark—Her answer to the ladies' petition—Meets the king in the vale of Keynton—Medal struck in her honor—Her residence at Oxford—Her illness—Journey to Bath and Exeter—Her privations—Birth of the princess Henrietta—Leaves her infant at Exeter—Danger from the rebel army—Her sufferings and perils—Embarks for France—Her vessel cannonaded—Her desperate resolution—Lands near Brest—Adventures—Kind reception in France—Ill state of health.

At the epoch when Henrietta Maria was apostrophized by the most popular poet of her day as

“Great Gloriana ! bright Gloriana !

Fair as high heaven is, and fertile as earth !”

she had been heard to consider herself the happiest woman in the world,—happy as wife, mother, and queen.¹ All was peaceful at this juncture ; the discontents of the English people whilst Charles I. governed without a parliament, were hushed in grim repose : it was a repose like the lull of the winds before the burst of the typhoon, but she knew it not.

Henrietta Maria was not only the queen, but the beauty of the British court. She had, about the year 1633, attained the perfection of her charms in face and figure ; she was

¹ Madame de Motteville often repeats this saying of queen Henrietta.

the theme of every poet, the star of all beholders. The moral life of Charles I., his conjugal attachment to his queen, and the refined tastes of both gave the court a degree of elegance till then unknown. Edmund Waller, a gentleman of senatorial rank, a kinsman of the Cromwell family, who were all, save one, gentlemen of the most ardent loyalty, exercised his poetic talents as honorary poet-laureate. His polished stanzas, descriptive of the beauty of the queen, are now more valuable for their historical allusions than for their poetic merit.

"ON THE QUEEN'S PORTRAIT BY VANDYKE.

"Well fare the hand, which to our humble sight
Presents that beauty, which the dazzling light
Of royal splendor hides from weaker eyes,
And all access, save by this art, denies.
* * * * *
The gracious image, seeming to give leave,
Propitious stands, vouchsafing to be seen,
And by our Muse saluted. Mighty queen !
In whom the extremes of power and beauty move,—
The queen of Britain and the queen of love !
Heaven hath preferred a sceptre to your hand,
Favored our freedom more than your command.
Beauty hath crowned you, and you must have been
The whole world's mistress, other than a queen."

In the Vandyke room at Windsor castle are four portraits of Henrietta, one of which probably inspired the foregoing verses. Three of these paintings are full lengths. In the first, the queen is evidently a girl in her teens; the features are very delicate and pretty, with a pale, clear complexion, beautiful dark eyes, and chestnut hair: her form is slight and exquisitely graceful. She is dressed in white satin; the bodice of her dress is nearly high, with a large falling collar trimmed with points. The bodice is made tight to her form, closed in front with bows of cherry-colored ribbon, and is finished from the waist with several large tabs richly embroidered: the sleeves are very full and descend to the elbows, where they are confined by ruffles. One arm is encircled with a narrow black bracelet, the other with one of costly gems. She wears a string of pear-shaped pearls about her neck; a red ribbon, twisted with pearls, is placed

carelessly among her hair at the back of her head. She stands by a table, and her hand rests on two red roses, which are placed near the crown.

One of Vandyke's most magnificent paintings represents queen Henrietta in the same piece with the king her husband, and their two eldest sons, Charles II. and James II. This interesting family group, reduced from Vertue, furnishes the vignette to the present volume. Henrietta and Charles I. are seated in chairs of state; she has her infant in her arms, whom she holds with peculiar grace, but bestows her attention on the prince of Wales, who is standing by the king, with his little hand caressingly placed on the royal father's knee. Two small dogs are in the foreground, between the king and queen; one sits at the king's foot, the other stands, on its hind legs, with its paws on the queen's dress, looking up to the baby in her arms, whose attention it has attracted. The infant is about six months old, black-eyed and intelligent; he is dressed in baby-costume of the present day, in long white drapery, but has no border to the droll little cap. The appearance of the queen is maternal, yet she has an air of care and sadness. Her hair is confined with a string of large round pearls; a cross adorns her bosom. Her dress is of rich brown brocade, with very full lace ruffles, and the graceful little cape called, in the modern vocabulary of costume, a *berthe*, falls over the bodice, which is finished round the bosom and at the waist with a purple band. King Charles is very handsome, graceful, and chivalric. He wears the collar and star of the Garter, with a regal dress of purple velvet slashed with white satin, a Vandyke collar, and white satin shoes with enormous rosettes. The diadems, both of the king and queen, are placed on a small round table. Windsor castle appears in the background.¹

To turn from the characteristics of Henrietta perpetuated by the pencil to those effected by the pen, we must quote the lines of Waller, inscribed to *The lady who could do anything but sleep when she chose*. In this elegant little poem

¹ Very similar to this picture is the noble painting of the family group, by Vandyke, in the state drawing-room at Lambeth palace.

he has personified Sleep, who, in the first person, is supposed thus to address the insomnolent queen :—¹

“ My charge it is those languors to repair,
Which nature feels from sorrow, toil, and care;
Rest to the limbs, and quiet I confer
On troubled minds, but nought can add to her
Whom heaven and her transcendent charms have placed
Above those ills which wretched mortals taste.

“ Yet, as her earnest wish invokes my power,
I shall no more decline that sacred bower
Where Gloriana, the great mistress, lies;
But, gently fanning those victorious eyes,
Charm all the senses, till the joyful sun,
Without a rival, half his course has run,
Who, while my hand that fairer light confines,
May boast himself the fairest thing that shines.”

If the queen could have been deceived out of a sense of her mortality by such stanzas as these, the time was fast approaching which would show that she was in nowise distinguished above other sojourners in this world of trouble, save by the pressure of a heavier load of sorrow. That insomnolency, which was adroitly turned into compliment by the poetical adulator, was probably induced by the prognostics of the approaching political storm.

Queen Henrietta had made such slow progress in the English language in the first years of her marriage, that her deficiencies, in 1632, became a matter of serious consideration. Previously Charles I., among other reasons for dismissing her French household, had sent to her mother that his queen obstinately refused to learn the English tongue; this fault was so sedulously mended in subsequent years, that English became the mother-tongue of her children, for her sons could not express themselves in French when they were resident in Paris. Madame de Motteville likewise complains that queen Henrietta had, in her constant practice of English, forgotten the delicate idioms of her native language. Mr. Wingate, a learned barrister of Gray's inn, was, in 1632, appointed her majesty's tutor, and to facilitate her acquisition of English, a grand mask, called the Queen's Pastoral, was acted at Whitehall. The part

¹ It was probably introduced in some mask.

destined for the queen to learn by rote was so unmercifully long that she complained piteously to her ladies of the labor of learning it, and said "that it was as long as a whole play." The parts of her ladies were equally lengthy and heavy, so that the Queen's Pastoral took eight hours in the performance! The piece was written by a young aspirant, and possessed no literary merit. It was from the pen of Walter Montague, the second son of the earl of Manchester, who finished life an ascetic priest and the queen's grand almoner, of whom there will be much to say hereafter. He was in youth a gay gallant of the court, little anticipating his own transmutation. Ben Jonson was usually the poet of the courtly masks; unfortunately for the queen, he and Inigo Jones had had a furious quarrel regarding their merits as poet or designer of masks, and on this account the Queen's Pastoral had been furnished with words by the noble amateur, Montague. It was the part that the queen took in this luckless pastoral which called forth the furious vituperations of master Prynne in his *Histriomastix*, yet it was only for her majesty's private exercise in her own courtly circles. In honor of the birth of the second English prince, and to show how little they participated in the illiberal attacks of the fanatic agitator, Prynne (which occurred about the same period), the queen was invited, by the gentlemen of Lincoln's inn and of the Temple, to a splendid mask and ballet, given at their charge.¹

The Lincoln's inn and Temple masks lasted three days; they put the majority of the people into an ecstasy of good humor, and, for a while, contributed to soften the sour and acrid temper of the times. These outward glories were,

¹ It is a curious circumstance, that the leaders in these stately revels were two gentlemen who afterwards became the two most celebrated statesmen-legalists of their era, but of different parties. Edward Hyde, afterwards lord Clarendon, lord chancellor and royalist historian; the other, Bulstrode Whitelock, lord keeper (appointed by the parliament), and afterwards parliamentary historian. Hyde and Whitelock were the gayest and handsomest gentlemen of the Temple and Lincoln's inn. These magnificent entertainments to the queen cost the inns of court 22,000*l.*, and though the puritans at the inn made a horrid outcry at the waste and extravagance of the outlay, yet these rich societies did much good by dispensing part of their wealth.

notwithstanding, checkered with dark indications of approaching troubles: a concealed volcano was glowing beneath the feet of those who gayly trod the courtly measures in the elegant and really harmless ballets, which rendered still more furious the fanaticism of Prynne and his coadjutors. The brutal attack of Prynne on the queen, in his *Histriomastix*, drew down on him the vengeance of Charles in a manner inconsistent with his former character, though perfectly in accordance with the law at that time in force, ameliorated as it was from the more cruel laws of Henry VIII., still practised in the reigns of his daughters. No one commented on the conduct of Prynne with more terse severity than that honest but mistaken fanatic himself. It is well to conclude the subject with his own words, which he wrote when he was keeper of the records in the Tower after the accession of Charles II.:—"King Charles ought to have taken my head when he took my ears." It is to Henrietta's great credit that she did all in her power to save Prynne¹ from the infliction of the pillory, and the consequent loss of his ears, which was part of that barbarous and disgusting punishment.²

The queen's favorite residences were Somerset house, St. James's palace, and the palace of Woodstock. Her partiality to these palaces was principally induced by the facilities they presented for the Roman Catholic worship. Somerset house was settled on as her dower-palace, in case of widowhood, and this was peculiarly her private residence; St. James's was her family abode, and the habitation of her children when they were in London: in each of these residences she had chapels and lodgings for her twelve Capuchin almoners. Woodstock was her favorite country palace, and here she likewise had a regular chapel for her worship.³

¹ Dr. Lingard's History of England; Charles I.

² This punishment was still part of the law of the land in the reign of queen Anne, and was endured by the author of Robinson Crusoe for some printed reflection on the corrupt parliaments of that era. It is brutally alluded to by Pope in his line,—

"Earless, on high stood unabashed Defoe."

³ A sketch of that noble sylvan seat of the Plantagenets, now vanished from the earth, and the state in which it existed when inhabited by Henrietta Maria,

While Waller's lyrics were doing their best to hymn the queen into immortality, Vandyke's glorious pencil was illustrating her personal graces, and Inigo Jones's devising the scenery of the amusements of her picturesque court. Ben Jonson, Beaumont, and Fletcher wrote dramatic poems, for the purpose of perfecting the queen in our language. Her majesty often took a part in these diversions, but much less publicly than her predecessors. The royal taste for these elegant amusements caused the great nobility to dispense the superfluity of their incomes in encouragement of the fine arts. When their majesties paid visits in their prog-

will be particularly agreeable to those readers who recall its memory through the magic creations of sir Walter Scott. The following is from the pen of a contemporary :—"I found that famous court and princely palace, Woodstock, ancient, strong, and magnificent, and situated on a fair hill. We entered into the first spacious court through a large strong gate-house, where the she-keeper of that royal castle commanded her daughter, a pretty modest maiden, to be my guide. So up we mounted many fine steps of freestone, at the farthest side of the great court, into a spacious church-like hall, with two fair aisles, with six pillars white and large parting either aisle, with rich tapestry hangings at the upper end thereof, in which was wrought the story of the wild boar. On the left hand of the hall we entered a stately rich chapel, with seven round arches; with eight little windows above the arches, and fifteen in them. A curious font there is in the midst of it, and all the roof is most admirably wrought; and having performed my devotions in that princely chapel, I nimbly ascended with my guide into the guard-chamber. By this means our entrance was free and uninterrupted into the presence-chamber, and the privy-chamber that looks over the tennis-court, the withdrawing-chamber and the bedchamber, both of which have their sweet prospect over the privy-garden. After which I presumed to rest myself in the waiters' chamber; and after a small time of reposing to refresh ourselves, she conducted me, crossing the privy-chamber, into the queen's bedchamber, where our late renowned queen [Elizabeth] was kept prisoner. There are withdrawing, privy, presence, and guard-chambers for her majesty queen Henrietta Maria. Out of the wardrobe-court we come into a fair hall for her majesty's guard. There is also a council-chamber curiously arched, and a neat chapel by it, where queen Henrietta Maria hears mass, and divers other fair and large rooms for the nobility and officers of the court. On the large high leads of the goodly and fair gate-house I had a full prospect of the great and spacious walled park, and the brave lawns and waters of the neat and fair-built lodge for his majesty's chief ranger to inhabit, sweetly seated on a hill near this sumptuous court. One thing more I desired my fair and willing guide to conduct me to, near this place,—the labyrinth, where the fair lady was surprised by a clue of silk. I found nothing in this bower but ruins of many strong and strange winding walls and turnings, and a dainty clear-paved well, wherein this beautiful creature did use to bathe herself."—From a Topographical Excursion by three Norwich gentlemen, in 1636; edited by Mr. Brayley.

resses, it was the fashion for their noble hosts to engage some poet, distinguished by their approbation, to compose a dramatic entertainment for their amusement. Such was the case when the earl of Newcastle received the royal pair at his castle of Bolsover, in Derbyshire.¹ On this occasion he obtained the assistance of Ben Jonson to write the verses which formed part of their majesties' entertainment. So much pleased were the royal pair with the literary taste of the earl and his loyal hospitalities at Bolsover, that they agreed in the appointment of Newcastle as governor to Charles prince of Wales.

The queen brought into the world, at St. James's, January 28, 1635, the princess Elizabeth. The states of Holland sent an especial embassy to congratulate her majesty on the birth of this little one, and propitiated her with rich presents,² which are described as "a massy piece of amber-grease, two fair and almost transparent china basons, a curious clock, and, of far greater value than these, two beautiful originals of Titian, and two of Tintoret, to add to the galleries of paintings, with which the king was enriching Whitehall and Hampton Court." The Shrovetide succeeding the birth of the princess Elizabeth was kept in London and at the court, like the carnival on the continent, with maskings and quaint disguisings. The queen accepted an invitation to a masked ball given by lady Hatton, at Ely place, Holborn, 1635. A grand masquerade was likewise given by a functionary, called the prince of the Temple, for the entertainment of the prince-elector, and his brother prince Rupert. On Shrove-Tuesday the queen went to see the Temple revels with three of her ladies, disguised as citizens; that is, she was not masked in the character of a citizen, but assumed the costume of the city-ladies who flocked to the Temple masquerade. Mistress Basset, the great lace-woman of Cheapside, went foremost of the court party at the Temple carnival, and led the queen by the hand.³ The lace-woman was, doubtless, one of her majesty's *marchandes*.

¹ Historical Collections of Noble Families, by Collins, p. 26.

² Memoir of Henrietta Maria, 1671.

³ Strafford's Letters.

It has been said that the queen brought up her children in the exercise of the Catholic ritual till they were thirteen. There exists a great mass of evidence to prove that this assertion was false, for whatever she might wish to do, it is certain that they had governors and tutors devoted to the church of England. The first letter the queen wrote to her young son is preserved in the British Museum: the prince was then but eight years old. He had been obstinate in his refusals to swallow some nauseous potion with which his royal mother wished to regale him:—

“THE QUEEN TO HER SON, CHARLES PRINCE OF WALES.

“CHARLES:—

“I am sorry that I must begin my first letter with chiding you, because I hear that you will not take *phisicke*. I hope it was onlie for this day, and that to-morrow you will do it; for if you will not, I must come to you and make you take it, for it is for your health. I have given order to mi lord of Newcastle, to send mi word to-night whether you will or not; therefore I hope you will not give mi the paines to goe. And so I rest

“Your affectionate mother,

“HENRIETTE MARIE.

“To mi deare sonne, the prince. 1638.”

The prince, in answer to his governor, who made suitable remonstrances according to the queen's directions, wrote him the following original note, which, though penned between double ruled lines, in a round-text hand, gives some indication of the sprightly wit that afterwards distinguished him: many who dislike pills and potions will sympathize with the prince:—

“CHARLES PRINCE OF WALES TO HIS GOVERNOR, LORD NEWCASTLE.

“MY LORD:—

“I would not have you take too much *phisicke*, for it doth always make me worse, and I think it will doe the like with you. I ride every day, and am ready to follow any other directions from you.

“Make haste back to him that loves you.

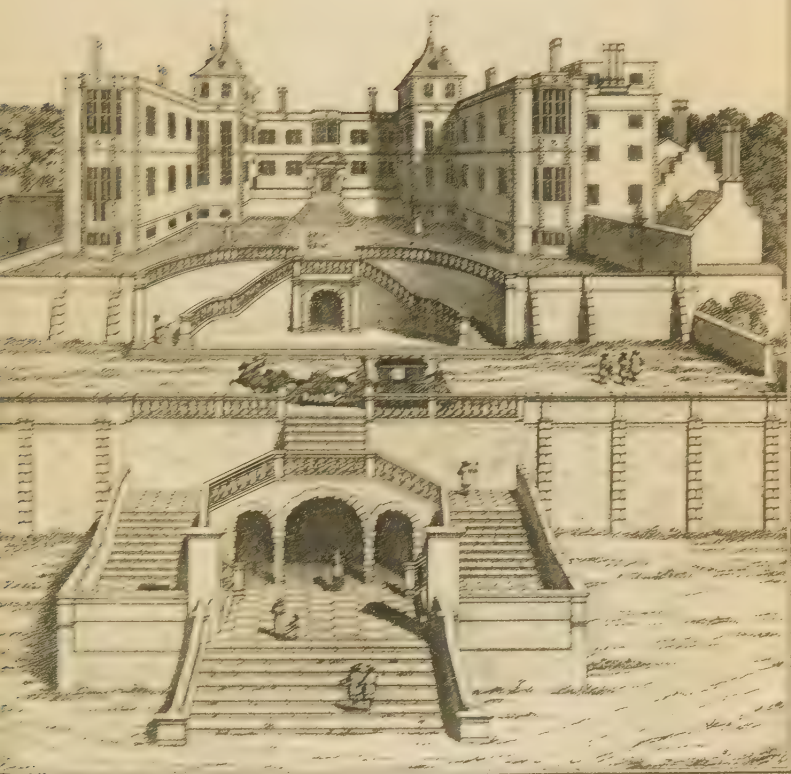
“CHARLES, P.”

Among the forgotten good deeds of the much-reviled Henrietta may be recorded the fact that in her prosperity she enriched the horticulture of this country by importation of fruit-trees from France. It was not entirely for her

Wimbledon Palace

Fuller called Wimbledon a daring structure, and that it was thought by some to equal Nonesuch, if not to exceed it. It was the private residence of Queen Henrietta Maria, and it was there that her horticultural experiments were tried.

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own gratification, but for the encouragement of an enterprising English gardener, that she wrote the following pretty letter to the queen her mother, in order to obtain her protection for him against those petty national jealousies which would confine the gifts of God to one particular spot, instead of diffusing them over the world:—

“QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA TO HER QUEEN-MOTHER OF FRANCE.¹

“MADAME MA MÈRE :—

“In sending this man into France for some fruit-trees and flowers, I supplicate most humbly that your majesty will aid his undertaking as much as is in your power, that he may not suffer wrong or hinderance, for it will be to my honor.

“Entreating that you will always hold me in your good graces, which is the thing in the world I value the most, and that you may believe me, madame, your very humble and very obedient daughter and *servante*,

“HENRIETTE MARIE.”

Endorsed, “To the Queen, madame ma Mère.”

The queen's palace at Wimbledon is said to have been the place where her horticultural experiments were tried.

It is possible that Charles I. might have successfully contended with the inimical party² if, at the critical juncture of the year 1638, he had not incurred the unpromising hatred of cardinal Richelieu, by granting an asylum in England to the object of that minister's persecution, the queen-mother of France, Marie de Medicis. The affectionate reception given by Charles to the mother of his queen was a fresh instance of his conjugal at-

¹ Bethune MS., 9310, fol. 33 : holograph.

² Sir William Temple gives ample proof, in his *Memoirs*, that the first agitators of sedition in the great rebellion were bribed by Richelieu, who sent 200,000 pistoles for that purpose. The envy and apprehension of France, from the moment that North and South Britain were peaceably united, are apparent in every despatch of the seventeenth century sent by French ambassadors. France drained herself of specie during that age by bribing British *patriots* to raise civil wars, in hopes of keeping down the mighty power which she foresaw would rule the world. Sir William declares that the hatred of Richelieu arose from the circumstance that Charles I. had manfully resisted the conquest of Flanders, planned by the ambition of that minister, and that Marie de Medicis had assisted her royal son-in-law in that good work by her negotiations. Sir William Temple's words seem to deserve credit, as he nobly retired from office at a similar juncture, when the same kind of bribery was fomenting the Popish plot.—See Temple's *Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 545, octavo edition.

tachment. The king travelled in state to meet Marie de Medicis at Harwich,¹ where she landed, escorting her, with the greatest respect, to London: her entry was made there with as much solemnity as if she had been at the pinnacle of royal prosperity. In reality, she was a distressed fugitive, impoverished and hunted from kingdom to kingdom through the ingratitude of Richelieu, the creature who originally owed his grandeur to her favor. The filial care of Henrietta was active in providing all that could contribute to soothe the wounded mind of her mother, especially in proving that, fallen as she was from her high estate, she was, in the eyes of a dutiful daughter, more a queen than ever. The words of one of the servants² of the fugitive queen will show how warmly she was welcomed to England by her loving child:—"You shall only know, that the sieur Lebat, who officiated as the superintendent of her household, had permission to mark with his chalks fifty chambers at St. James's as her apartments, the whole furnished by the particular care of the queen of Great Britain, who seemed to convert all her ordinary occupations into attention to give satisfaction to the queen, her mother."

But there was a personal trait of affection in Henrietta, that spoke more to the heart than any cost or splendor of reception could have done. When the royal carriage, in which were seated Marie de Medicis and her son-in-law, Charles I., entered the larger quadrangle of the palace of St. James, queen Henrietta, at the first flourish of trumpets, left her chamber, and descended the great staircase to receive her august mother. She was accompanied by her children, the little prince of Wales, the duke of York, and the two princesses, Mary and the infant Elizabeth. The queen, being then near her time, and in critical health, a chair was placed for her use at the foot of the stairs; but when she perceived her royal parent, such was her

¹ Dr. Lingard, vol. ix. p. 322.

² The sieur de la Serres, historiographer of France, who accompanied Marie de Medicis to England, and has left a narrative of her visit. It shows the immense extent of the palace of St. James at that era.

anxiety to show her duty and tenderness, that she arose, and, hurrying to the carriage, endeavored with her trembling hands to open the door, which she was too weak to accomplish. The moment her mother alighted, she fell on her knees before her to receive her blessing, and the royal children knelt around them. Every one who saw it was affected to tears at the meeting.¹

The restless spirit of Marie de Medicis, and the selfish turbulence of her numerous and hungry train, made but an ill return to Charles and Henrietta for their disinterested and loving kindness to her in her distress. Henrietta related, with tears, to the sympathizing historian, madame de Motteville, "how dreadfully the king was embarrassed by the extravagance of her mother's attendants; and when he could not find means to satisfy their rapacity, they had the folly and malignity to carry their complaints to parliament, and petition for larger allowances,"—that parliament, which had viewed the visit of the queen-mother with inimical feeling, and had considered the circumstance of a second establishment at court for the Roman Catholic worship with angry disgust.

The queen's sister-in-law, Anne of Austria, was now indisputably on the eve of giving an heir to France, which circumstance forms the theme of the following familiar note, written by Henrietta to her friend:—²

"M^{AMIE} ST. GEORGE:—

"Garnier going to France on his affairs, I would not let him depart without thanking you for the good news concerning the state of the queen my sister. I pray God it may last, and that it may prove a dauphin. This will be work for madame Peronne, whom I must despatch back again. Assure yourself always of my friendship, and that on every occasion you will find, by effect rather than by words, that I shall always be, as I have promised, your good friend,

"HENRIETTE MARIE."

The queen, in the winter of 1640, lost her youngest daughter, the princess Anne, who died December 8th, at the age of four years. Just before the royal child expired, the necessity of prayer being mentioned to her, she said, "That she

¹ Tract of the sieur de la Serres.

² Bethune MS., 9293, fol. 22 : holograph.

did not think she could say her long prayer [meaning the Lord's Prayer], but she would say her short one, and repeated,—‘Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, that I sleep not the sleep of death.’”

There is an important section in madame de Motteville's work, being neither more nor less than an historical memoir, of which the queen of Charles I. is the authoress, quite as much as the celebrated memoirs of Sully were written by that great man.¹ This tract is headed *Abrégé des Révolutions d'Angleterre*, and is thus introduced by the editress:—"Recital made by the queen of England, Henriette Marie, daughter of Henri Quatre and Marie de Medicis, in the monastery of the Virgins of St. Mary de Chaillot, of which she was foundress: written by madame de Motteville,² to whom this princess dictated." The regnal history of Charles I. is too wide a field for the biographer of his wife to enter, unless forced upon the portion in which the queen was personally involved; yet the view taken by Henrietta herself of some parts of that history justly demands a place in her life. The queen relates affairs without troubling her head whether by her admissions her much-loved lord is convicted of invading the English constitution or not, for she evidently comes to the point in ignorance that such was a crime. Henrietta declares that when a vast number of books of Common Prayer were prepared to be sent to the Scotch (at the time of the Liturgy being forced on that unwilling people), her husband, glad to take the opportunity of her attention being then forcibly drawn to the subject, brought her one of the Common Prayer books, and sat down by her for a whole evening, and prevailed on her to examine it with him. He pressed on her notice the fact, which no living creature can deny, that though there is much in the mass-book not to be found in the Common Prayer book, yet there are very few pages in the Common Prayer which are not supplied from the mass-book and breviary. Henrietta's prejudices were not neutralized by such conviction, for she adds directly, "It

¹ They were written by dictation to his secretaries.

² Madame de Motteville, vol. i. pp. 242, 260. Edited narrative of the queen.

was this *fatal* book which occasioned the first revolt in Scotland."

The rage of the people, the queen observed, had been excited against Strafford, because he had obtained funds of the Irish parliament sufficient to enable the king to raise an army. He had likewise proposed to his royal master the plan to gain a greater degree of power by means of this army. The parliament pursued him with vengeance: Strafford boldly requested the king "to let them take their course, and do their worst."—"The king," she remarks, "too yielding, did as this generous minister advised, and suffered him to be immured in the Tower; when there, his enemies loaded him with calumnies and crimes. For a long time he was brought every day before the commons to be interrogated; he replied to every impeachment with dauntless spirit and irrepressible wit. Many who had been indifferent towards him at first, became his warmest partisans."¹ "The queen," continues madame de Motteville, "while telling me these things, interrupted her narrative by this description of Strafford:—'He was ugly, but agreeable enough in person, and had the finest hands in the world.'"

Notwithstanding the spirited defence of the fascinating and brilliant Strafford, the queen acknowledged that she was dreadfully alarmed for him, and labored with all the energy of feminine determination to save this faithful friend. Her exertions did Strafford no good, but a prodigious deal of harm; however, she satisfied herself that she was doing wonders in his cause. "Every evening," says her narrative, "was a rendezvous given, and the most *méchante* of his enemies admitted to a conference with her by the way of the back stairs of the palace, leading into the apartments of one or other of her ladies of honor who happened to be off duty, and away in the country."² At the foot of the back stairs the queen often met the leaders of the parliamentary faction alone, "lighted only by a flambeau which she held in her hand:"³ she offered them all things to turn them from their purpose, yet gained no one but lord Dembi" [Digby]. It is to be feared that in these

¹ Madame de Motteville, vol. i. p. 25.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

interviews, which resemble the conferences between the beautiful Marie Antoinette and the demagogue Mirabeau, the wily republicans contrived to elicit points of intelligence from the vivacious and loquacious Henrietta which were fearfully injurious to her own party. "Only prevail upon a lady to talk on what is nearest her heart," say the diplomatists, "you have nought to do but listen, and all her intentions are revealed." The observation is true, and ought to be sufficient to keep woman out of the thorny paths of political intrigue.

The next great mistake made by the queen was, her choice of agents in negotiating with the army, which had become disgusted with the parliament, and were inclined to declare for the king. Two gentlemen belonging to the queen's household held commands in this army, and were intrusted by her majesty as agents to bring it over to the king: these were George Goring, her chamberlain, and Arthur Wilmot. The king determined to send the queen's equerry, Harry Jermyn, to negotiate a dispute which had occurred between them.¹ The queen had reason to believe that it would prove a most dangerous office for Jermyn to mediate this quarrel. She called him into her cabinet, and after communicating the king's intention, told him "That her fear was, that in case the parliament got an inkling of the business, they would drive him and every other confidential servant from her household." At that instant the king entered into the cabinet, and said, playfully, "If to be done, it is he that must do it."—"He must not do it," replied the queen; "and when you learn why, you will be of my mind."—"Speak, then, madame," returned the king, still smiling, "that I may know what it is that I have commanded, and that you forbid." The queen then explained, seriously, "how fearfully inconvenienced they should be if one of their principal servants were to be discovered in this negotiation and driven from them." The king allowed she was right, but said, "There was no one to whom Goring

¹ Both Jermyn and Goring held their offices when Bassompierre was in England: they are mentioned by him. Jermyn was *only* twenty-six years older than the queen.

and Wilmot would listen but Jermyn, who was esteemed by both, and was mild and conciliatory; besides, all ought to be risked for Strafford's sake." The queen yielded to these reasons, and Jermyn departed on the errand. He imparted to his two friends, Goring and Wilmot, the message of the king, with which he was charged. The faulty temper of Goring was aggravated by finding that he was not destined to command the army, but being exceedingly deceitful he dissimulated his wrath. That very evening he stole forth secretly, and betrayed the whole scheme to the parliament. There can be no doubt that the real object of his envy was Strafford: he was determined that he should die without aid.

The event which the queen had anticipated took place directly: the parliament sent humbly to request the king would please to command that no person of the queen's household should quit Whitehall. The king and queen were then morally certain that some person had betrayed their design, and that Jermyn's mission had been discovered; but neither of them suspected the frank, rattling, gallant George Goring as the informer; on the contrary, they were peculiarly anxious for his safety, lest the ebullitions of his zealous loyalty should compromise it. The whole intrigue ended with Jermyn, and several other gentlemen in the royal household, flying to France. It is certain that these courtiers, though descended from the heroes of Cressy and Agincourt, were troubled with very little of their superfluous valor, and evidently deemed discretion the better part of it. But the only man who could have guided valor by the soul of genius and righted the car of state, whirled out of its place, now bereft of all aid by the envy of the little great men of the court, was nearly hunted to the last gasp. Yet day by day Strafford defended himself at the bar of the house with undaunted eloquence, that agitated all hearts. The king and queen witnessed the scene with painful interest from latticed boxes; and every evening they met each other, to use Henrietta's own words, "with aching hearts and tearful eyes."¹

¹ Madame de Motteville, vol. i. p. 260; edited narrative of the queen.

To the surprise of their majesties, Goring declared himself vociferously against Strafford and the royal party; and when, afterwards, he was reproached by message from the queen for his ingratitude, having been her officer for so many years, he affirmed that "His conduct arose from his aversion to having any coadjutor in the service he meant to render their majesties." Thus this man's egotism effected the first fatal blow to the cause of king Charles. Strafford, when he found he had lost his friend Jermyn, gave himself up for lost. "It was not," continues the queen, "that the viceroy of Ireland feared to die; he could easily have saved himself by flight more than once, but he would not do it. All his ambition was bent on confounding the malice of his enemies by the proofs of his innocence; he ought to have been forced to take more sure means." The queen's frequent expression, "that the king and herself were left without servants," arises from a political movement of the parliament, by which the whole royal household were changed at a blow. Some of the leaders of the opposition were placed in immediate domestication with the royal family; as, for instance, the discontented peer lord Essex was made lord chamberlain, and his brother-in-law, the marquess of Hertford, was appointed governor of the prince of Wales,¹ in hopes that he would act as a rival claimant of the crown, being the representative of the Grays, the hereditary leaders of the Calvinistic party, or Edward VI.'s church.

English history usually affirms that the queen, terrified at the mobs which surrounded Whitehall yelling for Strafford's head, implored Charles to give him up and save her and her children, and that he signed Strafford's death-warrant in consequence of her feminine fears. The queen ought, however, to be heard in her own defence, and she declares² "that it was a procession of the bishops which

¹ The marquess of Hertford became much attached to the king, and one of the most devoted of cavaliers, cherishing more gratitude for the recognition of lady Katharine Gray's marriage with his grandfather by the house of Stuart, than resentment for the persecution he himself had undergone in his youth for his first marriage with lady Arabella Stuart.

² Queen's narrative, *Mémoires de Madame de Motteville*, vol. i. pp. 260-262.

shook the king's resolution, as these prelates represented 'that it was better one man should die than the whole realm perish.' " Henrietta so frankly acknowledges, in general, her erroneous conduct, that there is nothing to hinder her from doing so here, if she had felt herself betrayed by her feminine fears, for terror at the sight of a howling mob is no disgrace to a woman. The truth is, Henrietta's faults arose, not from want of courage, but from loquacious communication. The assertion of the queen's pusillanimity being entirely founded on palace-gossip, there is reason to suppose that Henrietta has been confounded with the queen of France, her mother, Marie de Medicis, who was domesticated with her at that period, and was exceedingly frightened at the violence of the revolutionary mob. "Strafford," continues the queen,¹ "himself sent to entreat his royal master to sign his death-warrant to appease the insurgents, expecting, doubtless, that he should be pardoned when their first rage was over; but as soon as his enemies had the king's signature, without heeding the royal commandment to the contrary, they hurried the victim to death. The more public his death, the more was seen of the grandeur of his mind and his admirable firmness. He spoke uncompromisingly to his enemies, and, in spite of their barbarity, he forced them to regret him, and tacitly to avow that they had done him injustice."

It has been asserted that the royal friends for whom Strafford sacrificed himself were indifferent to his fate, but these are the actual words of the queen:—"The king suffered extreme sorrow, the queen wept incessantly; they both anticipated, too truly, that this death would, sooner or later, deprive the one of life, and the other of all happiness in this world." Let no one, after this, say that the high-minded Strafford fell unpitied, a victim to the selfish fears of the queen.² In the midst of these awful scenes the princess-royal, a little girl of ten years of age, was espoused

¹ Queen's narrative, *Mémoires de Madame de Motteville*, vol. i. pp. 260-262. The queen, perhaps unintentionally, presents some parallel between the execution of Strafford's death-warrant and that of Mary queen of Scots.

² Madame de Motteville, queen's narrative, vol. i. p. 261.

in person at Whitehall chapel by the son of the prince of Orange, a boy of the age of eleven, a truly Protestant alliance, which ought to have given the country great satisfaction. This marriage took place May 2, 1641. The day after, the mob broke into Westminster abbey, pillaged it, and did all the mischief with which revolutionary mobs generally amuse themselves, yelling all the time for Strafford's death, who was executed May 12, 1641.

The queen's mother, Marie de Medicis, was so infinitely terrified at the violence of the insurgent mobs at this crisis, that she insisted on departing forthwith to Holland. This queen was a marked person by the insurgents; they excited the popular wrath against her by every invention within the range of possibility. The means by which they effected this purpose may be guessed by the following proceedings of the house of lords:—"August 26, 1641. The house have committed to prison the man that printed the scandalous *ballet* concerning the queen's mother going away, and will consider of further punishment; they have ordered that these *ballets* [ballads] be burnt by the hand of the common hangman."¹ Lord Arundel, the earl-marshal, escorted the royal fugitive to Dover, by the orders of the king.

Nearly at the same time that she bade farewell to her mother, the queen was obliged to part from the king, who commenced his journey to Scotland, August 9, 1641, when he abolished that episcopacy which he had recently shaken his throne to enforce. He travelled so rapidly that by the 15th the queen received a letter from him, announcing his safe arrival in Edinburgh. Her majesty instantly sent the tidings to the royal secretary, sir Edward Nicholas. Her letter, in broken English, is a curiosity.

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA TO SIR EDWARD NICHOLAS.²

"MAISTRE NICHOLAS:—

"I have reseaved your letter, and that [which] you send me from the king, *which* [who] writes me word he *as* [has] been veré well reseaved in Scotland; and that both the armi and the people have *shued* a *creat* joy to see the king, and such that *they* say was never seen before. Pray God it may [be] *continued*.

¹ Letter of sir Edward Nicholas, secretary to Charles I., to the king. Printed in Evelyn's Works, vol. iv. p. 7.

² Ibid.

"For the letter that I writt to you counserning the commissionaires, it is them that are to dispatch bussinesse in the king's absence. I thank you for you care of geving me advises of what passes at London; and soe I reste

"Your frand,

"HENRIETTE MARIE, R.

"Otelands, the 19th August."

Endorsed, "*For Mistre Nicholas.*"

The manor and mansion of Oatlands had been a favorite dower-residence of the queens of England for several centuries. The ancient structure was originally built in the lowest part of the domain: the vicinity of a plentiful supply of fish for fast-days, and of water for replenishing the moats and fosses which defended such habitations, were the chief recommendations of the site of a castellated dwelling in the middle ages. The old palace of Oatlands was levelled with the dust in the civil wars,¹ in common with every other dwelling to which queen Henrietta was particularly attached. Here the queen was residing with all her children excepting Charles prince of Wales, who often visited her from Richmond or Ham. The parliament, which either could not or would not be prorogued till the end of October,² busied itself exceedingly regarding the queen's residence with her children, and testified the utmost jealousy of her confessor, father Phillipps, who underwent several examinations; and many portentous hints were dropped by the roundhead orators in the house of commons respecting the queen's establishment of Capuchins at Somerset house. The storm of civil war, meantime, was growling and muttering around. Its first symptoms among the middle classes were indicated by large bands of people of eighty or a hundred in company mustering together, and hunting down the king's deer in the daytime in Windsor forest, and even attempting the same incursions in the demesnes of Oatlands.

Sir Edward Nicholas came to reside at his house, within three miles of Oatlands park, for the convenience of daily communication with the queen. The king's plan of signifying his approbation as to the events going on in England and in his family was to send back the letters of his secretary

¹ Evelyn's Memoirs, vol. iv.; Nicholas Correspondence, p. 2.

² Ibid., p. 16.

with his opinion written on the margin. The queen is often the subject of these notations. The king usually mentions her by the appellation of "my wife;" as, for instance, he writes to Nicholas, "Your despatch I received this morning; but tell my wife that I have found fault with you, because none of hers was within it." Many measures are discussed in this correspondence which were likely to incur the displeasure of the queen; among others, the faithful secretary advises the king to obviate debates regarding the Capuchins at Somerset house in the ensuing sessions of parliament, by sending them all away before the attack commenced. Perhaps the secretary thought this measure was as well to take place when his royal master was out of hearing of the queen's lamentations and remonstrances. The king was dubious on this head. "I know not what to say," he wrote on this letter, "if it be not to advertise my wife of the parliament's intention concerning her Capuchins, and so first to hear what she will say?"¹ It was by no means likely that the queen would say anything reasonable. That elegantly-worded but mischievous letter of her mother, already quoted, was the code on which she always acted in regard to her religion. The downfall of her husband's royal dignity, according to the principles she imbibed from it, was preferable to giving up the least particle of her Roman Catholic observances. The consequence was, that the establishment of Capuchins remained till about a year afterwards, when the infuriated mob destroyed every vestige of the chapel.²

The queen at this period fancied that she obtained very valuable information from her first lady of the bedchamber, lady Carlisle, regarding the proceedings of lord Kimbolton and Mr. Pym, two leaders of the roundheads, who governed those committees of the lords and commons which exercised extraordinary power during the recess of parliament. Lady Carlisle was on terms of remarkable intimacy with both these agitators; but instead of communicating useful intelligence of their proceedings, she betrayed to them every in-

¹ Evelyn's Memoirs, vol. iv.; Nicholas Correspondence, p. 24. September 27. 1641.

² MS. of Père Gamache.

cident that occurred in the royal household, which the queen soon after found to her cost.

"Being yesterday at Oatlands, to attend the queen's command," wrote sir Edward Nicholas to the absent king, "her majesty gave me this paper enclosed, with command to send it this day to your majesty. It was brought to the queen by lady Carlisle, who saith she had it from lord Mandeville.¹ I confess it were not amiss to have it published."

The nature of this paper is not mentioned. It was probably some attack on the queen, or measure regarding the royal children's residence with her. The treacherous spy, in order to obtain more credit with her royal mistress, had given this small piece of information on a subject which was to be public in a few days. Both houses of parliament met before the king's return, and discussed the fact of the frequent visits of the prince of Wales to the queen.

"And though," wrote sir Edward Nicholas, "the commons asserted 'that they did not doubt the motherly affection and care of her majesty towards him, yet there were some dangerous persons at Oatlands, Jesuits and others; and therefore it was desired that the marquess of Hertford should be enjoined to take the prince into his custody and charge, attending on him in person.' This resolution was delivered yesterday at Oatlands by my lord of Holland to the queen, who, I hear, gave a very wise and discreet answer to the same, as, I believe, her own pen will speedily acquaint your majesty."²

The answer that the queen made to Holland was, "that the prince of Wales merely visited Oatlands to celebrate his sister's birthday."³ This is not the only instance in which the earl of Holland appears, in the reality of documentary history, in a displeasing light to queen Henrietta; he is, in fact, usually found acting in direct opposition to her will, despite of the assertions of Horace Walpole, who, having linked a coarse rhyme that he thought peculiarly wounding to the reputation of queen Henrietta, deemed himself bound to prove his idle words by twisting every possibility of scandal into a serious charge against her.

About the same time the queen's confessor, Phillipps, was

¹ Better known by the title of *Kimbolton* in the civil wars; he was heir to the earl of Manchester. His next brother was a monk, although Kimbolton was a noted puritan.

² Letter of sir Edward Nicholas to the king.—Evelyn's *Memoirs*, vol. iv. p. 53.

³ Correspondence of sir Edward Nicholas.—Evelyn's *Journal*, vol. iv. p. 56.

brought before the house of commons as an evidence, to enable them to convict Benson, a member of parliament, of selling protections to the unfortunate Roman Catholics. In England, he it observed, that every species of persecution, besides its other more apparent evils, formed opportunities for bribery and robbery. Father Phillipps would not be sworn on our translation of the Bible, and the house, instead of allowing him to take an oath which he considered binding to his conscience, commenced a theological wrangle, and eventually committed him to prison "for contempt of the Scriptures authorized in England." In this exigence, the queen sent a sensible and conciliatory message to the houses of parliament, saying, "That if her confessor did not appear to have done any wrong against the state maliciously, she hoped, for her sake, they would forgive and liberate him." The house of lords complied, but the house of commons refused him bail.¹

The queen says, in her own narrative,² that "The parliament sent to her that she must surrender her young family into their hands during the absence of the king, lest she should take the opportunity of making papists of them." And here it is proper to observe that, from the best authority,³ it is certain the queen had, at an early period, tampered with the religion of the princess Mary, her eldest daughter, having secretly given her a crucifix and rosary, taught the use of them, and made her keep them in her pocket. Probably ambition had a share in this furtive proceeding, because, as a Protestant, the princess-royal could only match with a petty prince. The matrimonial destiny of the child was now decided as the spouse of the prince of Orange, therefore less occasion existed for religious jealousy on the part of the parliament. Most likely lady Carlisle had given information of the queen's conduct to Kimbolton and Pym. The queen, unconscious of the spy

¹ Nicholas Papers (Evelyn), vol. iv. p. 62.

² Madame de Motteville, vol. i. p. 263; from the queen's narrative.

³ MS. Journal of Père Cyprian Gamache, one of the queen's Capuchins at Somerset house. Father Cyprian does not mention any attempts on the religion of the queen's sons in their childhood.

that was about her, replied to the parliament, "That her sons were under the tuition of their separate governors, who were not papists; and above all, she knew that it was the will of her husband that they should not be brought up in her religion." To remove all cause of complaint, she left Oatlands and withdrew to Hampton Court, from whence she came occasionally to see her little ones, and thus gave up her constant sojourn with them. Then her enemies raised reports that she meant to leave the kingdom, and carry off her children. They sent orders to a gentleman, who was in the commission of the peace at Oatlands, "to hold himself ready, with a certain portion of militia," called by the queen *paysans armés*, "to serve the king according to their orders;" for, among the other anomalies of this revolution, almost to the last, all measures in opposition to the king were enforced in his own name, to the infinite mystification of the mass of the people, who were mostly well meaning, though unlearned.

"The parliamentary order to the Oatlands magistrate commanded him and his posse to wait till midnight in the park at Oatlands, where they would be joined by cavalry, whose officers would direct what they were to do. The magistrate immediately sought the queen, showed her his order, and declared his intentions to obey her commands. She thanked him warmly, but told him that 'she wished him to do exactly what parliament dictated, and then to remain tranquil.' Meanwhile, without raising any alarm, she sent promptly to the principal officers on whom she could rely in London, who were absent from the army on furlough, and she entreated them 'to be with her before midnight, with all the friends they could muster.'

"The queen then summoned all her household capable of bearing arms, not even excepting the scullions in her kitchen,¹ and she proposed to spend the evening in Oatlands park, as if for some mask or amusement; while there, her muster arrived and joined her party. The night, however, wore away without the threatened attack from the adverse powers, save that about twenty horsemen, on the

¹ Madame de Motteville, vol. i. p. 263; from the queen's narrative.

road near the park, were seen prowling around and watching till daybreak ; but these, perhaps, had only hostile intentions against the deer." There is no doubt but that the queen would have done battle in defence of her little ones, if need had been for such exertion. The family, which the royal mother was thus personally guarding, somewhat in lioness fashion, by nocturnal patrol round Oatlands park, was numerous and of tender ages. They were soon after separated, never again to meet on earth in their original number. Charles prince of Wales was then just eleven years of age ; Mary, the young bride of Orange, was ten ; James duke of York between seven and eight ; Elizabeth about six ; and the little infant Henry, who had been born at Oatlands the preceding year, was but a few months old. In the home park at Hampton Court an enormous oak is still in a hale and green old age, where the tradition of the neighborhood asserts the young children of Charles I. used to play, sporting and climbing among its huge boughs ; they had an arbor-seat on the crown of the trunk, and a ladder to climb up to it. There are still enormous iron staples, and nails are clinched in the venerable tree, where these happy and loving little ones disported in joyous unconsciousness of all the troubles of their mother, or of their own future destiny.

"The queen had regained the co-operation of Goring," a somewhat doubtful policy, considering the instability of his conduct. "She told him 'to hold himself ready at Portsmouth, and that, perhaps, he would see her very soon at that place for the purpose of embarkation ; to which, nevertheless, she would not have recourse but at the last extremity.' The queen likewise sent to find her new ally, lord Digby, and entreated him to send her all the friends he could muster, and on whom he could rely, to remain in the neighborhood of the seats where she and her children were abiding. This was immediately done, to the amount of one hundred cavaliers ; then she took the opportunity, when at Hampton Court, of paying a visit to a loyal gentleman who lived in the vicinity, and was noted for the number of fine horses he kept. He put them all at her majesty's disposal."

After the queen had made all these preparations, no enemy appeared to attack her or her infants. On the contrary, the parliament offered the most elaborate excuses for calling out the militia at Oatlands without the king's sanction, and every member of the house of commons thought fit separately to deny that he was concerned in it.¹

The two following letters, from the queen to the king's secretary, were written at this crisis. They are composed in the broken English which she then spoke:—

THE QUEEN TO SIR EDWARD NICHOLAS.

“MAISTRE NICHOLAS:—

“I am *veré* sory that my *lettre* did not come time enouf to go. I have re-seaved yours, and I have writt to the king to hasten *is* [his] coming. I send you the *lettre*, and if litle Vil Murray is vel enouf, I would have him go back againe to Scotland *whitout comin yer, for a vould* [without coming here, for I would] have him go *to-marow* morning, tel him from me; but if he *wher* not well, then you must provide some bodie that will be sure, for my *lettre* must not be lost, and I vould not *trusted* [trust it] to an *ordinaire* post. I am so ill provided *whitt personnes* [with persons] that I dare trust, that at this instant I have no living creature that I dare send.

“Pray do what you can to helpe me (if litle Vill Murray cannot goe) to send this *lettre*, and so I rest your assured frend,

“HENRIETTE MARIE, R.

“For your selfe, 10th Nov. 1641.”

The Irish rebellion broke out the same autumn, with one of those atrocious massacres which are the usual consequence of a long series of civil strife and religious persecution on both sides. The roundhead party, founding their accusations on similarity of religion, accused the queen of having fostered the rebellion and encouraged the massacre: not one particle of real evidence has ever appeared to support these calumnies.² In fact it was a deadly calamity to the royal cause, and the queen ever deemed it as such. It was a Celtic rising, in the hopes of breaking the chains of their enemies, while those enemies were quarrelling among themselves: there was scarcely a name among the homicides which did not begin with a Mac or an O.

¹ Madame de Motteville, queen's narrative; vol. i. p. 263.

² The pretended royal commission that Macguire and O'Neale displayed to the ignorant Celts was adorned with a broad seal torn from a patent which they had stolen when the castle of Charlemont was sacked. Rapin (albeit a deadly enemy of Charles) notes the forgery, vol. ii. p. 513.

The king, after a long stay in Scotland, began, in his homeward despatches, to give preparatory orders for a return to his southern metropolis. The earl of Essex, who at that time filled the office of lord chamberlain,¹ received orders to prepare the palaces for his royal master's reception, which orders were rather pettishly communicated by her majesty, through the faithful secretary, in this little billet:—

QUEEN HENRIETTA TO SIR EDWARD NICHOLAS.

“MAISTRE NICHOLAS:—

“I did desire you not to acquaint *mi lor* of Essex of what the king commanded you touching *is* [his] *commin*. Now you may do it; and tell him that the king will be at *Tibols* [Theobalds] *Vendesday*, and shall sleep there. And upon Thursday he shall dine at *mi lor major's* [the lord mayor's], and be at Whitthall only for one *nigh* [night]; and upon Friday will go to Hampton Court, where he *maenes* [means] to stay this vinter. The king commanded me to tell this to *mi lor* of Essex, but you may do it, for their lordships *ar to* [are too] great princes now to *receaved* [receive] any direction from mee.

“*Beeng* all that I have to say, I shall rest your assured *frand*,

“HENRIETTE MARIE, R.

“For Maistre Nicholas, 20th Nov. 1641.”

Endorsed, “*The Queen to me, to signify to the lord chamberlain.*”

The king actually did return five days after the date of this letter, November 25th. He was received with extreme loyalty in England, and was greeted everywhere with cries of “God save the king!” The queen flattered herself that she had done wonders towards effecting this reaction, by her gracious conferences with the lord mayor and other well-disposed magnates of the city. She accompanied the king, with all their children, at his solemn entry of the metropolis. The prince, her son, rode by the side of his father, and she followed in an open carriage, surrounded by her infants; they were all received with the most fervent benedictions from the populace, and with every mark of good-will that could be testified.

The king, who had in Scotland obtained full proof that five of the most factious of the members of the house of commons were in treasonable correspondence with his rebels there,² resolved to take advantage of this gleam of popu-

¹ This is not generally known. See the Nicholas Correspondence, Evelyn, vol. iv. pp. 74–78.

² Sir William Temple's evidence, in his Memoirs, that the movers of the re-

larity to go to the house and arrest them. His predecessor Elizabeth, had often sent and taken obnoxious members into custody while actually in the house of commons, for very trifling offences in comparison. History insists that Henrietta had, by taunts and reproaches, urged the king to the arrest of the five members. As she most piteously blames herself for the error she really committed, to which she, with deep humiliation, attributed all his future misfortunes,—even his death,—we cannot help thinking she would have been equally candid if such a charge were true.

It has been shown that the queen bestowed a great share of her favor and affection on lady Carlisle.¹ This person had as bad and treacherous a heart as ever deceived a parent or betrayed a friend. The queen would have had better companions in the French ladies, whose friskings had so much offended the dignity of king Charles. It was in company with this lady that queen Henrietta sat in her cabinet at Whitehall, with her watch in her hand, counting the weary minutes of the king's absence when he went to arrest the obnoxious members of the house of commons. No one knew his intentions but the queen; he had parted with her on that fatal morning with these words, as he embraced her, "If you find one hour elapse without hearing ill news from me, you will see me, when I return, the master of my kingdom." The queen remained with her eyes

bellion were bribed by Richelieu, must be remembered here in vindication of Charles I.

¹ When lady Carlyle was lady Lucy Percy, she had, under pretence of visiting her father the earl of Northumberland, a prisoner in the Tower, formed a league with the infamous countess of Somerset, then under sentence of death for murder in the same fortress, and at her instigation eloped with the gaudy profligate, Hay earl of Carlisle. The grim old earl, who had forbidden the union, thundered maledictions from his prison-hold on the head of his Lucy, not only for the deed she had done, but for the heartless manner in which she had deceived him. The features of lady Carlisle have lately been made familiar by an exquisite miniature at Strawberry hill sale, deemed the most perfect specimen of the nearly extinct art of miniature-painting. The fair face of lady Carlisle, with soft dark eyes glancing with treacherous voluptuousness from under an enormous round black hat, is exquisitely worked. Lady Carlisle always contrasted her ivory complexion with a dress of intense blackness. Waller has described her as

"A Venus rising from a sea of jet,"

fixed on her watch till that tedious hour had passed away. Meantime, she heard nothing from the king, and she was prompted by her impatience to believe that no news was good news; therefore, deeming the king was successful, she broke the silence that was pain and grief to her, with these words to the fair Carlisle:—"Rejoice with me, for at this hour the king is, as I have reason to hope, master of his realm; for Pym and his confederates are arrested before now."¹

Unfortunately lady Carlisle was, at the same time, the relative and political spy of one of the members named. She had certain reasons for believing that the blow had not yet been struck, although the hour had elapsed. She promptly gave intelligence to one of her agents, and, as the house of commons was close to Whitehall palace, the persons marked for arrest had intelligence just before Charles entered the house. They fled, while their party rallied and organized a plan of resistance, under plea that it was against the privileges of the commons for any member to be arrested while on duty.² "The king had been accidentally prevented from entering the house of commons, to carry his intention into effect, by various poor, miserable persons, who presented petitions to him as he was about to enter. The hour he had announced to the queen as pregnant with their future fate had passed away in reading and discussing the particulars of individual wrong and misfortune,"³—an ancient duty of the English sovereign when on progress to his parliament, not then obsolete, which the king did not consider himself bound to waive, for he knew that his intent of arresting his enemies was, when he left his palace, a profound secret between himself and his royal partner, and he suspected not that the secret had escaped her. The whole incident is a noted instance of the danger of opening the lips regarding diplomatic affairs till there is indisputable conviction that a deed is done. It would have been well if Henrietta had heard and heeded the warning axiom of countess Tertsy,

¹ Madame de Motteville, vol. i.; queen's narrative, pp. 265-267.

² Ibid., p. 266.

³ Ibid.

in Wallenstein, regarding the portentous nature of "shouts before victory." When Henrietta found, as she soon did, that her heedless prattling had done the mischief, she threw herself into the arms of her husband and avowed her fault, blaming herself with most passionate penitence. Not a reproach did he give her; and she paused in her narrative, in an agony of regret, to call the attention of madame de Motteville to his admirable tenderness to her. "For never," said she, "did he treat me for a moment with less kindness than before it happened, though I had ruined him."¹

Directly after the occurrence, which the queen termed her *malheureuse indiscretion*, the people mutinied in London, from which the king retired with all the royal family. When they left Whitehall, they went through a multitude of several thousand roundheads; every one held a staff in his hand with a white paper placard, whereon was inscribed the word "liberty." Henrietta herself, with her usual petulant vivacity, had previously given the name of roundhead to these opponents. In opposition to the flowing love-locks of the courtiers, the partisans of the parliament had their hair clipped so close and short that their turbulent heads looked as round as bowls, excepting that their ears seemed to jut out in an extraordinary manner. Samuel Barnadiston, a noted republican of that century, was in his youth the leader of a deputation of London apprentices, for the purpose of communicating to parliament their notions regarding civil and religious government. The queen, who saw this posse arrive at Whitehall, then first noticed the extraordinary roundness of their closely clipped heads, and saw at the same time that Samuel was a personable apprentice; upon which she exclaimed, "La! what a handsome young roundhead!" The exactness of the descriptive appellation fixed it at once as a party name; roundheads they were called from that moment, and roundheads they will remain while history endures. Many a satirical ballad and chorus repeated the *sobriquet*; nor were the jutting ears forgotten. Captain Hyde, a cavalier of

¹ Madame de Motteville, vol. i.; queen's narrative, p. 266.

the royal guard, proposed cropping into reasonable dimensions the ears of the next deputation which arrived from the city on the same errand. Rather a dangerous experiment, that of cropping ears which stuck out by reason of the superfluous destructiveness of the owners, especially when those owners had the majority in numbers!

"Few of the puritans," says a lady-author of their own party,¹ "wore their hair long enough to cover their ears, and the ministers and many others cut it close round their heads, with so many little peaks as was ridiculous to behold; whereupon Cleveland, in his *Hue and Cry*, describes them:—

‘With hair in characters, and lugs in texts.’

From this custom of wearing their hair," continues the republican lady, "the name of roundhead became the scornful term given to the whole parliament party." The rest of the appurtenances of these stalwart agitators is described by another contemporary:—"In high-crowned hats, collar-bands, great loose coats, with long *tucks* [swords] under them, and calves'-leather boots, they used to sing a psalm and drub all before them." When, at the end of the struggle, the laws and liberties of England fell under military terror, the roundheads assumed a regular livery of war; and Cromwell, when he had need of their assistance to expel the commons with their speaker, or doom the king, used to coax his troopers by the endearing epithet of his "red brethren."²

The king and queen went no farther than Hampton Court; there they determined to watch the event of these insurrections, not having the slightest idea that any restraint would be put on their personal freedom. They were deceived, for the parliament sent a circular to all the nobility, to arm and prevent the king from going farther. In this extremity, the queen proposed to her royal husband that she should depart for Holland, on the ostensible errand of conducting the little princess-royal to her young spouse, the prince of Orange; but, in reality, the queen intended to sell her jewels, to provide her consort with the means of

¹ Mrs. Hutchinson's Memoirs of her husband.

² Larrey's Charles I.

defence. It was astonishing to her with what avidity the opposite party seized on the idea of her departure from England: every facility was given her for putting the project in execution.¹ Such was the queen's own impression; but lord Clarendon declares "that it was intimated to her majesty, that if she did not prevail on the king to permit the law excluding the bishops from sitting as peers in the house of lords, the parliament would interfere to prevent her from going abroad. Consequently, by her influence, the king suffered this act to pass by commission, while he was escorting her majesty to Dover."²

Such was the state of affairs when the king conducted his consort and daughter to the place of embarkation at Dover, February 23, 1641-42. He stood on the shore, watching their departing sails with tearful eyes, doubtful whether they should ever meet again. "As the wind was favorable for coasting," the queen declares, "her husband rode four leagues, following the vessel along the windings of the shore."³ Party malice may stain the name of this unfortunate prince with venomous invective, yet to every heart capable of enshrining the domestic affections, Charles I. must be dear. But not with his bereaved spirit and troublous career does our narrative at present dwell; we must embark with his adored Henrietta, merely observing that, at her departure, the king went to Theobalds, where the parliament sent a petition "that he would be pleased to reside nearer to the metropolis, and not take the prince away from them." The king went directly after to Newmarket, and from thence retired to York with his elder sons.⁴ During the queen's absence, the fatal adventure at Hull occurred, where sir John Hotham first denied his majesty access to his own town and military magazines.

"The queen was well received in Holland by Henry prince of Orange, which, indeed, she well deserved, since she had warmly espoused the cause of his country against the

¹ Madame de Motteville, vol i. p. 268.

² Clarendon's Life, vol. i.

³ Madame de Motteville, vol. i.; queen's narrative, p. 269.

⁴ Mrs. Hutchinson.

tyranny of Richelieu. The burgomasters of Holland, nevertheless, showed no great veneration to her royal person; they entered her presence with their hats on, threw themselves on chairs close to her, stared at her from under the brims of their Dutch beavers, and flung out of the room without bowing or speaking to her." The result proved that Henrietta exerted, in the exigence of her affairs, the good sense and governing science of her great father; for, one by one, she fascinated all these boorish republicans, and utterly and entirely obtained her own way. In proof of which Walter Strickland, ambassador to the states of Holland, who had been deputed by the parliament to forbid their granting any assistance to the queen, was dismissed without effecting his purpose. King Charles would not have succeeded so well: he could not have concealed his displeasure and disgust at the coarseness of ill-breeding; but the feminine tact of Henrietta revealed to her the well-known axiom in diplomacy, that after republicans have gratified their self-esteem by showing their ill-behavior to their hearts' content, they become peculiarly amenable to the charm of graceful and courteous manners generally pertaining to persons of exalted rank. The Dutchmen, notwithstanding their odd mode of showing their regard, behaved bountifully to queen Henrietta. Their high mightinesses at Rotterdam lent her 40,000 guilders, their bank 25,000, the bank at Amsterdam, 845,000. Of merchants at the Hague, Fletcher and Fitcher, she borrowed 166,000. On her pendant pearls she borrowed 213,200 guilders; she put six rubies in pawn for 40,000 guilders; and, altogether, raised upwards of 2,000,000*l.* sterling.¹

While resident at the Hague the queen at times was oppressed by despondency, and under its influence wrote to her friend madame St. George. According to her old custom, Henrietta addressed her as '*m'amie St. George.*' "Unless," says the queen to her, "I had made up my mind to be in a prison, I could not remain in England; still, in such case, if I had been the only sufferer, I am so accustomed to afflictions that this one would have been endured

¹ *Memoirs of Henrietta Maria*, 1671, p. 41.

like the rest. But their design was to separate me from the king my lord, and they have publicly declared it was requisite to do this ; also, that as a queen was only a subject, I was amenable like other persons, for they have publicly accused me by name of having wished to overthrow the laws and religion of the kingdom, and that it was I who caused the Irish to revolt,—they have even got witnesses to swear that this was the case. . . . Pray to God for me,” continues Henrietta, “for be assured that there is not in the world a more wretched creature than I! separated from the king my lord, from my children, out of my country without hope of returning there, except at imminent peril, abandoned by all the world, unless it please God to assist me.”

This melancholy letter is dated from the Hague, May 25, 1642. In another, written to madame St. George towards the close of the same year, she mentions with exultation that she was returning home to her husband and children. Her friend was at that time in the service of the family of her brother of Orleans, for the queen concludes her letter¹ with the words, “kiss my niece for love of me.”

The queen superintended the education of her daughter, the little princess of Orange, whilst she was in Holland, retaining her always near her as she pursued her studies under various masters. The young prince of Orange, her spouse, was likewise still under tuition. The queen very wisely remained with her daughter till she was accustomed to the manners and customs of her new country. This alliance proved a most fortunate one for the royal family of Stuart, as the young princess became infinitely beloved by the people of Holland. It does not appear that any jealousy was manifested by them lest Henrietta should imbue her young daughter with Roman Catholic predilections.

The unfortunate mother of Queen Henrietta died in misery at Cologne the same winter. It had been the intention of the queen to continue her journey up the Rhine to attend her parent's sick-bed, but the Dutch burgomasters

¹ Bethune MS., 9309, fol. 31 : holograph.

interfered, and wholly prevented her;¹ and she, fearful of compromising the advantages she had gained, dared not pursue her intentions, lest her husband's interest should suffer severely. When she had obtained all the stores possible in Holland, she bade farewell to her little daughter, and, leaving her under the personal care of her mother-in-law, the princess of Orange, re-embarked for England, almost on the anniversary of her departure the preceding year, February 2, 1642-43. She sailed from Scheveling in a first-rate English ship, called the 'Princess Royal,' and was accompanied by eleven transports, filled with ammunition and stores for the assistance of the king: her fleet was convoyed by the Dutch admiral, Von Tromp. So tremendous a northeast gale began to blow directly the queen and her retinue had embarked, that they were tossed on the stormy billows nine days, expecting death hourly. The ladies wept and screamed perpetually, but the queen never lost her high spirits. To all the lamentations around her the daughter of Henry the Great replied gayly, "Comfort yourselves, *mes chères*; queens of England are never drowned."² The ladies suspended their wailings to reflect, and recollecting that such a case had never occurred, were greatly consoled. This conversation is alleged by a French writer to have passed on deck, while the queen was leaning near the rudder, when she had persuaded her train to leave the discomforts of the cabin for a little fresh air;³ indeed, the scene below, as related by the queen herself, was anything but inviting. When the tempest blew heavily, and the ship labored and pitched, they were tied in small beds, in all the horrors of sea-sickness. At the time the storm was at its worst, all the queen's attendants, even the officers, crowded into her cabin, and insisted on confessing themselves to the Capuchins of her suite, believing death would ensue every moment. These poor priests were as ill as any one, and were unable to be very attentive; therefore the penitents shouted out their sins aloud, in the hearing of

¹ Ellis's Original Letters, vol. iii. p. 294.

² Madame de Motteville; queen's narrative, vol. i. pp. 271-278.

³ Madame de la Fayette.

every one, in order to obtain absolution on the spur of the moment. The queen, having no terrors of her own to distract her, amused herself with remarking this extraordinary scene, and made a sly comment on what she heard, saying, "That she supposed that the extremity of their fears took away the shame of confessing such misdeeds in public."¹ Her gay spirits were not then broken, and she declared that the absurdities she witnessed in that voyage at times made her laugh excessively, although, like the others, she could not help expecting the ship to go to the bottom every moment. When any eating or drinking was going forward, the attempts to serve her in state, and the odd disasters that occurred to her and her servitors, tumbling one over the other with screams and confusion, were so ridiculous that no alarm could control her mirth. After a fortnight's pitching and tossing, the good ship was beaten back on the wild Scheveling coast, and the queen landed safely at the port close to the Hague, from whence they had set out.

After a few days' rest and refreshment, the undaunted Henrietta again set sail, minus two ships, which she had lost in the storm. This time she had a quick and prosperous voyage, and anchored in Burlington bay, February 20, 1642-43, after an absence of a year, all but two days. She did not attempt to land till the 22d, when a valiant escort of 1000 cavaliers appeared in sight on the hills: under their protection by land, and that of Von Tromp by sea, the queen came on shore at Burlington quay, where, on the same day, the landing of her stores commenced with the utmost celerity. At five in the morning, the queen was roused by the thundering of cannon and the rattling of shot. Five ships of war, commanded by the parliamentary admiral, Batten, which had been previously cruising off Newcastle, had entered Burlington bay in the night, and by peep of dawn commenced an active cannonade on the house where the queen was sleeping. The parliament having voted her guilty of high treason, for obtaining supplies of money and arms for her distressed husband, their heroic commander was doing his best to take her life. "One of

¹ Motteville.

their ships," says the queen, in a letter¹ she wrote at this juncture to the king, "did me the favor of flanking upon the house where I slept; and before I was out of bed, the balls whistled so loud about me that my company pressed me earnestly to go out of that house: the cannon having totally beaten down the neighbors' houses, two balls fell from the top to the bottom of the house where I was. So, clothed as well as in haste I could be, I went on foot to some little distance from the town of Burlington, and got into the shelter of a ditch like that at Newmarket, whither before I could get, the cannon bullets fell thick about us, and a servant was killed within seventy paces of me." The queen does not venture here to mention to her husband her blameworthy temerity regarding her lap-dog, though she confessed this fine adventure to madame de Motteville. "She had an old ugly dog, called 'Mitte,' whom she loved very much; when she was in the middle of Burlington street, she remembered she had left Mitte at the mercy of the parliamentary admiral. She instantly turned on her steps, rushed up-stairs into her chamber, and caught up the animal, which was reposing on her bed, and carried her off in safety."² After this exploit, the queen and her ladies gained the ditch she described, and crouched down in it while the cannon played furiously over their heads. "One dangerous ball," says the queen, "grazed the edge of the ditch, and covered us with earth and stones: the firing lasted till the ebbing of the tide." Von Tromp, whose ships were too large to approach the quay to defend the queen, attacked the valiant Batten in his retreat; and as this commander had no support from the Yorkshire land forces, he sheered off to report his deeds to his masters. The queen's transports then landed the rest of their stores, and her majesty established herself in peace and quiet in the neighborhood of Burlington, where she remained at least ten days.³ King Charles did not know any of his consort's dangers until the arrival of her letter, when he thus expressed his feelings:—

¹ *Memoirs of Henrietta Maria*, 1671, p. 34.

² *Madame de Motteville*, queen's narrative; vol. i. p. 273. ³ *Ibid.*, p. 275.

"I never till now, dear heart, knew the good of ignorance, for I did not know the danger that thou wert in by the storm before I had certain assurance of thy happy escape, we having had a pleasing false report of thy safe landing at Newcastle, which thine of the 19th of January so confirmed us in, that we at least were not undeceived of that hope till we knew certainly how great a danger thou hadst past, of which I shall not be out of apprehension until I may have the happiness of thy company; for indeed I think it not the least of my misfortunes, that for my sake thou hast run so much hazard, in the which thou hast expressed so much love to me, that I confess it is impossible to repay by anything I can do, much less by words; but my heart being full of affection for thee, admiration of thee, and impatient passion of gratitude to thee, I could not but say something, leaving the rest to be read by thee out of thine own noble heart."¹

Henrietta fixed her head-quarters at Boynton hall, near Burlington,² the seat of sir William Strickland, who, although he had accepted the honor of a baronetcy from king Charles so recently as the year 1640, was a staunch leader of the puritan party, and had rendered himself very obnoxious to the court by his political conduct. His brother Walter had recently been ambassador from the parliament to the states of Holland, where he had fiercely argued against the queen being furnished there with the munitions of war. Notwithstanding, the queen asked and received hospitality and shelter for herself and her train at the native hall of these inimical brethren. During her majesty's entertainment, a grand display was made of heavy family plate for the honor of the house. This the queen observing, took occasion, at her departure, when she returned thanks for her entertainment, to say, "That she feared it would be thought that she was about to make an ungracious return for the courtesies she had received; but, unhappily, the king's affairs had (through the disaffection and want of duty on the part of some of those who ought to have been among his most loyal supporters) come to that pass, that he required pecuniary aid. The parliament had refused to grant the supplies requisite for maintaining the honor of the crown, and therefore money must be obtained by other means, and she was sorry to be under the necessity of taking possession of the plate she had seen during her visit

¹ Documents in Appendix to the Life of Ludlow, vol. iii. pp. 313, 314.

² Kingdom's Weekly Intelligencer, March 7, 1642-43; Brit. Mus.

for his majesty's use. She should," she added, "consider it as a loan; as she trusted the king would very soon compose the disorders in those parts, when she would restore the plate, or at any rate its value in money, to sir William Strickland; and in the mean time, she would leave at Boynton hall her own portrait, both as a pledge of her royal intentions, and a memorial of her visit."

Who it was that performed the part of host at Boynton hall to the queen is uncertain, as it appears that both sir William and his brother were absent; it is possible that there were ladies of the family not so inimical to the royal party, since the mother of sir William Strickland and his brother was a Wentworth, and their grandmother a daughter of the Catholic family of the Stricklands, of Sizergh castle, in Westmoreland. The portrait left by the queen is regarded as a very fine work of art, and was probably painted during her late visit to the court of Orange.¹ It is the size of life, and represents her as very pretty and delicate in features and complexion. Her hair is ornamented with flowers at the back of the head, and is arranged in short, thick, frizzled curls, according to the fashion called at the court of France *tête de mouton*. Her dress is very elegant, simple white, with open sleeves drawn up with broad green ribbons; the bodice is like the present mode, laced across the stomacher with gold chains, and ornamented with rows of pendant pearls on each side. The family plate was never restored,² neither was Henrietta ever in a condition to redeem her promise of making a compensation for it in money; but her portrait has, in process of time, become at least of equal value. Unfortunately, Boynton hall was soon afterwards completely pillaged by a marauding party, who followed on the queen's

¹ I have been favored by sir George Strickland with a miniature copy, reduced by himself from the original, which remains in the possession of the worthy representative of the republican baronet on whom this unwelcome gift was forced by the royal beauty.

² The Weekly Intelligencer, March 7, 1642-43, mentions that unfortunately both sir William Strickland's seats were pillaged by the queen's followers, owing to his people not having secured the queen's (written) protection.

track,¹ and sir William Strickland and his brother became confirmed roundheads.²

At this period, Henrietta had recourse to the painful expedient of soliciting personal loans for the service of her royal husband, not only from the female nobility of England, but from private families whom she had reason to believe well-affected to the cause of loyalty. When in Holland, she had a great many rings, lockets, and clasps made

¹ Weekly Intelligencer, March, 1643-44: Brit. Mus.

² Sir William Strickland was a celebrated parliamentary general, one of those amateur military preachers, withal, who regale their brigades with extempore prayers and sermons of two hours' duration. His brother Walter, at that time ambassador from the parliament to the States of Holland, became one of Cromwell's lords, and was gratified with a pension of 12,000*l.* a year for his diplomatic services. As a proof of the manner in which persons of the same name and lineage were opposed in politics, it may not be irrelevant to the history of the times to mention, that at the very time these mutual offices of ill-will were exchanging between the queen and the parliamentary Stricklands of Boynton, sir Robert Strickland of Sizergh castle and Thornton Briggs (the head of the elder branch of that house, a Catholic cavalier), had, out of his own private resources, raised two regiments, one of horse, the other of foot, for the service of king Charles. The following original letter, addressed to sir Robert Strickland by sir Edward Osborne, the ancestor of the duke of Leeds, affords an amusing specimen of the epistolary style of a military county magnate of that period, and shows how equally his attention was divided between the duty of calling the loyal muster together to meet their sovereign at his house, and his anxiety to secure good poultry for the royal supper.

Original letter, from the Strickland Papers, Sizergh castle.

"COLLONEL STRICKLAND,

[1642.]

"I have received notice this night from a *com* [suppose commissioner], that the king will be at York on Saturday next, when I am to entertain him for a day or two. I will therefore entreat you to add to your former courtesies this one; that is, to help me to some fatt fowls, if possibly you can, either from yourself or your farmers, or sir William Alford [the brother-in-law of sir Robert Strickland], or both, against Saturday night's supper, whereby you will do me an extraordinary favour. Must likewise desire you not to fail to be here on Saturday by noon, for the king intends to speake with all the commanders of this county. I pray both [you] and sir William Robinson to understand as much from me, as it will save me a labour of writing to him on purpose, which is very pretious to me. This in great hast. With my kind love to yourself, your friends, and your ladye,

"I rest your very affectionate friend,

"ED. OSBORNE."

Endorsed, "To my most esteemed friend Robert Strickland, Esq., one of the deputy lieutenant-collonels for the North Riding; or, in his absence, for Mistress Strickland. . This with haste, haste."

with her cipher, the letters H.M.R., Henrietta Maria Regina, in delicate filigree of gold curiously entwined in a monogram placed on red velvet, the color of the order of the Bath, covered with thick crystal, cut like a table diamond and set in gold. These were called "the queen's pledges," and presented by her to those who had rendered her any particular service, with an understanding, that if shown to her majesty when fortune smiled on the royal cause, "the pledge" would command either repayment of the money advanced, or admission into the most honorable orders of English chivalry. Many of these interesting testimonials are in existence, and, in families where the tradition has been forgotten, have been regarded as amulets which were to secure good fortune to the wearer. One of the royal pledges, a small bracelet clasp, has been an heir loom in the family of the author of this Life of Henrietta; and there is a ring with the same device in possession of Philip Darrell, Esq., of Cales Hill, in Kent, which was presented to his immediate ancestor by the queen. Since the earlier editions of these biographies were published, an opportunity has occurred of examining one of queen Henrietta Maria's pledges of a higher order than those she gave to the head of the ancient family of the Darrells, or to our own younger branch of the cavalier Stricklands. The other is much larger: it is in the same style, but the queen's monogram is enamelled on azure blue, the original color of the order of the Garter.¹

Whilst queen Henrietta waited in the neighborhood of Burlington, she was active in distributing arms to those

¹ When placed in our hands for description, it was notified that it had been two hundred years in a family of the name of Edge; now, it is just two hundred years since captain Edge, one of Cromwell's most valiant troopers, mainly contributed to winning the battle of Dunbar by his personal prowess, and he gained much spoil by plundering the tents of the royalists. Whether this delicate medallion was captured at Dunbar has been forgotten; but it has been preserved to the present hour by being roughly inserted in the lid of an old snuff-box, which, though silver, is of remarkably rude workmanship, forming a strong contrast with the elegance of the workmanship of the queen's blue medallion,—her gift, perhaps, to some cavalier who fell beneath the broadsword of captain Edge. We have to thank Mrs. Edge, the widow of its last possessor, for the loan of this relic.

gentlemen of Yorkshire who were loyally disposed, and in winning over influential persons to the king's party. Sir Hugh Cholmondeley delivered Scarborough castle to her majesty, and declared himself a cavalier.¹ Many other gentlemen, quite captivated by the adventurous valor of their queen, resolved on the same course; among others, the Hothams, whose defection had so infinitely injured the king.² A complete reaction seems to have taken place in the royal cause in Yorkshire; it arose, perhaps, from the following circumstance. While the queen yet remained in the vicinity of her landing-place, one of the captains of the five parliamentary vessels which bombarded the queen's house at Burlington, was seized on shore. He was tried by a military tribunal, and, as it was proved that he was the man who directed the cannon, he was condemned to be hanged. The queen happened to meet the procession when he was conducted to execution, and she insisted on knowing what it meant. She was told that king Charles's loyal subjects were about to punish the man who had taken aim at her chamber in Burlington. "Ah!" said the queen, "but I have forgiven him all that; and as he did not kill me, he shall not be put to death on my account." The captain was set at liberty by her commands, and she entreated him "not to persecute one who would not harm him when she could."—"The captain," adds the narrative,³ "was so deeply touched by her generosity, that he came over to the royal cause, and, moreover, persuaded several of his shipmates to join him."

At last, her gallant escort of 2000 cavaliers arrived from York, sent by the earl of Newcastle, headed by the heroic marquess of Montrose, and the queen set out in triumph, crossing the wolds to Malton on her march to York, guarding six pieces of cannon, two large mortars, and 250 wagons loaded with money, arms, and ammunition. Her army

¹ Madame de Motteville, queen's narrative; vol. i. p. 273.

² Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1671.

³ This adventure is mentioned by Bossuet, in his fine oration at the funeral of the queen; it is detailed in a memoir of her, printed with the discourse. The name of the captain is not mentioned, but from a passage in Pepys's Diary there is every reason to suppose he was Batten.

gathered as she advanced, and when she reached York it had swelled into a formidable force. Her majesty herself gave an animated description of her military progress, saying:—"She rode on horseback throughout all the march as general; she ate her meals in sight of the army, without seeking shelter from sun or rain; she spoke frankly to her soldiers, who seemed infinitely delighted with her; she took a town, too, by the way, 'which truly,' according to her own words, 'was not defended quite so obstinately as Antwerp when besieged by the duke of Parma, but it was a considerable one, and very useful to the royal cause.'" ¹

"The queen came to York on Wednesday," observes one of the public journals of the day.² "The recorder of the city, lately imprisoned by the cavaliers, made her a speech full of loyalty to his majesty, so it was all plain English to the queen. He told her, that if she did not exert herself to make peace, greater harm would ensue, since papists were in arms against the law-makers;" and he finished by a long prayer "for the extirpation of idolatry." The newspaper which gives the speech of the inimical recorder adds no detail of vengeance taken by Henrietta for the insult, yet she was at that moment all-powerful in York. "The queen," continues the journal, "left garrisons at Moulton and Stamford bridge to awe the East Riding. Lord Fairfax is resolved to make use of *clubmen*³ to stop the passage of the queen's army, but with all readiness to attend her majesty, if she please to accept the forces under his command to be a guard to her person." The queen, in fact, received a very elegantly worded billet from Fairfax of congratulation "on her safe and happy landing, dwelling on the joy it gave him and all loyal persons, requesting, withal, that she would please to admit him and his army to guard her."⁴ As the queen knew she was outlawed and proscribed by parliament, it is scarcely needful to add that

¹ Mercurius Belgicus, a contemporary chronicle, perfectly agrees with the French memoirs.

² Weekly Intelligencer, March 14, 1642-43.

³ These were the unhappy agricultural peasantry, who, without wishing to be partisans for either party, were starving, and enduring dreadful privations.

⁴ Weekly Intelligencer, March 14, 1642-43.

she did not accept the civil offer of the parliamentary general. Her previously quoted letter proves that she was aware that the parliament had agreed on impeaching her, although Dugdale assures us the act was not promulgated to the public until May. The queen wrote from York as follows:—

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA TO CHARLES I.¹

“York, March 20, 1643.

“MY DEAR HEART:—

“I need not tell you from whence this bearer comes, only I will tell you that the propositions he brings are good. I believe there is not yet time to put them in execution; therefore find some means to send them back which may not discontent them, and do not tell who gave you this advice.

“Sir Hugh *Cholmonley* is come in with a troop of horse to kiss my hand; the rest of his people he left at Scarborough, *with a ship laden with arms, which the ships of the parliament had brought thither* [at Scarborough]. So she is ours. The rebels have quitted Tadcaster, upon our sending forces to Wetherby, but [the rebels] are returned with 1200 men. We send more forces to drive them out, though those we have already at Wetherby are sufficient; but we fear, as they have all their forces thereabout, lest they have some design, for they have quitted Selby and Cawood, the last of which they have burnt. Between this and to-morrow we shall know the issue of the business, and I will send you an express.

“I am the more careful to advertise you of what we do, that you and we may find means to have passports to send; and I wonder that, on the *cessation*, you have not demanded that you might send in safety. This shows my love.”

The cessation the queen mentions was a treaty of peace which the parliament were negotiating with the king. Clarendon blames her exceedingly for her opposition to the treaty. She must speak for herself, as follows:—

“I understand to-day from London that they [the parliament] will have no cessation [of arms], and that they treat in the beginning (in the two first articles) of surrender of forts, ships, and ammunition, and afterwards of the disbanding of the [king's] army. Certainly I wish a peace more than any, and that with greater reason than any one else; but I would desire the *disbanding* of the perpetual parliament first, and certainly the rest will be easy afterwards.”

This parliament, it must be remembered, had voted itself life-long, an encroachment at once on the constitution of England far more astounding than anything that king Charles had done. .

¹ Letter printed among the letters of king Charles, from his cabinet taken at Naseby: published by parliament.

"I do not say this," resumes the queen, "of my own head alone, for generally, both those who are for you and against you in this country wish an end of it; and I am certain that if you do not demand it at first, it will not be granted. Hull is ours, and all Yorkshire, which is a thing to consider of; and for my particular, if you make a peace, and disband your army before there is an end of this perpetual parliament, I am absolutely resolved to go to France, not being willing to fall again into the hands of those people, being well assured that if the power remains with them, it will not be well for me in England.

"Remember what I have written you in three precedent letters, and be more careful of me than you have been, or at least dissemble it [*i.e.*, affect to be more careful of me]. Adieu, the man hastens me, so that I can say no more."

In a fragment of a letter from York, the queen notices other naval force taken from the parliamentary party:—

"You now know by Eliot the issue of the business at Tadcaster; since that, we almost lost Scarborough. Whilst sir Hugh *Cholmly* was here, Brown Bushel would have rendered that place up to parliament; but sir Hugh having notice of it is gone with our forces and hath retaken it, and hath desired a lieutenant and forces of ours to put within it, and in exchange we should take his [garrison]. Sir Hugh *Cholmley* hath also taken two pinnaces from Hotham,¹ which brought forty-four men to put within Scarborough for the parliament, with ten pieces of cannon, four barrels of powder, and four of bullets. This is all our news. Our army marches to-morrow to put an end to Fairfax's excellency; and will make an end of this letter, this third of April. I must add that I have had no news of you since Parsons.—April 3, 1643."

As for "making an end of Fairfax's excellency," that was sooner said than done. This is another instance of those "shouts before victory" into which the queen's sanguine temperament perpetually betrayed her. The royal pair could not meet till Fairfax and Essex were cleared out of their path, achievements which required some months' time and several minor victories to effect; and the queen was actually detained on the northeast coast of England nearly six months, while the king and prince Rupert were fighting and skirmishing round Oxford and the mid-counties. The successes of the cavaliers occasioned the parliament to publish the queen's impeachment of high treason. It has been shown that she knew the measure was impending some weeks before her voyage from Holland, as her letters

¹ Letters printed among the letters of king Charles. In the preceding letter the queen says, "Hull is ours," but it was not yet rendered, though the Hothams were now secretly in the queen's interest. Young Hotham was accused by parliament, when put to death, of having betrayed the above force into the queen's hands.

to madame St. George, previously quoted, express her feelings concerning it. But the sorrow, which she freely owns in her private correspondence, was not betrayed by her to the discouragement of her partisans. Dugdale,¹ who has noted her every movement minutely in his diary, wrote, "The impeachment only added activity to her majesty's warlike operations, and gave a higher tone to her personal heroism, for it offered impunity to any fanatic who might choose to take her life: that very day, March 23d, she commenced her march to Newark,"² from whence she wrote the following letter, in triumphant spirits:—

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA TO CHARLES I.³

"Newark, June 27, 1643.

"MY DEAR HEART:—

"I received just now your letter by my lord Saville, who found me ready to go away, staying but for one thing, for which you may well pardon me two days' stop; it is, to have Hull and Lincoln. Young Hotham, having been put in prison by order of parliament, is escaped, and hath sent to 260⁴ that he would cast himself into his arms, and that Hull and Lincoln should be rendered.⁵ Young Hotham hath gone to his father, and 260 [Newcastle] waits for your answer.

"I think I shall go hence on Friday or Saturday. I shall sleep at Werton, and from thence go to Ashby, where we will resolve what way to take, and I will stay there a day, because the march of the day before will have been somewhat great; and also to learn how the enemy marches, all their forces of Nottingham at present being gone towards Leicester and Derby, which makes us believe that they intend to intercept our passage. As soon as we have resolved, I will send you word; at this present, I think it best to let you know the state in which we march, and what force I leave behind me for the safety of Nottinghamshire and Lincolnshire. I leave 2000 foot, and wherewithal to arm 500 more, and 20 companies of horse: all this is to be under Charles Cavendish, whom the gentlemen of the country have desired me not to carry with me, for he desired extremely not to go. The enemy have left in Nottingham 1000 [garrison].

"I carry with me 3000 foot, 30 companies of horse and dragoons, 6 pieces of cannon, and two mortars. Harry Jermyn commands the forces which go with me, as colonel of my guard, sir Alexander Lesley the foot under him, [sir John] Gerard the horse, and Robin Legge the artillery, and her she-majesty general-

¹ Dugdale's Diary, printed by C. Jones in his collections called *Recollections of Royalty*; vol. ii. p. 258.

² *Ibid.*

³ Letter printed among the letters of king Charles, captured at Naseby.

⁴ This number is probably a cipher which designates the marquess of Newcastle.

⁵ The event proved that the two Hothams had more power to do the king harm than good. They were both beheaded by the parliament.

issima over all, and extremely diligent am I, with 150 waggons of baggage to govern in case of battle."

With all this valor, her "*she-majesty generalissima*" (as Henrietta calls herself) has an eye to dangers that might occur by the way from the earl of Essex, whom the king was doing his best to keep in check, for she adds:—

"Have a care that no troop of Essex's army incommode us. I hope that for the rest we shall be strong enough, for at Nottingham we had the experience that one of our troops have beaten six of theirs, and made them fly.

"I have received your proclamation or declaration, which I wish had not been made, being extremely disadvantageous to you, for you show too much apprehension, and do not do what you had resolved upon.

"Farewell, my dear heart."

Before the queen departed from Newark, the ladies of that town brought up a petition, entreating her majesty not to march from Newark till Nottingham was taken.¹ The practice of petitioning royalty was a perfect mania at that time; it had been a point of dispute between the king and the parliament, and all sorts and conditions of persons, of both sexes,² thought proper to dictate by petition the public measures they thought best to be pursued. Her majesty gave the ladies of Newark, in her answer, a sly hint on feminine duties, in these words:—

"Ladies, affairs of this nature are not in our sphere. I am commanded by the king to make all the haste to him that I can. You will receive this advantage, at least, by my answer, though I cannot grant your petition,—you may learn, by my example, to obey your husbands."

As this fine petition had been got up without the knowledge of the husbands of the Newark dames, a more provoking answer could not have been devised,—not that queen Henrietta could boast of being the most submissive wife under the sun, as some phrases in her epistles above can testify.

At last all invidious obstacles were cleared from her majesty's path, by the valor of the king, his nephews, and

¹ Disraeli's Commentaries, reign of Charles I; vol. iii. p. 134.

² The custom seems to have been broken for a time by Cromwell's cruel orders to his ruffian troopers, who massacred many of the women of Essex and Kent when they came, in 1647 (the sixth year of this horrid war), to implore the intimidated parliament, then under military terror, for peace.—Evelyn's Diary.

the Oxford cavaliers. The queen's name formed the battle-cry of the desultory warfare. The word of the cavalier charge was "God for queen Mary!" the name by which Henrietta Maria was then known in England. The loyalists likewise mentioned their queen in the party-songs popular in the mid-counties:—

"God save the king, the queen, the prince also,¹
With all loyal subjects both high and both low;
The roundheads can pray for themselves, ye know,
Which nobody can deny.

"Plague take Pym and all his peers!
Huzza for prince Rupert and his cavaliers!
When they come here, these hounds will have fears,
Which nobody can deny.

"God save prince Rupert, and Maurice withal;
For they gave the roundheads a great downfall,
And knocked their noddles 'gainst Worcester wall,
Which nobody can deny."

The queen marched from Newark July 3d; she arrived at Ashby on the 7th of the same month, from whence she came to Wassal, and slept at Ablewell street, in an antique house which, in the present century, was the Red Lion inn. The 10th of July the queen arrived at King's Norton, where she was entertained in a large house adjoining the church-yard. Her next march was to Stratford-upon-Avon. A stirring day was July 11, 1643, in the beautiful town of Shakspeare, and loudly it resounded with loyal shouts and songs of triumph; for there prince Rupert and his cavaliers met her majesty, and gave her their powerful escort to meet the king. The queen marched from Stratford on the morrow, and the next day arrived at Wroxton, at the foot of the Edge hills.²

It was in the vale of Keinton, near his own victorious ground of Edgehill, that Charles met his adored Henrietta. Such a meeting was some atonement for their lives of ill fortune; the king praised the high courage and faithful

¹ Collection of Loyal Songs.

² Dugdale's Diary. He is the only author who journalizes this remarkable march of the queen and her army.

affection of her whom he proudly and emphatically called "his wife." The mid-counties had been so thoroughly cleared of the insurgents, that the king was only accompanied by his own regiment when he marched to meet her. Among the songs of the cavaliers, there is one on the subject of the queen's approach: it commemorates the local victories of that day, and still survives in the oral traditions of the people:—¹

"When gallant Grenville stoutly stood,
And stopt the gap up with his blood,²
When Hopton led his Cornish band,
When the sly Conqueror³ durst not stand,
We knew the queen was nigh at hand.

"When great Newcastle so came forth,
As in nine days he scoured the north;⁴
When Fairfax' vast perfidious force
Was shrunk to five invisible horse;
When none but lady ——⁵ staid to fight,
We knew our queen was come in sight.

"But when Carnarvon, who still hit
With his keen blade and keener wit;
Stout Wilmot, Byron, Crawford, who
Struck yesterday's great glorious blow;
When Waller could but bleed and fret,
Then—then the sacred couple met!"

Just before the triumphant entry of the king and queen into the loyal city of Oxford, they received the news of one of prince Rupert's dashing, victorious skirmishes, which added to the exhilaration of the festival with which the cavaliers welcomed them. A silver medal was struck at Oxford to commemorate this event,⁶ and the queen was re-

¹ We have had several versions of this song sent to us by courteous correspondents.

² Battle of Lansdown and Roundaway downs.

³ Sir William Waller, so called by the Londoners.

⁴ Battle of Atherton Moor.

⁵ Lady Fairfax.

⁶ The king and queen are seen seated in chairs of state; the sun is over his chair, the crescent moon and stars over hers: the dragon Python, symbolizing rebellion, lies dead before them. On the reverse, expressed in Latin abbreviations, is commemorated, '*July 13, the king and queen of Great Britain, France, and Ireland auspiciously met in the vale of Keinton, and rebellion fled to the west. Omen of victory and peace. Oxford, 1643.*' The figure of the queen,

ceived in that beautiful and loyal city with the most enthusiastic admiration, as the heroine of the royal party. Her reception was thus celebrated by an Oxford poet:—

“THE QUEEN’S WELCOME.¹

“You’re come at last! In vain the Belgic shore
Weeps as you part, and bids her waves to roar;
In vain the winds ran high, and strove to raise
Rebellion in your empire of the seas;
In vain your subjects, far more rude than they,
Attempt to stop your just and fated way;
The duteous waves scorned their usurped powers,
And though the ships be theirs, the sea was yours;
In vain to welcome you on shore they sent
By the rude cannon’s mouth their compliment,
That which they always meant, but durst not tell,
Yet the bold bullets spoke it plain and well.”²

The queen’s triumphs, replete as they are with lively incidents, were regretted by the true friends of the king. Clarendon declares that she was too much elated at the flush of success which her supplies had been the means of obtaining to hear of any means of terminating the civil war, excepting conquest.³ Thus the opportunity of making peace was lost,—a great error, but a defect in moral judgment to which heroes and heroines are extremely prone. It is one of the mistakes for which queen Henrietta blamed herself with unsparing severity, and is the reason why, in her narrative, she passes over the particulars of her sojourn at Oxford with painful brevity. Those who from the vantage-ground of two centuries survey the evil times in which the lot of Charles I. was cast will be dubious whether any peace could have been lasting. All that was good and vital in the spirit of feudality was nearly extinct, but at the same

in the graceful costume of her day, in a flowing open robe, falling sleeves, and pointed bodice, may be recognized. The medal is in the valuable collection of William Hoggart, Esq., of Hammersmith, but the design is better than the execution, which is faint and inefficient, proving that all requisites but loyalty were wanted in Oxford for striking medals. The specimen is rare, and as an historical memorial of considerable value.

¹ Dugdale’s Papers.

² The cannonade fired on the queen at her landing at Burlington is here the allusion.

³ Life of Clarendon, vol. i. p. 185.

time the people were vexed and encumbered with what we may be permitted to call its lifeless husks. Among these, the abuses appertaining to the court of Wards were alone sufficient to impel the most enduring people to revolution. But the puritan patriots, so far from reforming these real wrongs, were contending for the sinecures connected with them.¹ There were individuals in those days, as in these, to whom all worship but that of mammon was indifferent; who, incited by the splendor of the new aristocracy, which had been built on the spoils of the monasteries, remembered that the church of England (if they could induce the king to join in the robbery) would afford goodly prey, and these were the most impracticable of all agitators. Nevertheless, it was the bounden duty of the queen to have promoted peace, however hopeless of its continuance, instead of opposing its establishment.

Lord Clarendon has thus analyzed the influence that Henrietta possessed over the mind of her husband:—² “The king’s affection to the queen was a composition of conscience, love, generosity, and gratitude, and all those noble affections which raise the passion to the greatest height; insomuch, that he saw with her eyes, and determined by her judgment. Not only did he pay her this adoration, but he desired that all men should know that he was swayed by her, and this was not good for either of them. The queen was a lady of great beauty, excellent wit and humor, and made him a just return of the noblest affections; so that they were the true ideal of conjugal attachment in the age in which they lived. . . . When the queen was admitted to the knowledge and participation of the most secret affairs (from which she had been carefully restrained by the duke of Buckingham), she took great delight in examining and discussing them, and from thence forming judgment of them, in which her *passions* [prejudices] were always strong. She had felt so much pain in knowing nothing, and meddling with nothing, during the

¹ Lord Say and Sele, a republican, had helped himself to the lucrative place of Master of the Wards.

² Life of Clarendon, vol. i. pp. 185, 186.

Mon cousin payez en un lettre par persons: avec la
relation de tout ce qui s'est passé à Newcastle et mis
bien aise que vous n'ayez pas encore mangé les rats
pour veu que les excrois ne mange point des yorkshires
ou de uales tout yra fort bien j'espère que vous y ferez
vos ordres:

Je suis et ben bonneme

exford le 15 mars

Henrietta Maria

time of the great favorite, that now she took no pleasure but in knowing all things, and disposing of all things, as he had done,—not considering that the universal prejudice that great man had undergone was not in reference to his person, but his power, and that the same power would be equally obnoxious to complaint if it resided in any other person than the king himself. Nor did she more desire to possess this unlimited power longer than that all the world should notice that she was the entire mistress of it; and it was her majesty's misfortune (and that of the kingdom) that she had no one about her to advise and inform her of the temper of the people." And so thought the queen herself when it was too late.

For a few months the beautiful city of Oxford was the seat of the English court, over which the queen presided. There all that was loyal, refined, and learned gathered round the royal family, and for a while hope existed that the discontents of the people would be finally silenced by force of arms. From such a result only evil could have ensued; no reflective person, to whom the good of their country was dear, could have wished it. While the spirits of the queen were yet sustained by martial enthusiasm, she wrote from Oxford the subjoined little French billet [*see facsimile opposite*] to the loyal defender of York, in the spring of the year 1644:—

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA TO THE MARQUESS OF NEWCASTLE.

[*Translation of autograph opposite.*]

"MY COUSIN:—

"I have received your letter by Parsons, with the account of all that has passed at Newcastle, and am very glad you have not yet eaten rats. So that the Scotch have not yet eaten Yorkshire oat-cakes all will go well, I hope, as you are there to order about it.

"Your faithful and very good friend,

"HENRIETTE MARIE, R.

"Oxford, this March 15."

All the pride of the queen is laid aside while cheering her faithful partisan. In these few lines she shows she had made herself mistress of the customs of the northern counties; she alludes to their provincial food, the oat-cakes, with the certainty of giving delight to the garrison. The

queen remained at Oxford during the change of fortune that befell the king's cause. It was at the commencement of the year 1644 that the royalist poet, Davenant, addressed to her majesty some lines, which Pope imitated in his youth, when they were forgotten, and founded his early fame upon them.¹ Perhaps their harmony was never surpassed in English verse:—

“TO THE QUEEN AT OXFORD.

“Fair as unshaded light, or as the day
Of the first year, when every month was May;
Sweet as the altar's smoke, or as the new
Unfolded bud swelled by the morning's dew;
Kind as the willing saints, but calmer far
Than in their dreams forgiven votaries are,—
But what, sweet excellence, what dost thou here?”

This last line conveyed a question prompted by the delicate situation of the queen: Oxford was likely to remain no secure harbor for her in her approaching hour of peril and weakness. The sufferings incidental to her condition were aggravated by the acute tortures of an obstinate rheumatic fever, which she owed to the hardships of her campaign in the previous summer. The queen thought that the springs of Bath would allay her miseries, and she was in consequence very anxious to leave Oxford. Bath was harassed by the enemy; it was difficult to meet the queen's wishes: some of the loyalists murmured, as if it were for the indulgence of caprice; yet her maladies were real enough, as any one who has tried rheumatic fever may comprehend. “Lord Hopton,”² says an inedited letter of April 16, 1644, “is quartered about Merlinsborough [Marlborough]: his forces exceed 10,000 foot and horse. The queen has yet deferred her journey to the west, much against her will and content. Your noble friend and my dearest Endymion [Porter] labors of an ague, but hope he will, ere you receive these lines, shake him off with a powder.” Oxford was

¹ In the opening of his *Pastorals*.

² Erisey Porter to Colonel Seymour; tom. iii. No. 33, of the private family archives of his grace the duke of Somerset, by whose courteous permission the above inedited document is inserted.

exceedingly unhealthy that spring, and the poor queen's chronic malady became daily worse.

The king delayed the agonizing separation from his adored consort till the approach of the parliamentary forces made a battle near Oxford inevitable. Previously to the battle of Newbury, so fatal to his cause, Charles I. escorted his beloved wife to Abingdon, and there, on the 3d of April, 1644, with streaming tears and dark forebodings for the future, this attached pair parted, never to meet again on earth. The queen's first destination was Bath, where she sought the cure of her rheumatic fever, but it was sharpened into nervous agony by intolerable anxiety of mind. She alludes to her malady in the letter which announced her arrival at Bath; according to the phraseology of the day, she calls it a rheum.

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA TO KING CHARLES.¹

"MY DEAR HEART:—

"Fred. Cornwallis will have told you all our *voyage* [journey] as far as Abury, and the state of my health. Since my coming hither I find myself ill, as well as in the *ill rest* I have, as in the increase of my *rheum*. I hope this day's rest will do me good. I go to-morrow to Bristol to send you back the carts; many of them are already returned. . . .

"Farewell, my dear heart! I cannot write more than that I am absolutely yours.

"Bathe, April 21, 1644."

Nothing could be more calamitous than the queen's prospects in her approaching time of pain and weakness. Bath at that period, as its local history will certify the reader, was an abode of horror; pestilence brooded over its once healthful site, for decaying corpses were seen at every corner of its streets. War had been there in its most hideous shape. Queen Henrietta had trusted that the celebrated thermal fountains of Bath would cure her of the chronic affection that racked her poor limbs, but to tarry there was impossible; ill and sorrowful as she was, she sought refuge in the loyal city of Exeter, where, amidst the disturbance and consternation of an approaching siege, she was in want of everything. She took up her abode at Bedford house, in Exeter. The king had written to summon to her assist-

¹ King Charles's Works and Letters; printed at the Hague, p. 266.

ance his faithful household-physician, Theodore Mayerne; his epistle was comprehended in one emphatic line in French:—

“MAYERNE:—

“For the love of *me*, go to my wife!

“C. R.”

The queen likewise wrote an urgent letter in French to Dr. Mayerne, entreating him to come to her assistance, to the following effect:—¹

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA TO SIR THEODORE MAYERNE.

“Exeter, this 3d of May.

“MONSIEUR DE MAYERNE:—

“My indisposition does not permit me to write much to entreat you to come to me, if your health will suffer you; but my malady will, I trust, sooner bring you here than many lines. For this cause I say no more but that, retaining always in my memory the care you have ever taken of me in my utmost need, it makes me believe that, if you can, you will come, and that I am, and shall be ever,

“Your good mistress and friend,

“HENRIETTE MARIE, R.”

There is great generosity of mind in this letter. The queen does not say, as many a one does who requires impossibilities in this exacting age, “Help me now, or all you have hitherto done will be of no use;” but, in a nobler spirit, “If you cannot come to me in my extreme need, I shall still remain grateful for all your previous benefits.” Such, we deem, offers a good instance of that ill-defined virtue, gratitude.

The faithful physician did not abandon his royal patrons in the hour of their distress; he obeyed their summons, though we have reason to believe that he looked not with affection on the queen, deeming her religion one of the principal causes of the distracted state of England. Henrietta likewise wrote to her sister-in-law, the queen-regent of France, Anne of Austria, giving her an account of her distressed state. The queen, who was herself just set free by death from the tyranny of her husband’s minister, car-

¹ The original is in the Sloane MS., 1679, fol. 71 b. The letter, printed in the original French, may be seen in Ellis’s *Historical Letters*, second series, vol. iii. p. 315; likewise the letter of king Charles, *ibid.*, p. 316.

dinal Richelieu, was enabled to obey the impulses of her generous nature. She sent 50,000 pistoles, with every article needful for a lady in a delicate situation, and her own *sage femme*, madame Peronne, to assist Henrietta in her hour of trouble. Perhaps the best trait in the character of queen Henrietta occurs at this juncture; she reserved a very small portion of the donation of the queen of France for her own use, and sent the bulk of it to the relief of her distressed husband. Boundless generosity—a generosity occurring in the time of privation, was a characteristic of Henrietta.

Meantime, sir Theodore Mayerne arrived at Exeter,¹ May 28th: he travelled from London in the queen's chariot, with sir Martin Lister. Although faithful in his prompt attendance to the summons of his royal master in behalf of the queen, he was rough and uncompromising enough in his professional consultations. The queen, feeling the agony of an overcharged brain, said, one day at Exeter, pressing her hand on her head, "Mayerne, I am afraid that I shall go mad some day."—"Nay," replied the caustic physician, "your majesty need not fear going mad; you have been so some time." The queen, when she related this incident to madame de Motteville, mentioned it as Mayerne's serious opinion of her bodily health; but his reply is couched more like a political sneer than a medical opinion.

The queen gave birth to a living daughter at Exeter, June 16, 1644, at Bedford house, and in less than a fortnight afterwards the army of the earl of Essex advanced to besiege her city of refuge. On the approach of this hostile force, the queen, who was in a very precarious state of health, sent to the republican general, requesting permission to retire to Bath for the completion of her recovery. Essex made answer, "That it was his intention to escort her majesty to London, where her presence was required to answer to parliament for having levied war in England." This was tantamount to avowing an intention of leading her to the metropolis as a prisoner, and the French writers²

¹ Ellis's Historical Letters, second series, vol. iii. p. 316.

² Mémoires de Madame de la Fayette, and of the queen's cousin, Mademoiselle de Montpensier.

aver that Essex actually went so far as to set a price on her head. The daughter of Henry the Great summoned all the energy of character which she had derived from that mighty sire, to triumph over the pain and weakness that oppressed her feminine frame at this awful crisis. She rose from her sick-bed, and left Exeter with one gentleman, one lady, and her confessor. She was constrained to hide herself in a hut, three miles from Exeter gate, where she passed two days without anything to nourish her, couched under a heap of litter.¹ She heard the parliamentary soldiers defile on each side of her shelter; she overheard their imprecations and oaths "that they would carry the head of Henrietta to London, as they should receive from the parliament a reward for it of 50,000 crowns." When this peril was passed, she issued out of her hiding-place, and, accompanied by the three persons who had shared her dangers, traversed the same road on which the soldiers had lately marched, though they had rendered it nearly impassable. She travelled in extreme pain, and her anxious attendants were astonished that she did not utterly fail on the way. Her ladies and faithful officers stole out of Exeter, in various disguises, to meet her.² Their rendezvous was at night, in a miserable cabin in a wood between Exeter and Plymouth. The valiant dwarf, Jeffrey Hudson, was of this party; he had grown up to the respectable stature of three feet and a half, and showed both courage and sagacity in this escape. The queen, whose original destination was Plymouth, found Pendennis castle a safer place of refuge. She arrived with her company, in doleful plight, at this royal fortress on the 29th of June, 1644. As a friendly Dutch vessel was in the bay, the queen resolved to embark at once, and she sailed with her domestic suite from the western coast early the following morning.³

Meantime, her royal husband made incredible efforts to

¹ *Vie de Henriette de France*, prefixed to the oration of Bossuet.

² *Mémoires de Mademoiselle de Montpensier*.

³ Madame de Motteville, whose account is partly confirmed by the MS. of Gamache.

succor his beloved Henrietta ; and, urged by despair, forced his way to Exeter by means of a series of minor victories, which were complete because he was entirely his own general. So near were this loving pair towards meeting once more, that Charles entered Exeter triumphantly but ten days after the queen sailed from Pendennis. Lady Morton presented to the king the little princess, left to her care on the flight of the unfortunate queen. For the first and last time, the hapless monarch bestowed on his poor babe a paternal embrace. He caused one of his chaplains to baptize this little one Henrietta Anne, after her kind aunt of France and her mother. He relieved Exeter, and left an order on the customs for the support of his infant, who remained there for some time in the charge of her governess, lady Morton.

Queen Henrietta did not reach the shores of her native land without a fresh trial to her courage. The vessel in which she had embarked was chased by a cruiser in the service of the parliament, which fired several cannon-shots, and the danger of the queen's being taken or sunk seemed imminent. She forbade any return to be made of the cannonading, for fear of delay, but urged the pilot to continue his course, and every sail to be set for speed ; and she charged the captain, if their escape were impossible, to fire the powder-magazine¹ and destroy her with the ship, rather than permit her to fall alive into the hands of her husband's enemies. At this order, her ladies and domestics² sent forth the most piercing cries ; she, meantime, maintaining a courageous silence, her high spirit being wound up to brave death, rather than the disgrace to herself and the trouble to her husband which would have ensued if she had been dragged a captive to London. The cannonading continued till they were in sight of Jersey, when a shot hit the queen's little bark, and made it stagger under the blow. Every one on board gave themselves over for lost, as the

¹ Madame de Motteville, vol. i., queen's narrative, p. 267 ; Maestricht, 1782.

² Ibid., p. 276. It is said that her pursuer's name was captain Batts. Batten was the enemy who cannonaded her at Burlington. These names often occur in the diary of Pepys, as of persons in trust and favor in Charles II.'s navy.

mischief done to the rigging made the vessel slacken sail. At that moment, a little fleet of Dieppe vessels hove in sight, and hastened to the scene of action. This friendly squadron took the queen's battered bark under their protection, and the enemy sheered off. A furious storm sprung up before a landing could be effected, and Henrietta's vessel was driven far from the shelter offered by the harbor of Dieppe.¹

In a few hours the coast of Bretagne—the refuge of many an exile from England—rose in sight. The queen ordered the long-boat out, and was rowed on shore. She landed in a wild, rocky cove at Chastel, not far from Brest. Here she had to climb over rocks, and traverse on foot a most dangerous path. At last she descended into a little rude hamlet of fishermen's huts, where she thankfully laid herself down to rest in a peasant's cabin covered with stubble. The Bas-Bretons took her people at first for pirates, and rose in arms against them; and the queen, exhausted as she was, was forced to explain to them who she really was.² Next morning the neighboring Breton gentlemen, being apprised of her landing, thronged to her retreat in their coaches, offering her all the service in their power. In all eyes, as she afterwards observed, she must have appeared more like a distressed wandering princess of romance than a real queen. She was very ill, and very much changed; but the memory of Henri Quatre was still dear to the French people. His daughter was followed by their benedictions, and supplied, from private good-will, with all she needed: she used the equipages so generously offered to convey her to the baths of Bourbon, where she sought health for her body, and repose for her overwrought mind. Her first impression, she declared, was that of penitence for her intended self-destruction. The indomitable determination of purpose, which all ancient writers, and too many modern ones, would have lauded as an instance of high resolve beseeeming a Roman matron, queen Henrietta very properly condemned as sinful desperation, unworthy of a Christian woman. "I did not," she said to

¹ Vie de Reine Henriette.—Bossuet.

² Ibid.

madame de Motteville, when she related to her this adventure, "feel any extraordinary effort when I gave the order to blow up the vessel: I was perfectly calm and self-possessed. I can now accuse myself of want of moral courage to master my pride; and I give thanks to God for having preserved me at the same time from my enemies and from myself."¹

The feelings of Charles I. on his queen's departure, left desolate as he was to accomplish his sad destiny, are best known by his lonely meditations in his *Eikon Basilike*. He says of her, "Although I have much cause to be troubled at my wife's departure from me, yet her absence grieves me not so much as the scandal of that necessity which drives her away doth afflict me,—viz., that she should be compelled by my own subjects to withdraw for her safety. I fear such conduct (so little adorning the Protestant profession) may occasion a farther alienation of her mind and divorce of affection in her from that religion, which is the only thing in which my wife and I differ. . . . I am sorry that my relation and connection with so deserving a lady should be any occasion of her danger and affliction. Her personal merits would have served her as a protection amongst savage Indians, since their rudeness and uncivilized state knows not to hate all virtue, as some men's cruelty doth, among whom I yet think there be few so malicious as to hate her for herself: the fault is, *she is my wife*." Here, we think, the conjugal affection of king Charles misleads him. The fact is, that his chief fault in the eyes of his people was, that *he* was *her* husband. He continues his observation with pathetic earnestness:—"I ought, then, to study her security, who is in danger only for my sake. I am content to be tossed, weather-beaten, and shipwrecked, so that she be safe in harbor. I enjoy this comfort, by her safety in the midst of my personal dangers. I can perish but half, if *she* be preserved. In her memory and in her children, I may yet survive the malice of my enemies, although they should at last be satiate with my blood."

¹ Madame de Motteville's Memoirs, vol. i. p. 276. Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Père Cyprian's Memoirs, and the Life of Henrietta (Bossuet), all mention this resolution of the queen.

Thus Charles always looked forward to a violent death, but he was greatly mistaken if he supposed that the malice of the party would be satiated with his blood. "I must leave her, then, to the love and loyalty of my good subjects. Neither of us but can easily forgive, since we blame not the unkindness of the generality and vulgar; for we see that God is pleased to try the patience of us both by ingratitude of those who, having eaten of our bread, and being enriched by our bounty, have scornfully lifted up themselves against us. Those of our own household are become our enemies. I pray God lay not their sin to their charge, who think to satisfy all obligations to duty by their corban of religion, and can less endure to see than to sin against their benefactors, as well as their sovereigns. . . . But this policy of my enemies is necessary to their designs. They sought to drive her out of my kingdom, lest, by the influence of her example, eminent as she is for love as a wife and loyalty as a subject, she should have converted or retained in love and loyalty all those whom they had a purpose to pervert. Pity it is that so noble and peaceful a soul should see, much more suffer, from the wrongs of those who must make up their want of justice by violence and inhumanity. . . . Her sympathy with my afflictions makes her virtues shine with greater lustre, as stars in the darkest night. Thus may the envious world be assured that she loves me, not my fortunes. The less I may be blessed with her company, the more will I retire to God and to my own heart, whence no malice can banish her. My enemies may envy me; they can never deprive me of the enjoyment of her virtues while I am myself."¹ Surely, surely, every woman must feel that it was a brighter lot to have been loved and mourned for by a man whose mind was capable of these feelings, than to have shared the empire of a world with a common character, in commonplace prosperity.

¹ These sentences are abstracted and collected from the *Eikon Basilike*.

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